

PENTHOUSE LETTERS

CC 02437

THE MAGAZINE OF SEXUAL MARVELS/\$3.00/NOVEMBER 1985

MEN!

**WRITE TO
ME, TELL ME
WHAT YOU LIKE**

**—AVA OF
PENTHOUSE LETTERS
(SEE INSIDE)**





SHAPELY WOMEN SEE PAGE 8

PENTHOUSE

LETTERS

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Front cover photograph of Ava Monet by Earl Miller.



HOT STUFF

JOCK-WATCHING

Whether you're a spectator or participator, many times the most important moves come after the big game.

There are women who don't care for sports, unfortunately, and there are men who think that a female jock couldn't possibly be sexy. However, it's hard to imagine that anybody wouldn't admire a well-defined body, with muscles rippling and glistening with sweat as an athlete works out. A number of *Penthouse Letters* readers have found that there's even more to an athlete than a great body. In the following letters, whether the athlete won or lost—or even finished the game—they all managed to get their strokes.

Robert's letter: I am a bartender and I also box semi-professionally, more or less as a hobby. Although I'm very serious about my fighting, I don't ever expect to become a middle-weight champion.



Anyway, I have a fairly new girlfriend named Nancy who is very against my fighting. Until last weekend, that is, when I asked her to go to North Carolina with me, where I was to have my nineteenth pro bout.

Even though she wasn't thrilled with the idea of seeing me fight, she couldn't wait to hang out on the beach in North Carolina. But the way things turned out, we never even left the hotel room.

The fight was on Saturday afternoon at three o'clock. It was a six-round decision—more like a slaughter. It was my worst fight yet, and the worst beating I ever took. It left me very bruised and sore.

But I think that's what we needed to bring Nancy around to the fight game.

A fine-toned athlete who knows how to have fun in the sun will most certainly shine between the sheets.

As soon as everyone left us alone that evening in our room, my sweet Nancy turned into one hot fox.

I was lying in bed with the tv on low when Nancy came out of the bathroom wearing the sexiest little black nightie I have ever seen and asked, "Is everyone gone for good now?" When I nodded yes, she smiled and said, "Good. Now I'll take care of you my way." Before I could say anything she hushed me and told me not to move a muscle and to just relax, that she would take care of everything.

She slowly ran her hands across my chest and shoulders, then began to kiss and tongue my body, starting at the rose

tattoo on my chest. She gently massaged my upper body as she slowly moved up to my face, where she kissed my wounds and licked the stitches around my eyes. Then she slipped her hot tongue into my mouth and we kissed very passionately. I was beginning to feel better as she slowly tongued her way down my neck, chest and belly till she reached my then-throbbing cock, which she took in her small left hand and placed in her mouth. At first very slowly, she sucked on the head alone, but then gently she began to pick up the pace, taking my whole shaft halfway down her throat. This went on for about five minutes until I was about to come. When I said I was going to lose it, she quickly stopped, squeezing my prick at the base to keep me from spilling my load.

Next, lifting the bottom of her nightie, she gently straddled me, moving her perfect hips up and down on my aching dick, and once again kissed and licked the bruises and stitches on my face. Getting very excited, she began moving faster and faster. She was becoming uncontrollably wild. She then sat up straight, grabbing me by my waist, and fucked me as if she had just come out of prison or something. When she started screaming like a crazy woman, we both came to a shuddering climax.

Afterward she lay on my chest and asked when would I fight again. We both

fell fast asleep in each other's arms, my limp cock still inside her.

Needless to say, I felt much better and we continued our physical therapy the rest of the weekend. Even though I lost the fight, I still came out ahead.

Doug's letter: I live in a very small rural town, where there is usually very little action of any sort. There are only about two good-looking girls in the whole town, a sad reality that doesn't help matters much. There is one girl, though, whose pants I have wanted to get into ever since I first saw her.

One night while I was talking to her, she took the key to my motorcycle and wouldn't give it back. It was getting late, and I told her that if she didn't give it back to me, I would have to take it from her. So she held the key up and dropped it into her pants pocket. I started to chase her and soon caught up with her. After a brief, playful struggle, it became apparent that I would have to separate her from her pants before I could get the key. I unbuttoned them and started to pull them off, but she finally gave in and gave me the key.

The next night I was playing baseball and she was there. As the game came to the last inning, I came up with bases loaded and two out. I could be the hero, and maybe she would give me a reward. I struck out, though, and ended the game.

I was sitting home later on, feeling miserable when, all of a sudden, a light shone through my window. It was she, come, I hoped, to console me. We talked for a while, and I asked her if she would like to come in. She did and after further conversation, on an impulse, we kissed very passionately and fell back on the bed, holding each other. She put her hand on the waistband of my baseball uniform and said slyly, "I'm shy—really."

I looked at her and said, "Sure you are," and at that her hand plunged down into my pants and grabbed my cock.

At the same time I reached over and took off her blouse and her bra. She had beautiful breasts, which were even bigger than I had imagined. She pulled off my pants, and I, in turn, eagerly removed hers. She was gorgeous! We did some heavy stroking for a while until finally I got a chance to stick my prick into that lovely bush of hers. "Well, you've finally reached home plate," she chortled. It was a fantastic night, and the many encounters that followed were just as good.

Christine's letter: I'm a twenty-year-old college student attending school in New Mexico. During a recent four-day vacation, I went skiing in Colorado with my roommate and two other girls in our dorm. After the first day of skiing, the four of us went to a small, rustic lodge near the ski area to have some fun. I had heard that it was a good place to meet guys and, sure enough, the place was packed with great-looking studs.

We were in there for about ten minutes when I noticed a guy sitting all alone by the fireplace. I walked over to him, hoping to strike up a conversation. He was gorgeous, and even under the ski clothes he was wearing I could tell that he had a fantastic body, thickly covered with muscle. He introduced himself and, after talking for a while, he invited me up to the room where he was staying.

After a few drinks, John (which is not his real name) suggested that we go swimming in the hotel pool. He excused himself and went into the bathroom to change into a swimsuit. When he came out, my heart almost stopped! He had the most perfectly developed body I'd ever seen. His six-foot frame was covered with huge, well-defined muscles in just the right proportions. He weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds, and every ounce was sexy muscle.

His skin was tanned a deep golden brown. I saw the skintight bikini he was wearing and could discern that the size of his cock matched his build: very large and well-defined. I was a little drunk and had planned to swim in my bikini underwear, but I couldn't manage to take off my heavy ski clothes in my condition. John was eager to help me. We were both getting very horny as he undressed me, and I noticed that his already huge prick



When backpacking in the boonies, you can make your bed where you get laid.



Many athletes study dancing to improve their grace, but the stretching also helps in other types of physical interaction.

was growing even longer and thicker. It protruded sideways and slightly upward past his hip, straining the thin material of his swimsuit. Then he removed my bra and massaged my firm tits. I looked down at his crotch and noticed that his swimsuit was becoming very taut as his cock continued to grow ever larger. I could tell that he was experiencing a great deal of discomfort, and so I pulled the bikini down to his thighs.

I immediately dived down on his dick, trying to take all of the circumcised marvel into my mouth, but I could barely manage to fit the flared, pink head in my mouth. I wanted to fuck him very badly, but I was afraid that he would hurt me with such a huge tool. I had fucked several other guys in the past year, and the best hung of them had nine inches, but John's cock looked about thirteen or fourteen inches long and as big around as a soda bottle.

I lay back on the bed, and he slowly worked his way into me. After a long while he got the entire length into me, until his balls were pressing on my ass. After some very long, slow strokes, he began pumping harder and faster until he worked up to a very fast pace, thrusting in until he could go no farther. We grunted and groaned until I reached the greatest climax I've ever experienced. When John came, he was flowing like a fire hose, ejaculating about fifteen huge squirts of

come. There was so much thick juice that it began to flow out of my cunt with every thrust and ran all over me and soaked the bed.

We continued all night until dawn with our wonderful sex. I came about ten times that night, and John came several times too. Every time I return to Colorado, I hope I will run into John, the huge hunk of sexy man with the wonderful cock.

Chris's letter: I'm writing to *Penthouse Letters* concerning the myth I've heard that girl jocks are not so sensual as others. Recently a girls' basketball state championship was held in my hometown. Some friends and I decided to cruise the hotels in which the teams were staying in hopes of finding pussy.

As we drove through the parking lot of a nearby Holiday Inn, we observed some activity around two doors. Upon closer scrutiny, we spotted several girls running between the adjacent rooms. Only two of us approached so that the girls wouldn't be scared off. Before long we were in their room, and the two other guys had joined the party. After about thirty minutes of conversation, four of the girls followed us outside to the car.

I wanted to get one of them alone, so I took a really cute jock, Penny, aside and suggested that we retire to her room. She responded in her husky, sexy voice, "What do we need a room for?"

At that point the other three couples began to excuse themselves. From that point on, I was in heaven. As we necked, her hand slid up my thigh to my crotch, which at this time was hard with anticipation. Her actions took me by surprise, for it had always taken a lot of coaxing on my part for me even to get a hand in a girl's pants.

Composing ourselves, we went up to her room. As Penny opened the door we heard soft moaning coming from the darkened room. Growing impatient because we wanted to fuck again, we entered the room and quickly undressed each other, fondling each other with renewed passion. As I caressed Penny's baby-soft tits, I recognized the other couple. My friend Thomas and Penny's roommate, Sandra, were involved in their own lovemaking.

I mounted Penny from the rear and thrust deep inside her wet cunt while Thomas was going at Sandra missionary-style. I had never made love to a girl with another couple nearby, and I was surprised at how much I was getting off on the situation. After a few minutes all four of us came at the same time.

After more fucking, we left their room at about sunrise so that their coach wouldn't catch us.

Meeting the other guys back at the car, Thomas and I related our experiences with the girl basketball players. We weren't

surprised to hear similar stories from the other two. I hope this letter will lay an old myth to rest. Don't take my word for it, though—go out and try a girl jock for yourself! You'll love it!

Jim's letter: I have been reading *Penthouse Letters* for a while, but I never really believe most of the letters that I come across. A recent experience of mine, which I hope is printed because it is somewhat unique, has changed my mind about the validity of all those letters printed in your magazine.

I am a twenty-year-old college male, and I like to keep myself in good shape. Recently I met a good friend of mine at a baseball game, and he was there with his two sisters, one of which is quite attractive. She is about three years older than I and we have always been good friends, but she was always a little too plump to do a lot for me. However, when I saw her at the game she had lost a few pounds and had a very nice shape. I told her how good she looked and she was flattered. Her name is Linda.

After the game we all went back to their house to play cards, and she was sitting right across from me having a great time. Her legs were slightly spread, which really turned me on. I simply could not keep my eyes off her shapely, catlike figure. From time to time she would gaze up to see me staring between her legs, and she gave me little grins. Suddenly I felt my cock beginning to stiffen up, and before long I was so hard my dick was starting to hurt really bad. Needless to say, she saw the huge bulge in my jeans. I left their house that night thinking about her, and I was "on fire."

The next morning I went over to get my friend to play tennis and was greeted at the door by Linda, who was wearing nothing but a white robe. My prick grew so hard and long it was sticking out of my underwear. Since I was in tennis shorts, my hard-on was very noticeable. We looked into each other's eyes, and she leaned up and kissed me, then giggled. She knew how urgently I needed to get into her panties as she embraced me and ran her thigh against mine. But her robe was tied with a knot so tight that it was impossible to undo.

We walked into the family room and she laid me down on my back on the sofa. Then she slowly undressed me down to my underwear and kissed me passionately. Suddenly she stopped and said she didn't think we should continue. I begged her to begin again and she refused. Then I moaned, "Please, please, Linda," and she gave in.

She undid her robe to reveal her huge breasts, and her panties were so thin that the sight of her luscious, prolific bush was making me tremble. She slid off my pants and began to stroke my bulging cock. In an instant she went down on me and

sucked me intensely until I blew a full load of jism down her beautiful throat. Next she said, "Eat me, lover boy," and I dug my face into her hot, moist cunt. I tongued her snatch until she swiveled her hips like a bitch in heat and flooded my mouth and face with a powerful orgasm. Then I begged her to get on top of me and screw my head off.

She gently wrapped her legs around me and slid my aching cock into her sopping cunt. She was moaning so beautifully I thought I'd stop for a few minutes to pay her back for the mental anguish she had caused me earlier, but I was in *heaven* and could not have stopped for all the money in the world. She slid my thick nine inches of pulsating manhood in and out of her grinding pussy. She was



Exercise definitely shows promise.

going at it so hard I thought I was going to pass out, but my excellent physical condition prevented this. I shot off first, blasting a prodigious load of come into her immense box, and within seconds she squeezed my prick with a powerful grip of her love muscle that nearly crushed it but felt wonderful anyway.

About twenty minutes later my friend came down from his room and we left to play tennis. I was so thoroughly worn out I couldn't even lift my racket, but I cherish to this day the workout given to me by the lovely, lascivious Linda.

Eric's letter: As a first-quarter college student at a California college, I'd like to relate some encounters of late. I'm a virile male, aged eighteen and well-hung, experiencing the joy and sorrow of first-quarter collegiate life.

My sorrow stems from the fact that I was assigned to an all-male dorm. My ecstasy, I soon discovered, is due to the fact that the only all-female dorm is located next door. The two-hundred-odd females living there provide ample rec-

reation of various forms for dorm life. I play soccer and enjoy athletics immensely and have, of late, begun to enjoy athletes—as I will now explain.

I met Joanna, a tennis-playing five-foot-nine brunet, over a poor excuse for lunch. However, on her suggestion ("Let's eat out"), the fare seemed more palatable. We spent almost four minutes taking our clothes off once inside her room. Joanna has long, sensuous legs leading to one of the finest asses ever to grace this school. The love of sports obviously accounted for the delight I derived from parting those firm, smooth thighs and enjoying the tastiest snatch I'd been offered in a good long while.

She soon discovered my meat and wasted no time in applying her skills to it. Intermittently stroking forehand and then backhand, she drove me wild as I furiously ate her pussy. Soon I simply had to get inside her and demonstrate my own "strokes."

My then-engorged prick thrust mightily between those tanned thighs time and time again. Her juices flowed down my legs, and Joanna began shuddering in waves of orgasmic delight.

We both climaxed and lay together, catching our breath for a short while, when suddenly Ann, her roommate, walked in. Ann exemplifies the Southern California beach girl, and she is ranked among the top female divers in the world. Her physique excites one as being turgid yet creamy soft; blond and baby-blue-eyed, she truly warranted attention. She seemed relatively unperturbed about finding us in bed and put her books down and left the room.

Joanna decided to shower and scurried off with a towel clinging to her shapely, swinging ass.

I wrapped a sheet around me and got up to gather my things. Ann returned to put on some music and relax. It took me several minutes to notice that Ann had no underwear on. As the sheet immediately in front of me rose, I managed to ask her about diving. She complained of tired and sore muscles, and I offered to massage them.

One thing led to another, and soon I found myself exploring the firm flesh of her athletic body. She jumped in immediately, slowly tonguing my balls while stroking my shaft. My tongue wandered over her thighs up the leg and began nibbling her clit and major labial lips. I plunged two fingers into her gaping hole. Her hips began gyrating faster and faster, and she cried, "Fuck me . . . harder, faster, . . . uhh . . . ohhhh . . ." Soon I had Ann screaming for more as her love juices flowed down my face, chest and arms. I've had each girl again, separately and together. Athletes now seem to stimulate me. My latest adventure involves another female athlete, Delia, who rows on the freshman team.

CARNAL KUDO

Sexy fashion ads may give guys a thrill, but they're really meant to tap into the erotic fantasies of their ladies

TITS AND ASS

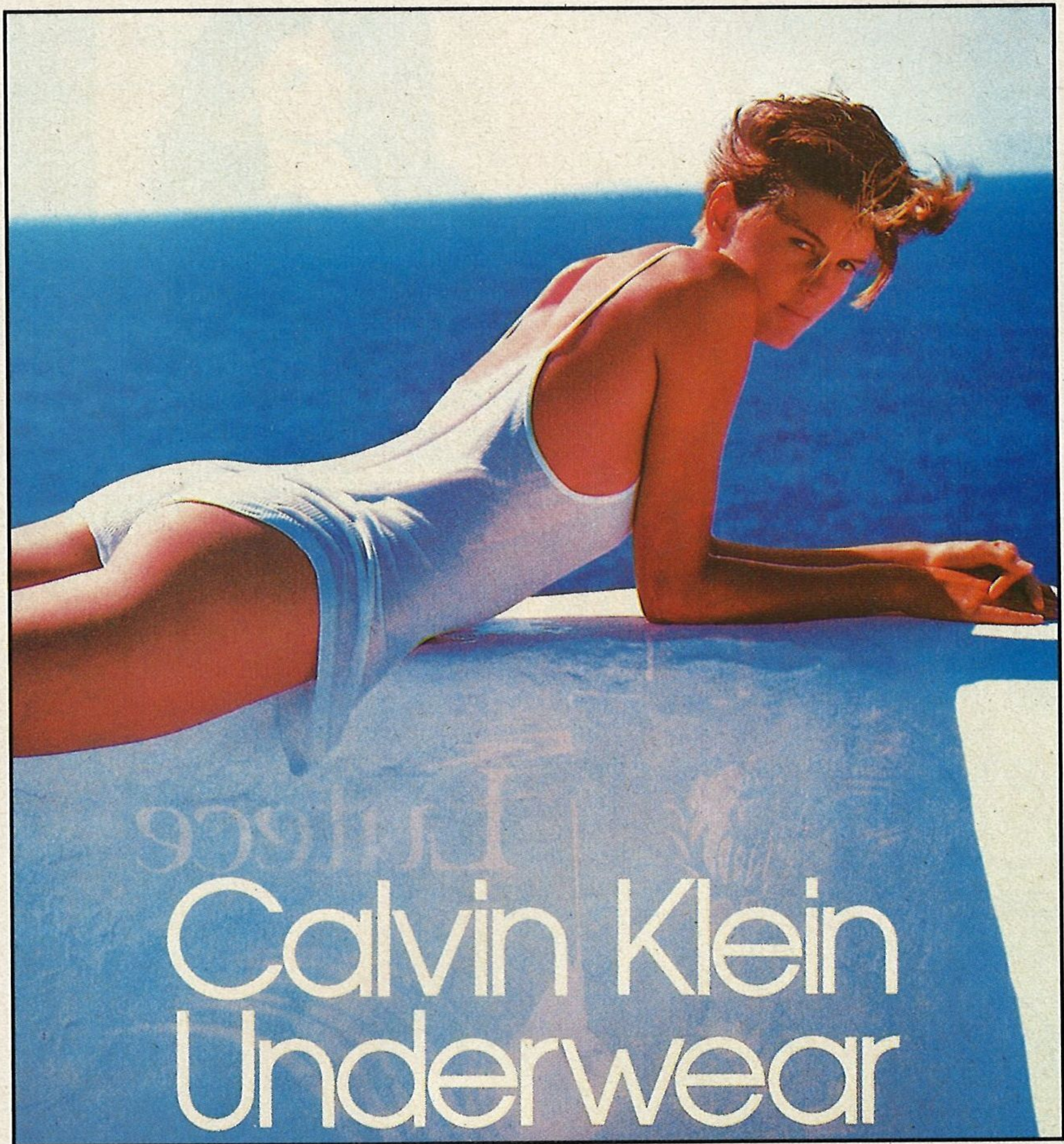
BY SARAH TORSONE

Everybody likes to see a little tits and ass from time to time. Sure, that's a gross generalization, but I think it's true, even for women. Advertisers evidently agree with me, since ads seem to be getting more and more revealing. In fact, I haven't yet met a man who didn't like to thumb through *Cosmopolitan* or *Vogue*, just to look at the fashion ads and photos. Men like to look at them, but the magazines are aimed at women.

The ads pictured here are two of my personal favorites. The one for Jag sportswear gives us a peek at almost a whole tit—looks like a pretty nice handful—like a lot of ads do. Then there's a very sexy, tanned (no strap lines) back leading to a shapely ass. And an ass that looks that great in white jeans looks great anytime.

The ad for Calvin Klein underwear dips pretty low on the side of the model's tit and exposes one cheek of her beautiful body. How could anyone not enjoy gazing upon such beauty?

Sure, baring part of the body and teasing the viewer is a good way to get her attention, and the fact that the woman is wearing nothing but the piece of clothing advertised makes the ad even sexier. When women are thinking of buying something they'll look sexy in, these gimmicks might



make them think of the product.

But there's more to the pictures to account for their appeal to women.

In the Jag jeans scenario a woman is standing on a beach. We get a candid, voyeuristic view of her, with her back to the camera. Her hands are at the front of her jeans. The photo gives the impression that she's just seconds away from peeling off the pants and wading into the surf.

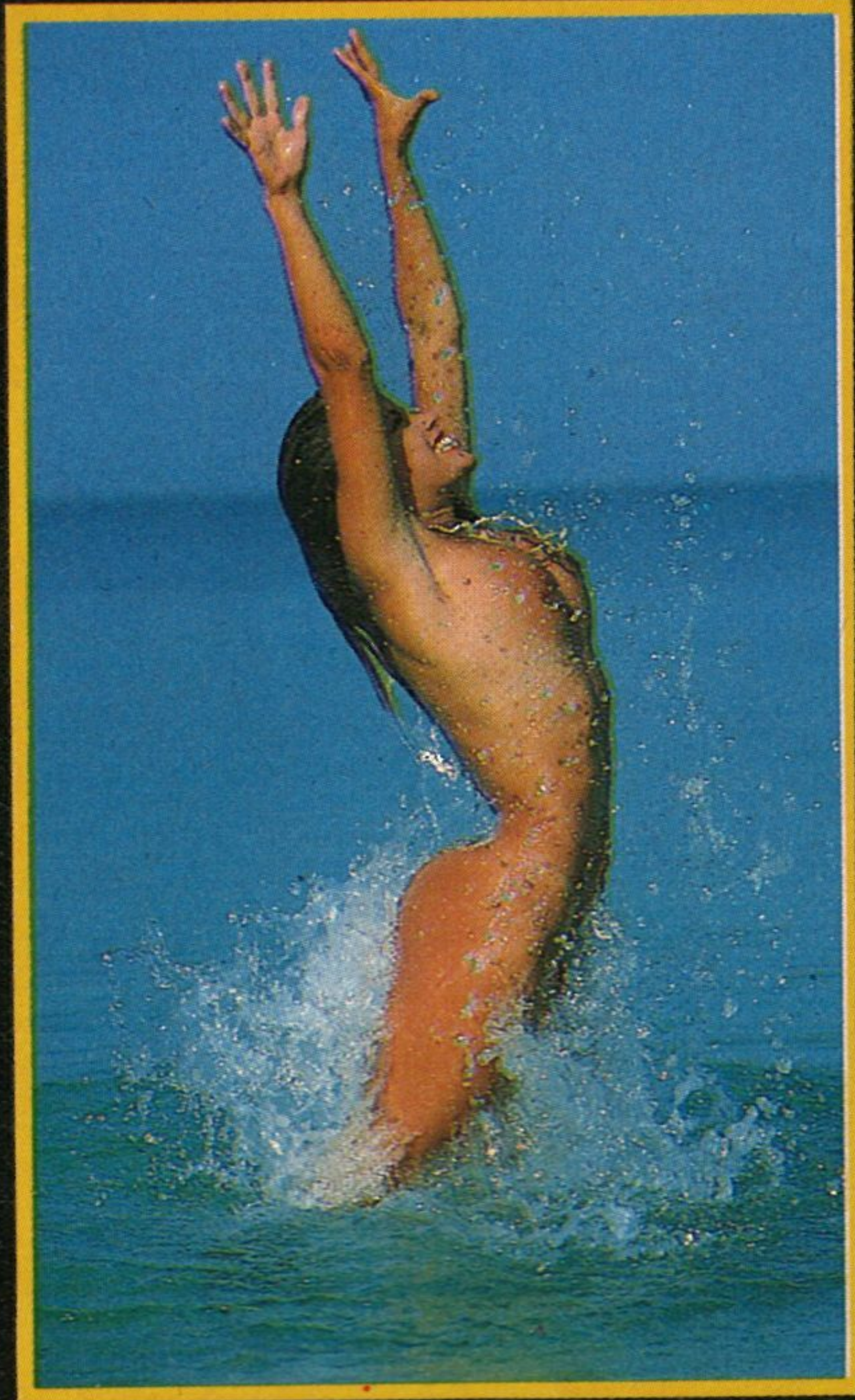
The Calvin Klein ad shows a woman with tousled hair who looks like she's just arisen from a night of lovemaking and threw on the handiest piece of clothing before going outside for some air. The rough wall with the sea behind it brings to mind a villa overlooking the Mediterranean.

Both of these scenarios reflect pretty

common daydreams. I don't know one woman who hasn't ever had a fantasy involving skinny-dipping or who hasn't sighed at the thought of a vacation in the Mediterranean—but few have ever experienced either. So, despite the teasing exposure of flesh, the ads are really aimed at women. By making the garments part of a fantasy scenario, the companies entice women to buy the clothes. And maybe, since men like the flesh part, a woman could talk her man into at least buying the clothes for her, even if there's no place for him to take her skinny-dipping or if he can't bundle her off to an exotic vacation.

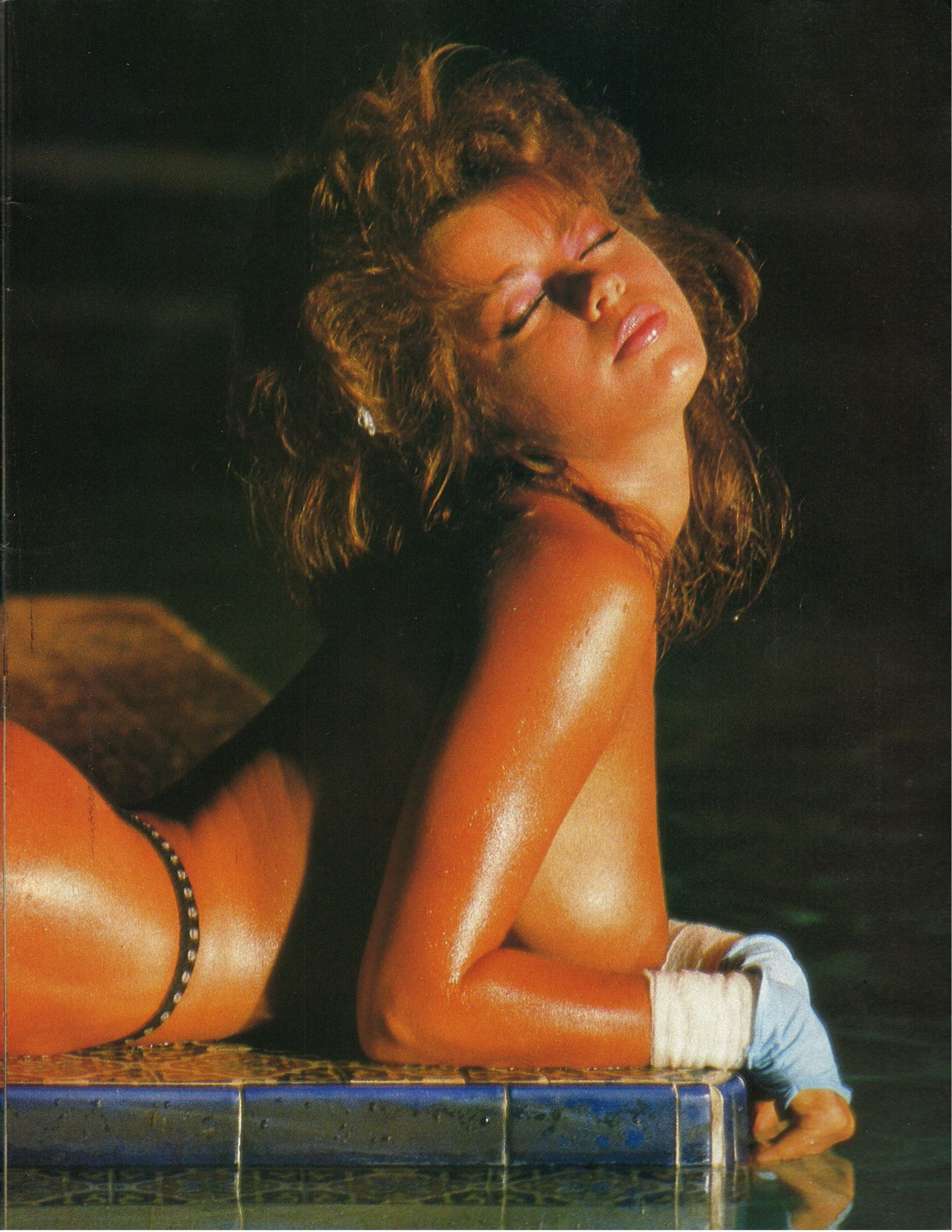
But when it comes right down to it, who in the world doesn't like to look at a beautiful, sexy picture—even an advertisement?

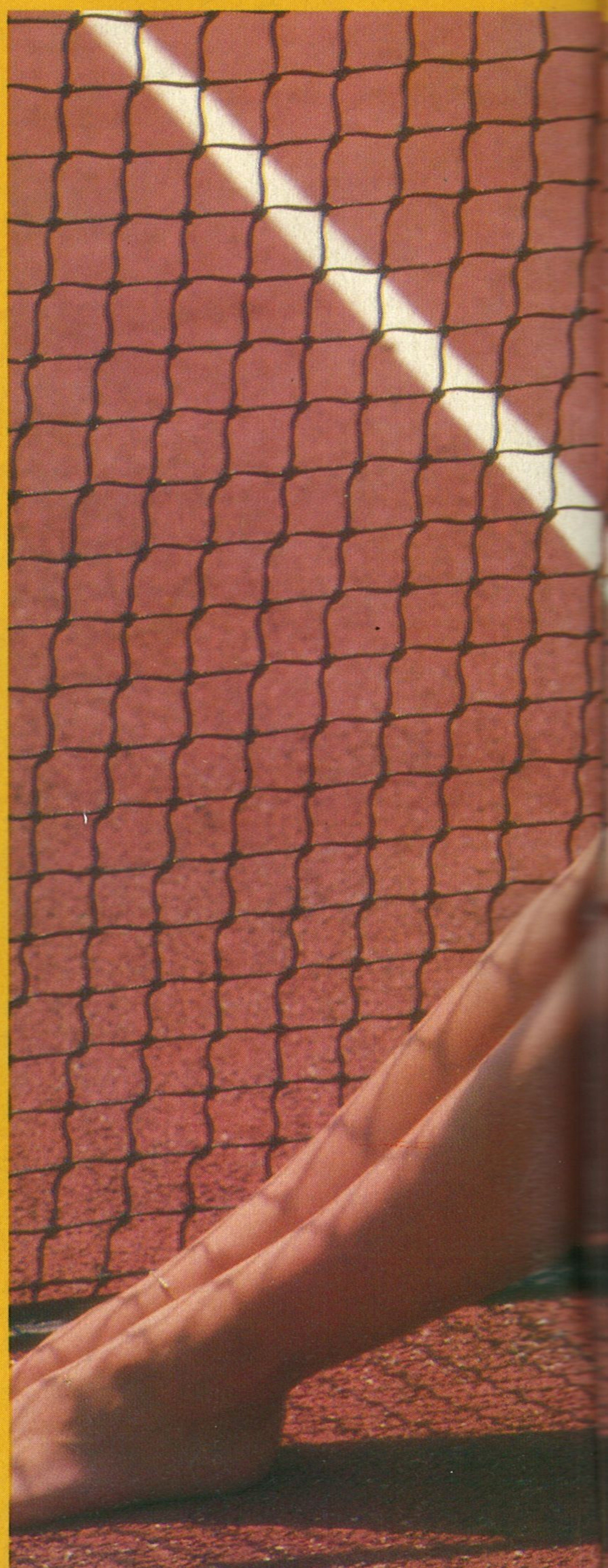
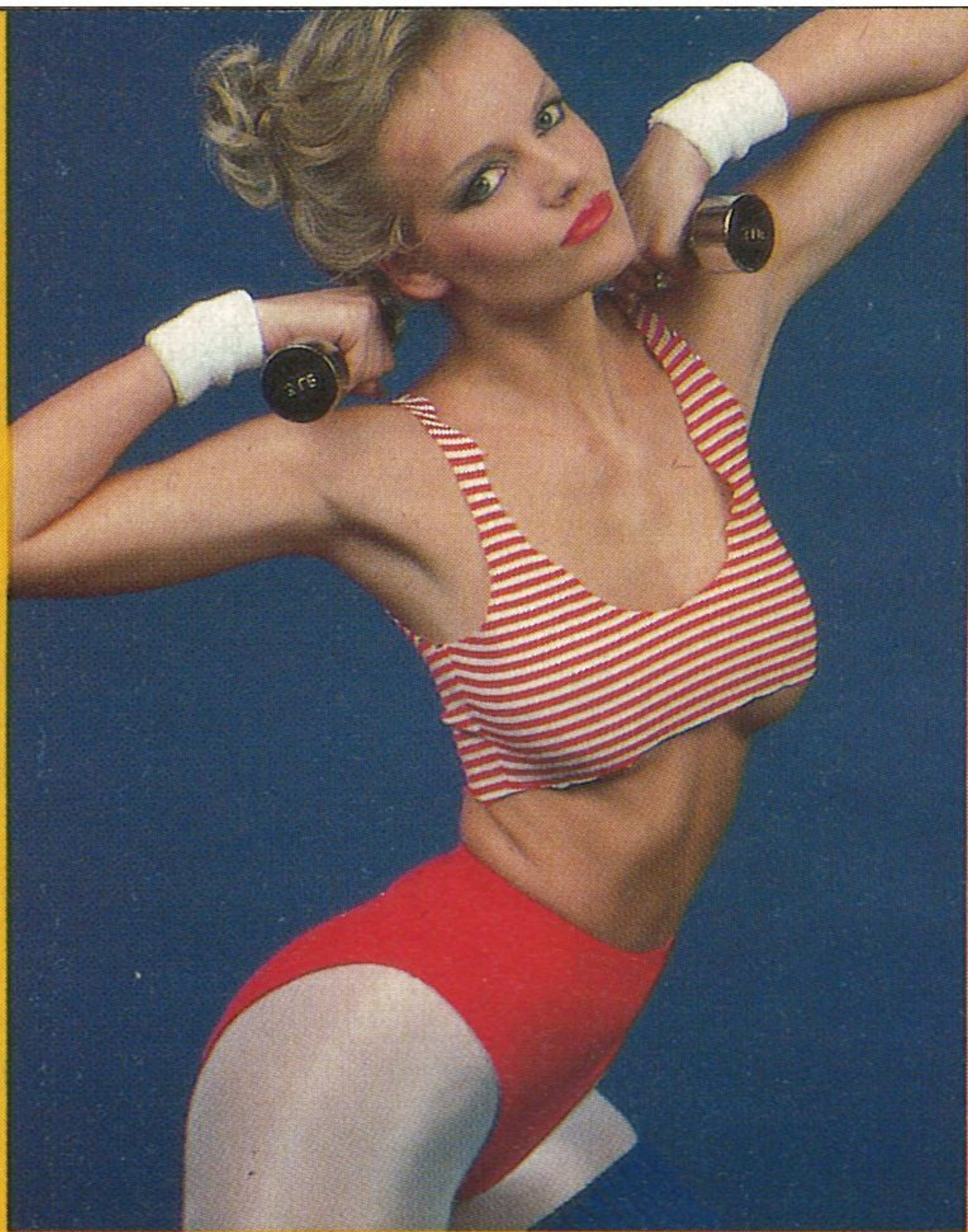
EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY



SHAPELY WOMEN











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When those fearless pioneers invented photography, they obviously hadn't the slightest clue what they were letting us in for . . .

CANDY CAMERA, CENSORED CHEESECAKE

BY A. D. COLEMAN

Those who invent the technologies whose acceptance transforms our culture have a lot in common with Pandora. They're pioneers, to be sure, but their abilities as prophets are necessarily limited. It's not that they can't predict the logical, practical applications of their brainchildren—in many cases, those served as their inspirations. But there's simply no anticipating all the unforeseen consequences of a technology—the unexpected, eccentric, even lunatic uses for a new tool that a culture may find once it takes the ball and runs with it.

Photography is an excellent case in point. Its inventors certainly understood the radical nature of the medium they were unleashing on an unsuspecting world. Yet I don't believe that in their wildest dreams they envisioned what's become of their discovery—what we do with (and to) the world through this process, what we've come to expect and assume as a result of it.

Consider, for example, Chocolate Photos. That's right. Chocolate Photos is an outfit that, for a reasonable price (about sixteen dollars for a box of twelve, twenty-four dollars for two dozen), will convert a photograph into an edible treat.

As was the case with the early daguerreotypers' studios, the specialty of the house for Chocolate Photos is portraiture. The process begins with existing photographs. These are enlarged; then line drawings are made from them—much the same way as nineteenth-century photographs were converted into periodical illustrations prior to the introduction of the halftone process. In this case, though, the line drawings are reduced next, the subjects' names are printed underneath and, in the words of the *New York Times*, "the whole thing [is] converted into negatives. The negatives then [go] out for photo-etching and [come] back as metal molds or disks, to be stamped onto gold foil. . . . The chocolate is poured onto the back of the foil, so in effect the foil becomes the mold."

You can order your "prints" on either

light (milk) or dark (semisweet) chocolate. The dark chocolate does well in New York, badly in the Midwest. New Yorkers, it seems, are also prone to ordering imagery other than faces—boats, shoes, horses and cars, for instance. (For more information on this, contact the company at 200 West Fifty-seventh Street, Suite 1106, New York, N.Y. 10019.)

The inventor of this form of analogic cannibalism is an Australian-born child psychiatrist, Dr. Victor Syrmis, who claims that this idea once actually "possessed" him. The business is already so successful that Dr. Syrmis has all but given up his work as a psychiatrist—though not his analytical bent. "The idea of eating the chocolate image of a loved one is very Freudian," he's been quoted as saying. "Our first contact with the world is oral. Chocolate is made with mother's milk [!], it's warm, sweet and melts at body temperature. The impulse is to incorporate that person into your system."

So now we can munch on photographic likenesses of ourselves, our loved ones, our pets, our favorite possessions. Who knows what the next step may be? Chocolate versions of famous photographs, perhaps? The celebrity portraits of Yousuf Karsh, Philippe Halsman or Richard Avedon would lend themselves readily to this process. They might get even more ambitious: imagine Ansel Adams's classic "Moonrise over Hernandez" (a cake version of which has already been produced) in a combination of dark and milk chocolate.

From there it would be only a short step to commissioning experimental artists to conceive and produce original work in the photo-chocolate medium. Betcha Robert Rauschenberg or Andy Warhol would jump at it!

That way, in addition to using photography to consume the world, we could actually eat the evidence, thus consuming our consumption itself. Could this be what Susan Sontag meant when, at the end of her book *On Photography*, she called for "an ecology of images"? Or would that only pertain to those who dis-

posed of their gold foil wraps properly?

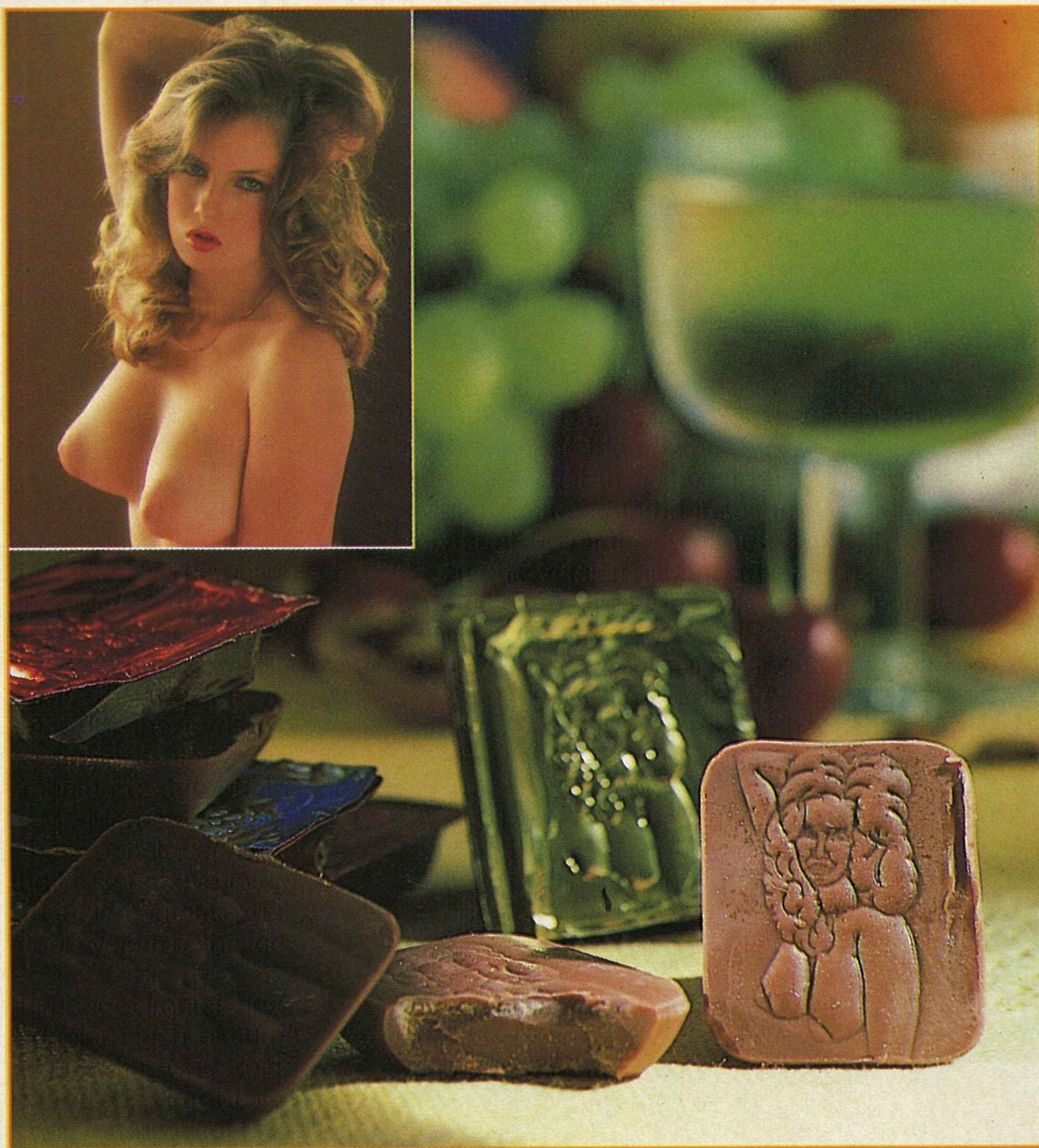
Now this, as they say on tv. There's a court case I've been tracking since the story first broke in July of '83. "Her Nude Jail Pix Yield Negatives," proclaimed the *New York Daily News* headline on a dispatch coming out of Fort Madison, Iowa.

"A woman who wants to send nude pictures of herself to her husband in prison has accused state officials of interfering with her right to free speech," it began. "Debbie Frazer has filed suit in federal court, charging it is wrong for Iowa State Penitentiary officials to ban nude pictures of her while allowing nude pictures published in magazines like *Playboy*."

According to the report, Mrs. Frazer first tried mailing the photos to her husband Gary, who is serving a life sentence for murder and rape. When they were returned, she attempted to smuggle them in on her person. The discovery of this resulted in a six-month suspension of their visitation rights. The reason for this prohibition, according to prison officials, is that "pictures of relatives or friends may incite inmates to argue or fight, while pictures of strangers are less likely to cause trouble."

Because it is beyond the purview of this essay, let us leave aside the logic of our penal system's "rehabilitative" policy of enforced sexual frustration, with masturbation and/or homosexuality as the only outlets for sexual energy. The issue is conflict of interest. On the one hand, there is the Frazers' desire for conjugal contact, or some symbolic version thereof; on the other, the prison officials' concern that intimate sexual talismans may cause disturbances.

What we have here is worlds in collision. In the world outside the prison, we all have the ability, and the right, to give each other images of ourselves with or without clothes on, involved in just about any activity you might name. Indeed, Frazer's attorney, Philip Mears, makes just that argument: "The constitutional right of marital privacy is broad enough," he asserts, "to include the right to know what



Hey, guys, Chocolate Photos allows you to have your cheesecake and eat it too.

your spouse or girlfriend looks like without any clothes on."

Now that is an utterly astonishing statement. You certainly could never have persuaded any of the Constitution's authors to agree to such a construction of their writings; it would have been absolutely unthinkable given the mores of their time. That Mr. Mears and his clients could even consider taking such a position indicates, in a small way, how very far we have traveled in the past two centuries. I would hold, too, that the vehicle on which we made this particular journey was the photographic image.

Remember that, before photography, only a few artists—and a few eccentric patrons—owned images of themselves and/or their lovers in the buff. Even the introduction of photography did not alter this state of affairs dramatically. True, nude subjects, and explicit erotica, entered the medium with the daguerreotype, but few people made—or commissioned the making of—such images of themselves, for their own use. Even the *Storyville Portraits* of E. J. Bellocq (which formed the basis for the film *Pretty Baby*), made well after the turn of the century, were circu-

lated only privately, in the professional network of New Orleans prostitutes and their customers.

The main problem for amateurs in producing such imagery was the censorship apparatus of the photo-processing industry, which refused to print and return anything considered to be "indecent." Thus it was only with the introduction of the Polaroid system that homemade nudes and erotica became commonplace in vernacular photography. Though never mentioned publicly by Edwin Land or any of Polaroid's executives, this aspect of the system's appeal made a major contribution to the success of the Polaroid process.

Nowadays, of course, it's even feasible to commission a respectable professional photographer to produce what the trade likes to refer to as "boudoir photographs" of oneself. This, apparently, is a thriving branch of the portrait business—enough so to be a specialty for some studios. The owner of one of these, Stuart Naideth of Los Angeles, has a clientele of "at least 95 percent . . . career women." That category includes the wife of a state senator, a bank vice president, "lawyers,

people in commodities, brokers and a lot of salespeople," who are willing to pay upward of six hundred dollars for a session and the resulting prints. According to Naideth, the images are mostly destined to be gifts for the men in his subjects' lives—tokens of their specific erotic relationships.

And, in a curious way, that may be what has led to this odd debate in Iowa. What these folks are all addressing is a unique quality of the photographic image—its capacity not only to describe but to particularize. Barred from actual contact with each other, the Frazers have apparently agreed that their sexual relation should be transacted through the most credible visual facsimile available, the photographic version of Mrs. Frazer. The prison officials propose that Mr. Frazer should generalize his sexuality because particularizing it could be dangerous—Frazer might, in the words of Alfred Korzybski, "mistake the map for the territory," perhaps becoming upset if other prisoners saw or commented on the photographs of his wife. Mr. Mears, the attorney, is insistent that, penal servitude notwithstanding, the Frazers have every right to particularize their marital sexuality through the symbol system of the lens image.

So there are a number of ironies here. Mrs. Frazer, in producing such pictures (or having them produced), was doing something that countless Americans consider to be not only normal but entirely respectable. (The girlfriend of the prison's warden could give him such a photo for Christmas.) Mrs. Frazer didn't try to sneak them in, but sent them in without camouflage at first; she became devious only when she encountered the penal system's recalcitrance. Given that system's policy, it would be easier for her to achieve her goal by publishing those images in a magazine—where everyone in the world would have access to them—than by fighting to get one set of prints to her husband for private use.

A case like this is a judge's nightmare but a reporter's dream. The outcome is still pending: Frazer's request for a preliminary injunction against the penitentiary was denied, so the case will go before a U.S. magistrate in district court. I'd love to attend the trial. In fact, since the witnesses they really need to help resolve this—Daguerre and the rest of that bunch—are beyond the power of the subpoena, I'd volunteer myself as an *amicus curiae*. Here's the Solomonic wisdom I'd offer, free of charge, to the Iowa judiciary:

Temper justice with mercy, consumption with consumption. Put Mrs. Frazer in touch with the good people at Chocolate Photos. That way Mr. Frazer could have his cheesecake and eat it too.





PURSUIT & CAPTURE

You're off on
the greatest game of all . . .
lusty fun on
the foxy-lady hunt. Boys
get caught, too

● *I have won the hearts
(and bodies) of three beautiful
women using this method* ●

HE COURTS EVE WITH RIDES UNTIL SHE LETS HIM DRIVE IT HOME

Sometimes a man meets a woman whom he finds most attractive and whose favors he would like to win but finds that the lady will not or cannot (for whatever reason) respond to a typically male, aggressive manner of courtship. There is another way. It is slow and requires patience, but if done properly it works. I have won the hearts (and lovely bodies) of three beautiful and different women at various times using this method, and I can say that they were all worth the effort!

The basic theory is this: If a man plants a tiny seed of curiosity in the soul of a woman and then carefully cultivates that seed, eventually it will grow and grow and ultimately become a nagging obsession that will give her no rest until she gives herself in surrender to him. I will tell you the story of one of these women from my past.

For some time I had been noticing a most attractive lady who lived in my neighborhood. Physically, she was the kind of woman that I have always been drawn to. She was small and petite and had delicate facial features, black hair, a curvy figure and a light cocoa brown complexion. She was a living doll and just radiated sex appeal. I was talking with one of my friends at work one day and found, to my surprise, that he was acquainted with her. At my request, he told me all that he knew about her. He told me that her name was Eve (not her real name but a most appropriate alias). She was originally from the island of Jamaica. She was divorced and lived alone in a duplex apartment. She worked as a secretary and (having no car) rode the bus to and from work each day. Lastly, she had a steady boyfriend whom she saw almost nightly. Of course, the boyfriend was the

most difficult factor in her life that I would have to contend with. I felt confident that I could overcome that problem in time, though. In my mind, I planned a campaign that I felt had a good chance of success.

I knew which bus stop she went to and the time she went there to catch her bus each morning. One morning I parked my car a short distance away. When I saw her arrive at her stop, I pulled up to it and through the open window said, "Hi, neighbor. Can I give you a lift?" She gave me a questioning look and then looked back down the street to see if her bus was in sight. Not seeing her bus, she said all right and got into my car. I followed her directions to the office building where she worked and gave her a cheerful farewell when she got out of the car. During the first ride, I told her that I lived in an apartment in her neighborhood and that I was a single guy and lived alone. All OK.

About two or three times a week for the next few weeks, I managed to pass her bus stop and give her a lift to work. She liked saving the bus fare and the more comfortable ride in my car. We began to have some friendly conversations during these rides. I never let on at all that I knew about her (especially about her boyfriend) as we talked. I found that because I got her to work much more quickly than the bus did, when we arrived she was willing to sit in the car with me and talk for an extra fifteen minutes or so because she didn't want to go into her office early. During these times I was very proper with her and made no advances toward her. I knew that to do so would force her to make a choice between my attentions and her romance with her longtime boyfriend. Of course, I wanted her to make that choice (me), but in her own good time and of her own free will.

Eve had told me what time she finished work each day, and so one day I waited for her when she got off. She was glad to have the ride home. I dropped her off

outside her apartment, bid her good-bye and drove away. I began to do this two or three times a week as well as take her to work. One day as I drove her home she invited me in for a bite to eat and a cup of coffee. I gladly went, for she was a joy just to sit and talk with (she had a most charming English accent). We had our cheesecake and coffee and conversation, and after a half hour or so I bid her good-bye and left. This now became our routine in the afternoons.

During this period (of several weeks' duration) I had never kissed Eve nor so much as held her hand. I sensed that she had become steadily warmer toward me and more trusting of me. Our conversations had become increasingly frank and intimate. One day I decided that the time had come to test the water. That afternoon when I picked her up after work, I made some excuse that I needed to stop by my apartment on the way home. When I parked the car at my place, I invited Eve to come in and see it while I tended to my business. She eagerly consented. After we went in, I took her on a brief tour of my place. We came back to my small living room and stood facing each other there. The air was thick with sexual tension. I took her head in my two hands, tilted her face toward mine and kissed her very tenderly on the lips. She didn't move a muscle. Another honey-sweet kiss, and then another . . .

I led her by the hand to the couch, then sat down and pulled her down across my lap and held her in my arms. More kisses—French now. For the next twenty minutes or so we kissed and caressed one another. My hands roamed freely over her gorgeous body, and we began to undress each other. During this time Eve whispered a sweet confession to me. She told me that she had been thinking about me constantly for the last few days. At her office, she couldn't concentrate on her work. Every night her sleep was troubled. And she kept wondering when I was going to kiss her!

These letters are as written by our readers, except that they have been edited to enhance their readability.

Finally, we were completely nude. I picked her up in my arms and carried her to my bedroom and laid her gently on the bed. Then I made a short detour to the dresser. I skinned on a rubber and smeared my tool with a coating of K-Y jelly. I joined Eve on the bed and began to position myself above her, slipping my arms under her knees. Then I spread my arms to brace myself for the lovely struggle that was about to begin. In doing so, I forced her legs back and spread them wide. Her glistening, wet entranceway right to paradise awaited me! I looked down into those pretty dark eyes and said, "Guide me, darling." She took gentle hold of my lance and positioned the head between her lower lips. With one slow, steady push, I went into her up to the hilt. She gasped and held her breath as I did so. When I slowly withdrew, she exhaled with a groan. Soon I was pumping steadily. She responded as best she could in that position.

It has been my observation that small women perform best "upstairs," where they can move their little bodies at their own pace. I sensed that Eve was being denied freedom of movement and told her it was her turn to be on top. We changed positions and then she cut loose! All I could do was hang on for the ride. (That little seed of curiosity that I had planted many weeks earlier was bearing sweet fruit now!) All of the bottled-up passion and torment flowed out of Eve now, and we both finally came. Hot sweet wet liquid fire! Was there any spot on this earth more wonderful than my bedroom at that moment? No indeed!

I eventually went out to a drive-in and brought back some food for us while Eve stayed in the apartment and rested. We had another (longer) romp on the bed later, and Eve spent the night there with me. Long before dawn, though, she had squeezed every drop of jism and energy from my body. We finished the night asleep in each other's arms.

Fellows, no matter how unpromising the

situation seems, careful planning and patience can succeed. Just plant that little seed, tend it carefully and some day you may reap a hell of a harvest! I know.

Eve's old boyfriend? He didn't know it yet, but she was all finished with him.—*Name and address withheld*

THREE-MARTINI LUNCH LEADS TWO TO TEASE

Recently I had an experience, which I'd like to share with *Penthouse Letters* readers, when I took my kids—I'm a married woman—and

went to visit my folks in Dallas. My sister, Lee, and I had plans for spending lunch with some of her friends. Anyway, I was feeling tops—so alive, ready for anything. If you knew me, you'd know I'm always horny. Well, Lee, one of the guys, Merl, and I finished lunch. We decided to go to a few bars. As always, I talked about sex, and they talked business, and as the day wore on, the more I drank, the more I talked about sex. At this point Lee excused herself. At first that seemed strange to me, but it left me alone with Merl. Well, by seven o'clock I was so



Their liquid lunch got her juices flowing for love in the afternoon.

◉One of my favorite fantasies is to envision my wife being made love to by another man◉

damned horny, and I couldn't reach my husband by phone and really didn't want to. Lee came back and suggested we go somewhere else.

So we went to a small bar with live entertainment, and the lady singer had marvelous tits. I have this thing about women, especially about their breasts. I can't stop thinking about them. You can imagine what a turn-on it was to everyone in that bar when Lee would snuggle Merl on one side, draping her long, lanky legs all over him, while I pressed my butt against his other side. He had his arms around us, and I held his hand on my breast and rubbed his crotch just to see how fast he'd get hard. I can tell you now: he had control. After Lee became totally drunk, the three of us headed for her home. Once we arrived, Lee went into her room, leaving sweet, gentle Merl all to me.

I was wet down to my knees, without a husband, without a vibrator, just this six-foot-two-inch, slim-waisted young man. He got a beer, and I went to the john. Then, from midnight to seven in the morning, I proceeded to work myself up to one of the most fantastic hornies I have ever had. He would look at me and touch my breasts gently, and my breathing would become so rapid that you would have thought I was expiring. I would kiss his little nipples and his soft, hairy chest and stomach. I love that spot right above the crotch line—you know, that magic spot that quivers and jerks when you run your tongue across it. I was wet and ready. This was the first time in my married life that I had ever gone this far. I mean, I don't believe I could have handled my guilt if we had screwed, but I know myself, and I can handle petting without feeling a guilty twinge at all.

That gentle, charming young man has to be one of the best lovers in the world, because he could touch me the right way. He could kiss and lick my lips, the tip of my nose, my ears and neck to such perfection that I never slept at all that night.

We finally made a pallet on the floor, and he drifted off to sleep. That didn't stop me from rubbing his bulge and licking his stomach and chest. I had to lie there, finger-fucking myself, wondering why I was so hung up that I couldn't screw just once. Oh, I even went to the bathroom and rubbed around on a curling iron, but a finger or a curling iron can't take the place of a long, thick penis. And Merl had what I needed.

By seven in the morning I had to taste him or go mad. I simply unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock and sucked the circumcised, eight-inch wonder. I believe this was the best part of the whole evening. He let a gasp out, and I did feel guilty that I hadn't sucked him off before. It took him only a few minutes to come.

My husband called at eight o'clock, and I told him what I had been doing. My Don said that everything was all right and that he was glad I'd had a great time. He just wanted me to come home. What a man, and to think he's not only my husband but also the best pussy eater in the world!

Well, in less than twenty-four hours I was home, and Don showed me his dick as soon as I walked in the door. He screwed me until I fell asleep. Still, I wonder: if I had given in to Merl, would it have been as good as I thought it would be?—*Name and address withheld*

THEIR NEIGHBOR COMES ON BUSINESS AND STAYS FOR SHEER PLEASURE

Although my wife and I have been married for a number of years, we still find ourselves sexually excited by one another. We stay fit by jogging and playing tennis and we work at being physically attractive—especially to each other.

My wife is five-feet-three and possesses a shapely figure and a beautiful smile. I encourage her to display her charms by the clothes she wears. I particularly like anything she wears that shows off her gorgeous legs and hips. Her sexiness would attract the attention

of any man, even in a crowd.

When she is working around the house or the yard, I like her to wear a pair of short shorts with no panties and a top without a bra so the outline of her breasts and nipples can be clearly seen. I get turned on just looking at her and I know that the men of the neighborhood enjoy the view when she is in the yard.

One of my favorite fantasies is to envision my wife being made love to by another man. The thought of watching another man's prick slide in and out of her juicy pussy sends me into ecstasy. Obviously I enjoy other men giving her the eye when she dresses so seductively. Our neighbor seems especially attracted to my wife. A few weeks ago I saw him staring at her while she was cutting some flowers. She was bent over in such a way that her lovely pussy was exposed to his view. (I had noticed before on several occasions how he couldn't take his eyes off her boobs, particularly when she wore a tight top that outlined her erect nipples.) He was enjoying his view of her pussy, which indeed he ought, for my wife has a beautiful cunt. I trim the hair around it every two or three weeks so that it remains short and then I shave the outer edges of her pussy lips so that their fullness is clearly visible. I could tell that our neighbor was pleased with what he saw.

Two weeks ago I was gone for the day. About midafternoon there was a knock at the back door and when my wife opened it, there was the neighbor inquiring about her supply of cleaning products (which he sells in a part-time job). She invited him in and they talked for a while over a glass of iced tea. She was wearing her usual Saturday garb: short shorts and a tight-fitting tank top. She could feel his eyes undressing her and was flattered by his attentive gaze. As he prepared to leave he brushed against her, touching her breasts with his arm. Her nipples quickly came to attention, inviting first his view and then his fingers. He began caressing her nipples, and my

wife's body tingled with anticipation. She took half a step forward and he took her in his arms, holding her close so that her breasts pressed firmly into his chest. As their lips and tongues met in a moist union, he dropped his hand to the bottom edge of her shorts and began to explore the depths of her pussy. He discovered a warm and juicy cunt that thrust forward to meet his fingers.

Breaking their embrace, my wife took him by the hand and led him to the bedroom. Quickly he removed her shorts and top and allowed his eyes to feast on her firm breasts and closely trimmed bush. He removed his shirt as she unbuttoned his trousers and slid them down his legs. They kissed again and again until he finally laid her on the bed.

He kissed her eyes, nose, lips, neck, breasts, abdomen and thighs and finally he parted the lips of her pussy and began to kiss and lick the entire length of her cunt. Finger-fucking her with his left hand and massaging her breast with his right, he sucked and licked her to the very edge of orgasm. As he felt her thrusting and bucking, he knew she was about to explode. Quickly he arose and placed his throbbing prick at the entrance to her pussy. Slowly he parted the lips of her cunt and pushed his cock inside—stretching her vagina to the limit. Lowering his hips, he penetrated her until his entire manhood was buried in her. Slowly he pulled back and then lunged, withdrawing a little more each time until once again his magnificent tool was outside of her. He repeated this pattern a dozen times until my wife was moaning in ecstasy and anticipation. She wrapped her legs around his waist, allowing him to penetrate even deeper, and screamed for him to fuck her harder and faster. He pumped her like crazy until they exploded in a glorious climax. She could feel her orgasm from her head to her toes and her body continued to convulse for what seemed an eternity.

They lay in each other's arms, enjoying

the feel of the other's body. Finally, they dressed and parted with another embrace and passionate kiss.

When I returned that night, my wife told me of the entire escapade, not leaving out a single titillating detail (as she knew I would be excited by everything she told me).

Our plan now is for her to repeat the episode, but at a time when I can secretly watch the action. I can hardly wait to see our neighbor's wide prick stretching the lips of my wife's beautiful pussy and fucking her once again into a state of erotic

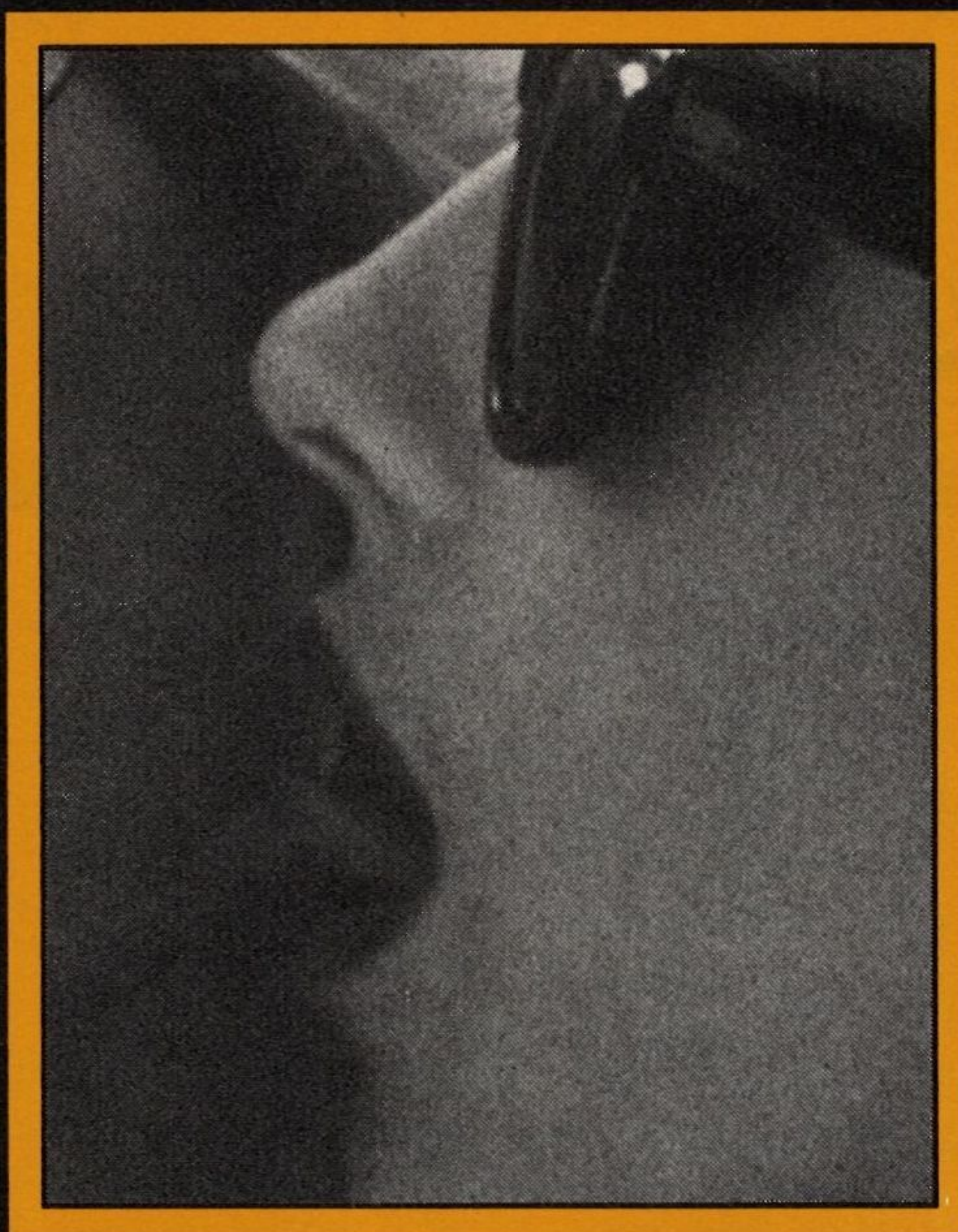
bliss.—*G.B., Bakersfield, Calif.*

Pursuit and capture must be the oldest game around—and it just keeps on getting better. The cavemen started it, but we like to think it has been refined since then. What are the best stories involving the hunt? Only you can tell us. Were you the hunter or the hunted? Maybe you've been both. Share your experiences; tell the rest of us about your special techniques. Send them to: Penthouse Letters, Dept. DM/BV, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.



He stalked the wife next door until he finally got to say "Howdy, neighbor!"





CROWD SCENES

Polymorphous perverse
permutations and combinations,
described firsthand.
If three is a crowd, what of
four . . . or five?

“I talked my heart out about the pleasures a threesome held, but Clint and Melody were hesitant”

UNFORGETTABLE MELODY FINDS THE KEY FOR A STEAMY THREESOME

I had known Clint for some time through business, and we often saw each other while working on mutual projects. Eventually we played a little tennis and bridge together at our club. We are about the same age (thirty-five), and we found that we have many similar interests.

I had seen Melody, Clint's wife, only once (at the pool) but I had not forgotten her by any means. She is a lovely blond with sculptured features, and every line of her body was revealed by the scant bikini she wore. Her sensuous hips indicated to me that she was a woman who loved to fuck and that she would drive a man on long after most women would leave him soft.

One day, after a tough afternoon on the court, Clint said that he needed to talk to me and that I should follow him to his house, where we would have a drink and talk privately. When we arrived, I was happy to see Melody. Although the housecoat she wore was not so revealing as the bikini I had last seen her in, I was still aroused by the sight because she was obviously wearing nothing underneath. My ability to imagine took care of the rest.

While Clint and I discussed some rather unimportant details of a current project, Melody made us all some drinks. When she leaned over to set the drink in front of me, I nearly swallowed my cigarette. Her robe gaped open, and for a few seconds I looked down at one of her sweet nipples. It was almost flesh colored and stood out defiantly. I was now afraid to stand up because I was sure that I also would stand out with the tightening in my crotch.

Eventually our conversation turned to sex and then to *Penthouse Letters*. We all started talking about our favorites in the current issue. Our language became more graphic, and soon we were sharing fantasies. The more drinks we had, the

more uninhibited we became, and finally, when Melody was telling how a clerk had made a pass at her while she was buying a negligee, Clint asked her to model it for me. I heartily agreed. Without much prodding, she left the room and a few minutes later returned. I nearly spilled my drink, and for a moment all I could say was, “All right, all right!”

I couldn't see much in front or back, but the sides were almost nonexistent. The wispy sheeriness of the material left nothing to be imagined except what could be done with that tiny waist and those full hips. I was beyond help now. I had to fuck this woman, and I sensed that I could if things were handled right. I'm an ass man, and as she twirled around like a dancer, I almost blew my wad. I asked her to walk across the room, and as she did, I glued my eyes to her undulating ass sliding easily beneath the satiny cloth. My imagination went wild, and soon I was talking my heart out about the pleasures a threesome held. Clint and Melody were hesitant, and I finally gave up. It was now getting pretty late, and I had had enough excitement to go home and give my wife a long, hard surprise. Before I left, though, I had to use the john. When I came back into the room, they were gone. I thought that because we had all been excited, they had jumped into bed, thinking that I would find my own way out. I called out in a low tone, because the children were upstairs, asleep. In response I heard a voice coming from the den. It was Melody saying, “In here.”

She was sitting on the couch, and Clint was nowhere in sight. She patted the sofa beside her and smiled at me like a parent who was about to give her child a toy. My slow walk to the sofa did not reflect the racing of my pulse. When I sat down, she snuggled in close, and I kissed her. Her tongue and mine fought a brief duel and parted friends. She reached between my legs and said, “I love to play with a man's balls.”

We undressed quickly, and I was in

heaven. At last the full beauty of her body was there in front of me. She stood up so that I could see all of the treasures that had been concealed before. Her lovely face was glowing with the thought of what we were about to do. The gentle slope from her throat to her pubis was interrupted only by the swell of her breasts and by the ever-so-slight mound of her stomach just below her navel. That mound was maddeningly exciting to me. It seemed to affirm her womanhood and sexuality.

She knelt in front of me while I sat on the couch, and she took my cock into her mouth. I suddenly was aware of how calm I was. I wasn't even as hard as I had been while she modeled the negligee. I seemed to be taking it all in, and my senses were absorbing everything so that I wouldn't forget one detail. Her soft lips and throat caressed my semierect cock, and even though she was moving slowly, I felt myself welling up and mentally had to hold myself back to keep from coming. It was too soon to come; I wanted this night to last.

Just then Clint came into the den. I'm sure that he had deliberately given us enough time to get started so that I would be more at ease. He undressed and got on his knees behind Melody. He was already hard, and in no time he was pumping furiously into her from behind. Clint and I soon changed positions, and I buried my face in one of the silkiest pussies I had ever eaten. The pubic hair was not kinky, the way it is on so many girls. It was smooth, and although not exceptionally thick, it stood out in a tuft as if a wave had been put in it. I parted the hair and drove my tongue up and down over her clit until she fairly oozed the cream of her own obvious pleasure. All the while she was sucking Clint's cock back to life, and I looked over her belly to watch, adding to my own joy.

Well, we continued for about two hours into the early morning, fucking, sucking and fondling each other. She was happy,

I was happy and Clint was happy. I finally allowed myself to come, and I really gushed. I felt as if I had delivered a quart of cock juice into the hot confines of her cunt, and I lay back, utterly spent.

We agreed to spend another evening together next week. I can't wait. Even now while I am writing, I am throbbing with a hard-on, remembering *that night*. Remembering. Anticipating. These things really happen. Sometimes it just takes a little help and the right circumstances.—*J.P., Detroit, Mich.*

SHE GOES OVERBOARD FOR THREEWAY THRILLS ON YUCATAN YACHT

I'm a twenty-five-year-old woman. I used to consider myself normal sexually and considered anything I read in *Penthouse Letters* to be abnormal. But in the last year I've become erotically liberated. I enjoy my own sexual encounters as well as reading about those of others. I am turned on by both.

My first ménage à trois was on an island off the coast of the Yucatan Peninsula. I met a guy, Ted, in a disco bar, and he asked me to go back to his yacht with him. He had earlier told me he had a one-woman crew sailing with him. I asked him if he didn't think she would mind her captain having an overnight guest. He said that Linda would probably enjoy meeting me.

When we got to the boat, she was fast asleep, but Ted insisted on waking her up and introduced her. We talked for a while. Then Ted took me to see his bedroom (Linda had her own sleeping quarters at the other end of the boat), showing me the rest of the yacht on the way. We then lay down on the bed and kissed for a while until I got up and went into the bathroom. A few minutes later, when I came out, Linda was sitting on the bed and Ted was gone.

There was no doubt in my mind about what Linda and Ted had planned. I knew it was going to be my first threeway, and

I was ready for it. That evening was one of the most pleasurable experiences I have ever had. I had not considered myself bisexual before. But the sex we had that night seemed as natural as if I had been with Ted and Linda all my life.

The most exciting moment was when we were all naked with Linda lying on top of me, our stomachs and breasts pressed together while her legs stretched out between mine. Ted moved between her legs and pushed his cock deep into her. As he fucked her, she moaned and kissed my lips and breasts. When his thrusting

brought her near a climax, she grabbed my hands and squeezed them hard. Moaning as she came, Linda pressed her nails into my palms so hard that she left cuts. After she came, Ted pulled his penis out and I could feel the semen dripping from her onto me as our cunts pressed tightly together.

Linda then pulled one leg over my leg and pushed her thigh up against my clit. We were both wet from semen and our own juices as Linda began rubbing up and down on my well-lubricated clit. Ted placed his lips on mine and forced his



A naughty nautical orgy left this stunning mate awash with pleasure.

● *It was the most exciting sensation I've ever had—two people tonguing my body at once* ●

tongue into my mouth as Linda rubbed harder against me. It seemed as though the two of them were in perfect rhythm. I began to fantasize that I was being fucked by two penises—one in my mouth and the other sliding in and out of the groove in my cunt, pushing up and over my clit. Ted kept thrusting his tongue in and out of my mouth, plunging it in as deeply as possible.

As Linda sucked hard on my breasts, drawing the nipples into her mouth, I could feel myself rising toward an orgasm. Linda slid down across my abdomen and pressed her lips into my come-matted pubic hair. Ted put his hand on one of my breasts and rubbed it while he continued to kiss me.

Then I felt Linda's tongue against my clit. She began tonguing my clit the same way Ted was tonguing my mouth. It was the most exciting sensation I've ever had—two people tonguing me at once. With Linda's tongue pushing faster and harder against my clit, I could not hold back my orgasm any longer, and I felt myself coming. As I spasmed, I groaned into Ted's mouth, and Linda thrust her tongue into my pussy.

We continued our lovemaking for hours that night, with seemingly no end to the variety of positions. I've done threeways since then, but none has been so good as that first time.—P.W., St. Louis, Mo.

PORNO PHOTO ALBUM HELPS FRIENDS DEVELOP PICTURE-PERFECT TRIO

I'm a single, twenty-two-year-old woman, and I have a girlfriend who is married to the sexiest-looking guy I've ever seen. Kathy is four years older than I, and her husband, Mike, is the same age as she is. Ever since I first met Mike (about two years ago), I've fantasized about having sex with him. I'd never made a pass at him, though.

Well, last month I was spending the weekend at their house. We were sitting around watching television when Mike

took out a copy of *Penthouse Letters* to read. When he read a letter about a couple's sexy photo album, he said that he had taken some pictures of Kathy that were really hot.

Kathy said that she would get them. About fifteen seconds later she came back into the room with a large photo album and told me to take a look. I opened the album, and the first couple of pages were pictures of Kathy wearing a bikini. Quite a bit of her body was shown, but not the private parts.

The next couple of pages consisted of pictures of Kathy completely nude. They all showed her with something in her pussy, either her fingers, a vibrator or a dildo.

Every time I turned a page, I was getting more turned on, but it was nothing compared with the way I felt when I turned a page and saw photos of Mike in the nude. In some photos his dick was soft, and in others it was hard and poking up like a giant crocus. It was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen. The next page consisted of pictures of Kathy and Mike in various sex acts. In several Kathy was sucking Mike's dick; in another one his come was dripping from her mouth. There were pictures of Mike eating her pussy and of them eating each other. The rest of the photos showed them fucking in different positions. In most of them you could see his dick in her pussy. The final pages of the album didn't have any photos, and Mike said that they were saving them for something special.

Kathy asked me how I liked them, and I said that they were wonderful pictures. I added that if I ever got married, I would want similar pictures of me and my husband. I asked Kathy and Mike if they had shown their album to very many people. They said that I was the only one. I asked them why they had shown it to me, and they said that they would like to have some pictures of me to fill the empty pages.

The idea of posing nude in front of well-hung Mike was exciting me, but I pre-

tended that I was unwilling so that I could tease him a little. I told Kathy it was all right as long as I didn't have to expose any vital parts of my body to Mike. I followed her into the bedroom to change while Mike got his camera ready. She handed me a string bikini, which I put on. Then we joined Mike in the living room. He took a few pictures of me, and then Kathy asked me whether she could lower the back of my bikini a little, so that a few inches of my behind were showing. I said yes, as long as she didn't lower it more than three inches.

After Mike took a couple of pictures, Kathy and I went back to the bedroom. She gave me what I at first thought was another bikini, but it turned out to be a G-string and a skimpy top. I put it on, and the back was only a string that went up the crack of my behind to another string that was the waistband. The front was a triangular piece of material that barely covered all my pubic hair. The top was just big enough to cover my nipples. I told Kathy that I couldn't go out in front of Mike with nothing covering my behind, but she said that I shouldn't worry and that I looked great. She grabbed my arm and led me to the front room. I could see a bulge growing in Mike's pants, and I was really starting to get turned on. After he took a few pictures, Kathy and I went back to the bedroom to change again.

When we got in the bedroom, she offered me a pair of sheer yellow panties, a sheer yellow bra, a pair of black nylon stockings and a garter belt, and asked me whether I was ready for them. I put them on, and she handed me a sheer yellow baby-doll nightgown with splits up the sides. I put it on, and we rejoined Mike in the other room. He took a few pictures, and Kathy said that we should go into the bedroom to get some pictures of me on the bed. Mike took a couple of pictures of me on the bed, and then Kathy told me to take off the nightgown. Then she said I should lie back on the bed and spread my legs a little. I spread them as

far as I could, giving Mike a good view of my pussy through the thin material.

After he took the picture, I took off the bra. Then I took off the panties, and while I was still lying down with my legs spread he took another picture. All I had left on were the stockings and garter belt.

For the next shot, I reached back with one hand and spread my butt so that my anus was visible. I then lay on my back and began playing with myself, stroking my pussy. After Mike took a few pictures, Kathy handed me a vibrator and told me to try it. It was the twelve-inch variety, and I slid more than ten inches into my pussy and worked it in and out. All the time Mike was photographing me. When he had taken several pictures, Kathy asked me whether I would like a real dick in my pussy. I told her that I'd love one. She said that she was going to take some pictures of me and Mike eating each other and fucking. When Mike got his clothes off he lay next to me on the bed and we began kissing. We were sliding our tongues into each other's mouth, and he was finger-fucking my pussy and I was playing with his delicious dick and balls. He then started kissing my neck and slowly worked his way down to my pussy, stopping at my tits for a couple of minutes to suck on them. He ate my pussy until I came two times.

Then Mike lay on his back and told me to suck his dick. It was long and thick, with a full, round head. When I stroked it, the slit gaped open as if urging me on. He was still finger-fucking me, and I was sticking my tongue into that gaping pee slit. Kathy told me to let some of his come drip out of my mouth when he came and then to lick it off his dick. I had blown him for about a minute when he shot a huge load into my mouth. I swallowed most of it but let quite a bit run down his dick. I then licked it off and sucked a little longer to keep it hard.

At that point I mounted him and slid his dick into my pussy. We fucked for about ten minutes, with me on top of him. I was

moving my hips slowly, just enjoying the feel of this wild fuck. Then we turned over, and he was on top of me. Suddenly he started to pound his dick in and out of my pussy. We fucked for at least another five minutes, and his thrusts kept getting faster and harder. I came a half dozen times before he finally filled my pussy with his hot come.

When I looked up, Kathy had her clothes off and had joined us in bed. We fucked and sucked each other for the rest of the weekend. It was the best weekend I've ever spent, and we plan to get to-

gether about once a month. If I ever get married, it will probably turn into a four-some.—*Name and address withheld*

Maybe the above letters pale in comparison to your torrid tales of sex *en masse*. But if these letters had not been written by your fellow readers, you would not be as fired-up right now as we hope you are. Why don't you tell us *your* hottest sex story and turn on the rest of the world (and maybe, even, yourself). Send your letters to: Penthouse Letters, Dept. DM/BV, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

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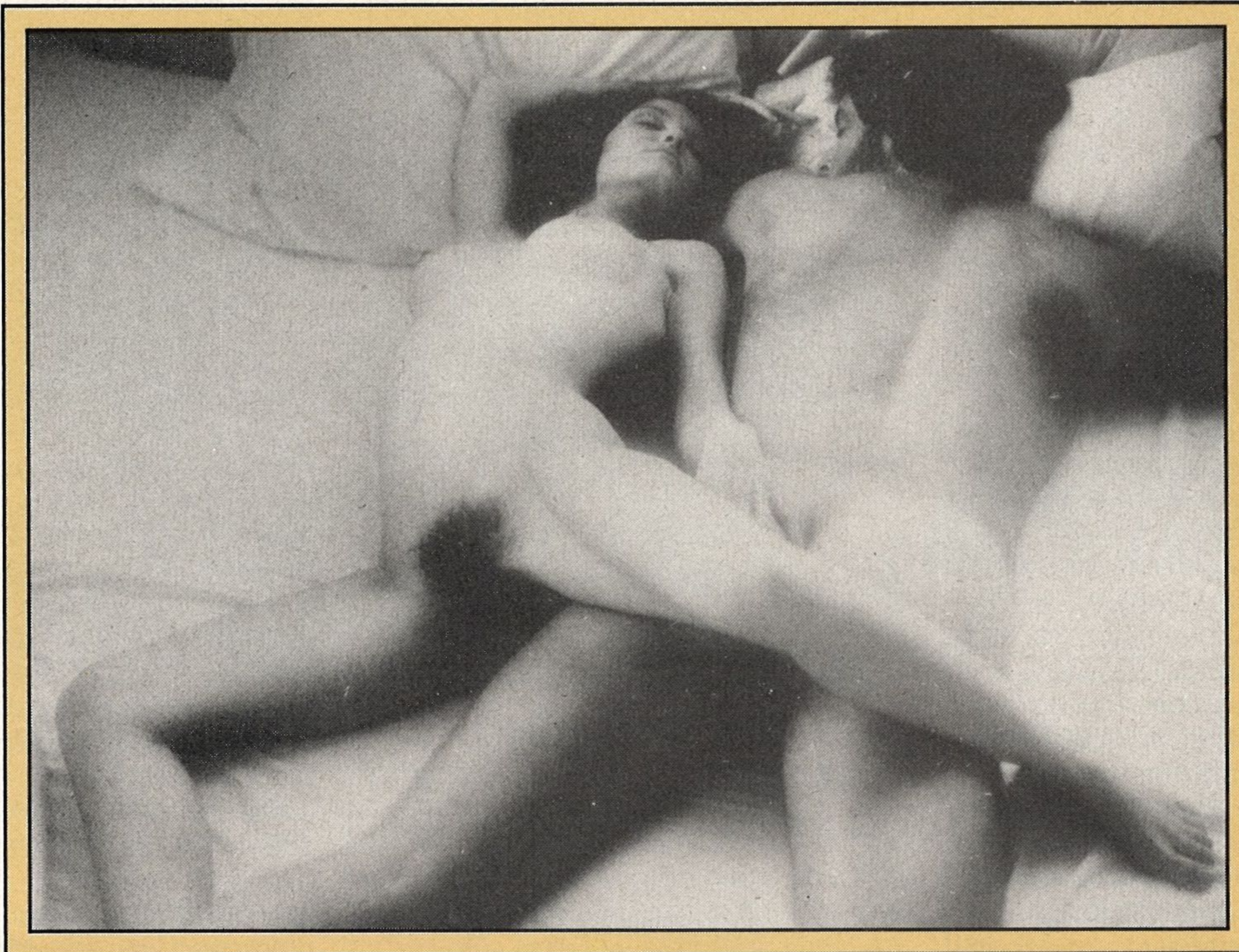
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

A neglected hubby cures
a six-year marital slump by exposing
his wife's steamy affairs



When her devoted husband's away, Elaine's a horny minx who loves to play.

A WIFE'S SECRET LIFE

The correspondence in your delightful publication on the subject of unfaithful wives and husbands or lovers who like to watch their ladies being fucked by other men always fascinates me. Some of these writers even ask for advice in persuading supposedly reluctant wives to indulge in sex with others. Well, like many of your correspondents, I've found out facts about my wife of twelve years that I would never have believed possible as short a time ago as eighteen months!

Elaine is now thirty-one, fourteen years younger than me, a brown-eyed brunette who measures 34B-24-36, is five-feet-three and is a pound or so overweight at one hundred twenty-eight pounds. But as the poundage seems to be on her curvy, kissable ass, nobody complains. She is extremely attractive, intelligent (she holds an M.A. from Cambridge University), has an outgoing personality and is a full-time executive. A very successful one, too; I'm not afraid to say that her earnings are very close to my own and unlike me she has a very liberal expense account. So far we have no children, by choice. We live in

an uptown Manhattan high-rise apartment and have a country house in New England and a vacation apartment in France. I first met Elaine when she was a junior in college, and for the first eight years of our very happy marriage we lived in Britain, her native country, and also in France.

Young as she was, sex was not exactly a novelty to her, as she had lost her virginity at eighteen to a sailor on the beach at night while at a shore resort with her parents. She had an "older man" (twenty-nine and married) when she was a freshman, and was going steady with a guy with whom she had sex quite often when I first met her. I had to coax all of this information out of her over a long period after our marriage, as I did the story of her supposedly one and only lesbian affair when she was a teenager. She and a school friend used to take off their panties and examine each other's cunt and watch each other masturbate. They progressed to tribadism and once the other girl went down on her. Elaine had her first partner-induced orgasm, but insisted that she felt disgusted afterward and never allowed it again.

Our sex life was and still is (since she started her adventures, which I will recount) great. When we were first married, Elaine was very reserved verbally, and even after a tremendous fucking and sucking session at night she would never allow a word of sex talk the next day. But in the bedroom she was quite uninhibited; she sucked my cock and balls expertly, adored having her pussy eaten and liked to fuck in every way possible.

Elaine dresses tastefully (and expensively) and for a year or two always wore stockings with a garter belt or a small girdle, lace-trimmed panties with flared legs (called tap pants or, as she refers to them, French knickers) with matching slips or camisoles, and never went without a bra. Except for around the house or out on walks in the country, she always wears high-heeled shoes. However, about six years ago, I noticed that she'd taken to wearing plain white cotton briefs or an elasticized panty girdle most of the time, and panty hose. When I questioned her, she gave the usual feminine reply that her new things were more comfortable. Even though she knew I find panty hose and cotton or woolen briefs to be totally sexless, her silky lace panties, stockings and garters seemed to be reserved for weekends and parties or special occasions. In the winter, she started wearing thick silk panties with legs that came halfway down her thighs, closed off by tight elastic. This was in Europe, however, where indoor heating is nowhere near as efficient as here.

About the same time, I realized that our sex life had cooled off considerably; Elaine only sucked my cock once or twice a year, usually when she was slightly

drunk. Her reason was that sucking cock "doesn't do anything for me" and that I was always so horny that I didn't need it anyway! Our sex sessions were down to once a week—if that—and they were always completely routine; usually in bed, with her wearing an unattractive comfortable nightgown. I would suck and lick her breasts, then lick and suck her cunt for a long time until she had a strong orgasm followed by one or two milder ones. Then she'd push me away and say, "OK, it's all yours—which way do you want it?" I usually fucked her from behind, and she usually got off again, though not always. I can always detect when she's coming by the way her vaginal muscles contract around my cock. Sometimes the spasms are so strong that it actually hurts my

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through a keyhole*

cock, particularly if I've just shot my wad into her. Then she'd inquire if I was finished and off she'd go to the bathroom to wipe her pussy and take a piss. Upon returning she'd go into a deep, deep sleep within minutes.

Unlike Elaine, I'd had a varied and full sex life before we met, including group sex and threesomes of both kinds. I'm somewhat of a voyeur—my earliest sex memories are of going to great lengths to look up girls' clothes, and I had my very first ejaculation when I looked through the bathroom keyhole and watched a friend of my mother while she peed. I also have a close friend of over twenty-years standing—I'll call him Bill—who shares all my sexual interests with the exception that he's bisexual, and I've had many a superb sex session with him and his lovely wife Linda. Bill particularly likes to suck my cock while I eat Linda's pussy, as he doesn't care for pussy eating himself. Elaine knows of these scenes but mistakenly believes it all stopped when we were married and therefore refers to it as my sordid past.

Perhaps not surprisingly, I became bored and somewhat frustrated with my completely predictable sex life at home and began to try various methods to spice it up. When I bought Elaine a vibrator, she expressed disgust and said she hadn't played with herself since she was a little girl. I asked her if she wouldn't find sex with another man exciting and she totally dismissed the idea, even though I had told her several times that I wouldn't be angry or jealous and that the thought actually excited me, which was true. But I wasn't quite sure what my feelings would be when I knew she was fucking someone else.

All my various efforts were of no avail. Life continued on its somewhat routine path until I noticed a gradual but distinct change in Elaine's habits and style about the time that she landed a big promotion (becoming the youngest and the first female VP in her job), which also meant her traveling to other cities on business trips occasionally. She seemed to become brighter in her moods, more openly flirtatious at parties and no longer did she become ill-tempered when I teased her about desiring some guy who had been dancing with her. In fact she became interested and used to ask me if I thought the guy concerned really liked her. At that time her mode of dress in the evenings became a little more revealing, with lower-cut blouses and shorter dresses, and often she wore black nylons with seams down the back of them. She also started coming home later than usual from her office occasionally, but she would always call and explain exactly what she was doing and whom she was with.

Up until this I was convinced that Elaine had been completely faithful to me, but now for the first time I began to wonder if she was indeed having a fling with someone or perhaps was considering it. I started to notice little things, like whenever I saw her dressing in dark stockings and a garter belt in the mornings and putting on her lacy wide-legged panties, invariably she was late coming home that night. I also noticed that on these late nights she'd fix herself a drink and talk for a while, then would go into the bedroom only to come out still fully dressed or else in a robe, then would go into the bathroom, stay for quite some time with the door locked, run the shower and then emerge with her nightgown on and makeup removed. She would then go straight to bed after encouraging me to finish my nightcap or see the late movie through to the end. Usually we went to bed together and both undressed in the bedroom at the same time, so I slowly became almost convinced that she was enjoying a strange cock or two! All the more so when I got up for a pee one night after one of her late evenings, fished the black panties she'd worn from out of the soiled clothes bin and found the crotch



To his delight, our reader learned that torrid trysts like this made his wife hot to trot and stirred passion in their marital bed.

grayish-white with stains and stiff and sticky as hell. There were also white spots on the back of her slip and white flaky marks on the tops of her stockings. I then felt she must be getting fucked by someone, but there was one important fact that really puzzled me and stopped me from being sure.

I may not have mentioned this, but Elaine is basically a rather conservative and usually very careful type of woman, despite her come-hither looks. When we were married, she was fitted for a diaphragm and has used it with contraceptive gel religiously ever since. I have never fucked her without it being in place; once she forgot to bring her rubber ducky, as she sometimes calls it, on a weekend vacation and she flatly refused to let me fuck her. But she did suck me, then let me shoot off over her lovely breasts (I never come in her mouth—she tells me she finds the idea disgusting). Upon my suspicions being aroused as described, I started checking the drawer where she keeps the diaphragm, gel, douche syringe and sanitary pads, and the diaphragm was always there in its place. I couldn't understand this, and for months my mind was full of conflicting doubts and half-beliefs.

I explained my feelings of turmoil to Bill and asked for his considered opinion on whether or not Elaine was getting some sex outside. When he asked me if I

wanted him to be brutally frank, I nodded. He told me he had always felt that my wife was definitely fuckable, and that because of a few suggestive remarks she had made, and the fact that she had pressed up very close to him a few times, he thought he could lay her himself! He said, "You wouldn't mind if I did try her, would you, old buddy? I'd tell you every detail of what went down and then at least you'd know for sure if she was amenable to another cock." He also told me he'd discuss all that I'd told him with Linda, but that his own immediate reaction was that he felt Elaine was indeed fucking around and probably had been for some time—though, like me, her nonuse of her diaphragm puzzled him.

When we next spoke, Bill told me that Linda agreed with his feelings completely and had in fact once seen Elaine with a guy waiting for the elevator in a well-known midtown hotel at around eight o'clock in the evening. When Bill mentioned the diaphragm, she laughed and said, "Oh, you guys are really dumb sometimes! She's probably got a second one that she keeps in the office or somewhere—lots of girls do that." So Bill and I planned that he, Elaine and I would arrange to spend an evening together the next week, and I would concoct some excuse to be called away, leaving the two of them together.

On the following Friday at six-thirty the

three of us were sipping cocktails at my place, having invited Bill to dinner, as his wife was visiting relatives for the day. I'd been out of the office all afternoon and had asked my secretary to call me at home at seven-thirty just to tell me what was in the mail. When the phone duly rang, my wife answered it and said, "Oh, hello dear, how are you? Just a moment—he's right here." I took the call from Fran, the secretary, in the bedroom. Then I announced that she'd just told me that my boss had arrived that afternoon from overseas and that he wanted to see me urgently at his hotel, as a couple of things needed to be discussed. Off I went, expressing the usual apologies and saying I'd "try" to be back in a couple of hours.

Bill and I had agreed that he should try to get sex going with Elaine as soon as possible and that he'd tell me every little detail of what happened. We had arranged that I'd wait for him in a bar just two blocks away from my house from nine-thirty onward. Those two hours seemed to be an eternity. Somehow when it was around eight-thirty I just knew that my darling wife was reveling in the feel of a different cock in her lovely pussy or in her mouth, and the thought gave me a throbbing erection. Yet at the same time a part of my mind kept thinking that no, she'd resist and find a way to escape his advances gracefully. Bill eventually arrived to meet me at just after ten o'clock.

He grinned and winked at me from the doorway, so I knew immediately that he had succeeded and that my wife had been well and truly fucked!

When I asked him how it had gone, he wanted reassurance that I wasn't going to be embarrassed or angry and then said, "Honestly, I'm forty-six and have been at it for thirty years, but in all my life, I've never been laid better—she's hot as a pistol! And hasn't she got a big clit? Boy, I'd better keep my right hand in my pocket in case the barman gets a whiff. And if you'd like a little proof, how about these for evidence." He passed me Elaine's lace-trimmed black satin panties, which I'd seen her putting on that morning! Then he told me the exciting story.

From the start, there was never any question of resistance from Elaine, nor even any reluctance; in fact Bill felt that had he not acted as he did, she would have been the instigator herself! As soon as I'd left, he moved next to her and slipped an arm casually around her shoulders as they talked about mutual acquaintances, jobs, vacations. Soon he began nuzzling her neck and shoulders and kissing her lightly, telling her she'd always attracted him. She smiled and made some smart remark about great minds thinking alike, so he pulled her to him and kissed her passionately on the mouth, to which she responded eagerly, snaking her tongue into his mouth. He reached down inside her dress and cupped her breast, rolling her nipple between finger and thumb through the fabric of her black lace bra. He said her nipple was sticking up like a pencil eraser within seconds, so he took her hand and laid it on the bulge where his cock was straining against his pants. At first she took her hand away, but as he continued kissing her and fondling both stiff-nippled breasts, she pushed her hips against him and put her hand back on his cock, unaided, to squeeze and stroke it.

He started running his hand up between her nylon-clad legs. She immediately opened them, and after stroking her thighs above her stocking tops, he reached the crotch of her satin panties and stroked her pussy lips through the material. As he pushed his finger between her labia and stroked the interior, he felt her hot, sticky juice start soaking through the crotch. Then she unzipped him and worked his rigid dick out of his shorts and pants. They drew apart a little. She unbelted and opened up his pants while he pushed her dress up to her waist as she lifted her ass to help him. He slipped two fingers under the wide leg of her panties and stroked and rubbed her clit gently, then pulled her panties aside and pushed his fingers firmly right up her cunt. She started moving her pussy against his hand as he slowly finger-fucked her while she stroked his rampant

cock. Then she moved away from him a little, bent over and took almost his entire length into her mouth.

After sucking him expertly, Elaine whispered to him, "If we are going to be naughty, we might as well be comfortable." She got up, excused herself for a minute and went into the main bedroom. As he stripped he heard the toilet flush, then my hot sweetheart called from the bedroom, "What's keeping you? I need company!" Bill eagerly went in to find her lying on the bed in just her panties, garter belt and stockings, slowly stroking her pussy and holding one arm up as if reaching for him. He lay next to her, again sucking and licking her tits, while she immediately reached for his cock and purred, "Ooh, it's gorgeous." Elaine

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scooted down the bed to start sucking him again; he pulled her sideways, so he could caress her satin-clad ass with one hand as he finger-fucked her with the other. When he squeezed his cunt-cream-lubricated middle finger into her pussy, she jerked violently and sucked him more rapidly, her head moving up and down and her hair tickling his balls and stomach. He felt his orgasm building up and moaned, "Oh, stop for God's sake, or I'll come." She just mumbled, "Come, love, come, I want it."

She sucked and licked the head of his cock, rubbing her hand up and down the shaft rapidly, and he shot his wad into her mouth as he continued frigging her up the leg of her panties, with his thumb rubbing her clit and one finger deep in her vagina. She came at the same time, clamping her thighs around his arm. ("Wow, what a nutcracker of a cunt your missus has got," Bill whispered to me. "I thought she'd damn near broken my wrist!")

They rested and had another drink, then Elaine started kissing up and down

Bill's body while playing with his limp, sticky cock. Soon she said, "Let me see if I can persuade this poor soldier to stand at attention!" She gave him the benefit of her mouth again as Bill lay on his back. He said it took a while, but when she licked rapidly all over his balls and squeezed his ass, his prick swelled up to full erection again.

Elaine got up, took her soaked panties off and squatted over him, impaling herself on his rod. She was so wet and her cunt was so open that his whole length went balls-deep up her immediately. She rode him faster and faster as he squeezed her tits with one hand and her ass with the other, and very soon he felt her pussy muscles milking his cock as she collapsed forward against him, crying, "Oh, I'm coming, I'm coming, oh shit, fuck me, fuck me!" Bill had not come again, and later he fucked her as she knelt on her hands and knees. Finally, he had her in the old missionary position and came in her as her hand went down and played with his balls. He said he didn't think he had much left, as she'd swallowed all his original spurts, and he didn't worry about coming in her because he'd felt her diaphragm when he was fingering her. Although he couldn't be sure, he thought he saw a trickle of semen oozing from between her protruding cunt lips as she lay back as if unconscious when he went to the bathroom, in urgent need of a piss.

Bill heard Elaine go into the kitchen and found her in there with her brassiere back on, dressed in a robe. As he was dressing she asked him if he'd seen her panties, and he told her he was keeping them as a souvenir. She said, "OK, but this must be our little secret. I know you and Linda have an open relationship but I don't want you mentioning a word of this to her, nor to V. [me] of course—he'd be most unmused. Do you promise?" And of course he agreed. When he kissed her good night, she stroked his crotch again and said, "I really enjoyed everything—give me a call on Monday, perhaps we can have lunch."

After Bill had recounted all this we went in the men's room and he produced his cock. It's just slightly longer than my own seven inches, but considerably thicker: a genuine cunt stretcher. The entire length of it was wet, glistening and sticky with that shiny substance I knew very well: a mixture of male come, my wife's cunt juice and liquified contraceptive gel. He said, "I don't believe this but I've got to come again," and then he wrapped Elaine's frilly panties around his prick and came after a few rubs. But only a tiny dribble of semen rolled out from the head. He said, "I'm telling you, buddy, your lady was really red hot. I'll bet she's ready to go again when you get home."

He was right! My sexy darling was still up and fully dressed. I asked her how the evening had gone and she said she and

Bill had a couple more drinks each, ate some snacks, and as neither of them felt hungry, he'd left within an hour. She appeared completely normal, quite composed and matter-of-fact, but, most unusually, she came and sat on my lap and kissed me, wriggling her ass around on my rapidly rising prick. I kissed her, and at her hot response I said, "Come on, 'fess up. I'll bet you and Bill have been having a little fun and games." She said, "Don't be cute, of course we didn't. He's just an old friend."

I pushed her dress up and stroked her thighs and saw she was wearing pink panties. I asked her about them, and she told me she always changes her panties when she gets home because it makes her feel fresher. When I slipped a finger up her cunt, she was soaking wet with fluid that felt more slippery than usual. I said, "Geez, you're soaking tonight. Are you sure Bill didn't just feel you up a little?" She giggled and admitted that Bill had kissed her and that she'd let him squeeze her boobs for a minute. "Well, yes," she said, "he tried to get his hand up my leg—we were a little buzzed, you know—but he stopped when I told him to cut it out."

In the bedroom we stripped completely, but when I went to bury my face in her bush, she told me that there was no need for me to do that, as she wanted to fuck immediately. That was why she'd already put in her diaphragm! I told her I wanted to suck her and she asked me not to. "I haven't washed since this morning," she said, "and it's not clean and nice down there." Of course I persisted and she went quite tense when I first licked between her lips. They felt bigger than usual, and although Bill felt he had only shot a small amount up her, her cunt definitely had a slightly different taste. I was so excited I was almost coming without even being touched.

However, as I sucked on her definitely swollen clit she soon released her muscles and thrust her cunt strongly against my face as she came, which took much less time than usual. Then she said, "Wow, after all that, I think you might have shifted my diaphragm—I'd better check it," and she went into the bathroom. I peeked through the crack of the door to see her examining her pussy in a hand mirror; then she filled the plastic applicator with gel and inserted it. Smart girl, she thinks of everything. I laughed silently as I remembered the directions on the box: Insert more gel if intercourse is repeated!

Then, how we fucked! I came twice, which is unusual for me, and Elaine climaxed at least ten times. At some point during the night I awoke to feel her playing with my limp dick and then felt her head move down and her mouth sucking me in. It was the first time she'd done that for nearly a year and I'd almost forgotten how skillful she is. When I got rock-hard

and started thrusting, she immediately stopped and pulled me on top of her, guiding my cock into her cunt, which she held open with two fingers. We had a truly memorable screw, then fell asleep. We fucked again when we awoke at eight, napped for a while, then had a 69 before getting up at midday, totally fucked out. Thank heavens it was the weekend; my cock was sore and Elaine told me that her pussy lips were so swollen that her stream of pee went every which way when she perched her fanny on the john.

Well, that weekend seemed to open the floodgates, figuratively speaking. I had mixed feelings. I felt shock at my darling's duplicity and wanton ways, but fantastic excitement at the knowledge of how sexy she could be with another man. I

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felt intense relief that with me she'd turned into the little sex tigress that she used to be six years or so ago. The following Monday, Elaine got her period a little early and told me that must have been why she was so juicy on that unforgettable Friday night. Oh, the wiles of women!

Well, that's my story. Since her session with Bill, Elaine has only fucked him once more and told him that it was no longer a novelty. I've learned a lot more about her, and her behavior has quite changed—very much for the better as far as I'm concerned! I have a better understanding of her behavior, and little things that used to bother me are now self-explanatory.

Elaine is now a lot less careful and secretive than she used to be a year or more ago, and by observing her habits, hours, the condition of the apartment, the state of her underwear and stockings and the use of her diaphragm, etc., I can nearly always tell when she's been fucking. In my opinion, she doesn't do it all that often; in a year and a half she's been fucked on sixteen occasions that I definitely know

about, and perhaps on two or three others about which I'm not too sure. I suppose it averages about once a month, but she varies a lot; sometimes she might go four or five weeks without an experience, and then she might have several in one month. Ah, well, it keeps me on my toes!

Ideally, I suppose I would prefer her to include me in her secret life or at least tell me all of the details, but I'm not completely sure. All I know is that I far prefer this situation to the previous one, in which she was chaste but indifferent to me sexually. Nowadays, she often indulges my whims for exhibitionism, goes to parties with no bra or panties on, always wears provocative, sexy underwear and stockings, and on the day after one of her adventures she wants sex with me more than ever. And she sure is superb at it!

The statistics on female infidelity tend to amuse me, as sometimes do the complaints from guys who think they can't convince their wives to have sex with others. I noticed that a recent women's magazine poll estimated that just over fifty percent of wives between twenty-five and fifty have enjoyed extramarital sex at least once. I think sixty to sixty-five percent at least would be a more accurate figure.

As for the unfulfilled husbands and lovers, I'd say this. If your partner had some sex experience before you met, by which I mean she'd been fucked a few times by one man or woman, or perhaps a few, if she has a strong or outgoing personality, a normal sex drive, and either has a job of her own or has plenty of free time, and no exceptionally strong religious feelings, I'd make an even-money bet that she is taking, has taken or will take a stray cock, no matter how vehemently she might dismiss or deny such a thing. After all, there are many reasons why a woman should never tell her spouse about any outside sex, whether he approves of the idea or not.

If either partner has occasion to travel from time to time, on business or for other reasons, and particularly if the two are childless, then the chances that she has lain with a lover, probably doing things about which her regular partner has only fantasized, are very good indeed.

Don't worry, fellas. For me, hopefully, gone forever are the days of shapeless panty hose, sexless briefs, thick nightgowns and indifferent sex. And I sure as heck ain't complaining.—V.R., New York, N.Y.

Submissions for Letter of the Month should be no more than five thousand words. Each month we will select the most original and titillating letter from those submitted. If you'd like the thrill of knowing that you give mail that's as good as your tail, send your letters to: Penthouse Letters, Letter of the Month, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

Looking for the good times in
the Big Apple, our footloose lonely lady flees a
singles bar but finds love on the street

BREAKING A BRANDY GLASS

BY LINDA MCKINLEY

For three years I had been so good. I ate right, stayed away from drugs and didn't cheat on my boyfriend. I belonged on a Geritol testimonial. So much for goodness, I thought, staring up at the twin towers of the World Trade Center as the sky grew peachy with the dawn. At first I imagined I was seeing them sway. But then I staggered backward a couple of steps (I'd imbibed a lot of alcohol), and I realized I was the one who had swayed.

All night I had been roaming the streets of New York, my belly full of strawberry daiquiris, my pocket full of the plastic animals that come with the daiquiris at Rick's Lounge on Eighth Avenue, which had been my starting point on this particular binge. I had moved to New York from a suburb where the main social scene was the local shopping mall. New York—what better place for a struggling writer to live? But was I living? All the friends I had made in New York were nonnatives, the sort of people who determine the in places to go and things to do and perpetuate fears about empty streets and subterranean transportation. My boyfriend had been of that group also.

Now I was bored silly with everything, I had no boyfriend—and consequently no friends (they were all his to begin with)—and I was living in a city I barely knew. Actually, I had moved to an apartment in Brooklyn, which is unfashionable among my circle of former friends. And I had spent the night walking dark, empty streets. There's nothing lonelier than an empty street in a city full of people, and I was lonely. Suddenly the enormity of what I had done came crashing into my consciousness and I jumped, looking around me at the yards of vacant cement as if I expected a mugger or a rapist to materialize out of a crack in the sidewalk.

That's when I made the decision that I would do my level best to establish a stable of social partners who would help me have a good time. How could I be living in such a swell city all these years and not have any fun? The problem was I had

limited myself too much. Why should I seek out a steady boyfriend of marriageable material when I was nowhere near being ready to wed? Since I'm a freelance writer, I have to make my own opportunities to meet men. On the way home on the subway, I racked my brain trying to think of a place I could go to meet someone, preferably a native New Yorker who might know more about having fun in the city. Of course I went to the totally wrong bar for my purposes: the only one I could remember was Maxwell's Plum.

I spent the day sleeping off the daiquiris and that same evening I headed for Maxwell's Plum, which is located on Manhattan's singles strip—First Avenue on the Upper East Side. Now I've never eaten at Maxwell's—it's not exactly the type of place I feel comfortable in. In fact, I found it rather gaudy, with tons of brass figures fixed to the walls and ceiling. The bar is in the middle of the place, elevated by about three steps and enclosed by a wooden fence. I edged my way through the crush around the bar, rubbing up against real leather and real fur. I imagined it was somewhat like milling around in a cattle chute at a rodeo.

I was terribly out of place, not desperate enough to take part in the pickup game wholeheartedly and definitely not in the same income bracket as most of the patrons. Still, I was there, so I decided to stay a little while. I had no place else to go, anyway. Finally I found a relatively clear space—one square foot of unoccupied air—and ordered a brandy, which I thought was sufficiently sophisticated to make up for my lack of animal skin (I was wearing a pea coat). It was served to me in an oversized snifter. I clutched the glass and backed up against the fence to size up the clientele.

A man was standing at the bar, leaning against his stool. He was wearing a blue

After falling down in the street, our drunken lady slowly got up, oblivious to the pretty picture she presented.





polyester ascot and had so many rings on his fingers that if someone had wanted to dump him in the East River, they could have forgone the cement. He held his head back and smoked a cigarette in a holder. He brought the fag to his lips with a flourish and delicately puffed the smoke straight up at a gleaming brass gargoyle. Presently a beautiful black woman in a white fur coat entered and took up a position next to me. In a matter of minutes Blue Ascot was introducing himself. I missed his name, but I heard him announce, "I'm Svedish." He tipped back his head to take a drag on his cigarette. "You know, funny Svedish." I didn't get the joke but agreed that he was pretty funny. The woman giggled prettily, but it was too much for me, and I almost doubled over with laughter. When I regained my composure, I was surprised to see the Swede and the black girl edging their way toward the exit, arm in arm.

Somewhat subdued, I turned my attention to three women who had arrived together: a gorgeous blond, a stunning brunet and a mousy girl wearing black leather pants and a wildly colored Betsey Johnson sweater. The blond and brunet were clad in silk and had mink coats draped over the stools they sat on. A dumpy, balding man in a brown leather jacket approached them and struck up a conversation. Eventually his attention narrowed to the blond. As he conversed with her, she had her back to Mouse, who kept catching Dumpy's eye and smiling. Finally Mouse mouthed the words, "I want to fuck you tonight." Dumpy's eyebrows went up and he nodded discreetly. In no time he had shifted so that he was standing behind Mouse, massaging her shoulders. Within ten minutes they were standing crotch to crotch, necking and causing a serious bottleneck in the flow of traffic through the bar area.

As a result, I was brought into contact with a lot of shoulders. One lecherous old man passed me no fewer than five times, each succeeding time pressing his body harder against mine. I ended up with more brandy sloshed onto my hand than in my stomach.

A man who had made a successful pickup was leaving with his prize and had to wait for the old geezer to finish his fifth pass. "Isn't this a fun place?" he asked conversationally, bumping my arm as he moved to pass me.

"About as much fun as being in the middle of a football game," I muttered, brandy dripping from my fingers. I dug out a tissue to clean my fingers. When I looked up, a woman was standing in front of me, gazing at me reproachfully.

"Excuse me," she said, "did you call my friend a douche bag?"

She gestured toward the steps, where Mr. Football was standing, glaring at me over the tops of heads.

"No," I said.

"I didn't *think* you would do something like that," she said in a tone of voice that indicated that's exactly what she did think. I shrugged, stuffing the damp tissue in my pocket.

"He heard someone call him a douche bag and he's very angry," she said with a resigned sigh. She looked at me for a moment and then left, making me wish I had replied, "No, but I called *you* a douche bag."

The incident was wiped away from my mind by a fat man who passed, smelling like he had bathed in an obnoxiously flowery cologne. He nearly crushed me against the fence, and the cologne was so strong that I could taste it. He was unable to squeeze past the kissers. He was being followed by a pudgy Hispanic

*We kissed drunkenly,
lost our balance and fell
onto the bed. My
knees reacted like jelly,
thanks to the con-
tact of his lips—there's
nothing like a
good kisser to get me in
the mood for love*

man in a white leisure suit, who was brought to a halt beside me.

"Can I move?" the leisure suit asked, stepping on my foot.

"Can you?" I asked sarcastically, extricating my toes from beneath his white patent leather loafers.

"Oh, I have lots of moves," he said, leering at me, evidently unaware that he had made my toes resemble pancakes.

"Then keep moving," I said, waving him away.

I turned the other way and looked out the window. To my horror, there was a busload of yuppies, all wearing Burberry raincoats, crossing First Avenue, making a beeline for Maxwell's. I wasted no time in dashing for the door, jumping down the three steps and diving through the sea of khaki. I burst out onto the sidewalk and came face to face with a tall young man. He had dark hair and eyes and was dressed entirely in black. He looked too mysterious and Bohemian to be contemplating Maxwell's Plum.

He looked down at me and said a little dreamily in a rich theatrical voice, "I was

going to go in there, but I think all those yuppies would overpower me."

"Take my advice and get as far away from here as you can," I said, realizing that I still had the snifter in my hand.

"Why don't you come with me? I'm Jake."

He shook hands with me firmly, which is usually a good sign. I introduced myself, and we set off downtown. He wasn't at all lecherous or threatening and I felt completely at ease with him from the start.

We walked all the way to the East Village, talking and joking. Every now and then he would tell a story almost as if he were doing a stand-up comedy routine. It had been years since I had laughed so hard. He worked for a small advertising agency in Long Island City as an editor of commercials, but he was really an artist. He was born and raised in Manhattan and was a lifetime apartment dweller. He was of Italian stock, and he was just what I was looking for, only I had no idea how to convey my feelings, or whether it was too soon to do so.

We ducked into the Grassroots Tavern on St. Mark's Place. It's a plain bar, without any atmosphere. It has bare wood floors, tables with initials carved into them and graffiti on the walls. The snifter from Maxwell's looked incongruous sitting on the table with "Peter the Eater" carved into the wood.

The Grassroots Tavern is one of the best places to get noisy drunk, and the bartender makes perfect kamikazes—not sickly sweet ones with overdoses of Rose's lime juice. I lost count of how many I put away while we talked and watched a couple of women. A curly-haired girl in a red lace blouse with nothing under it and a black leather miniskirt sat in the lap of a woman with close-cropped black hair who was wearing a leather jumpsuit.

Jake and I discussed the similarities in our childhoods—growing up as loners in large families; meanwhile, Blackie and Curly kissed and tongue-wrestled while I gaped, fascinated at the way Blackie's hand crept lightly over her girlfriend's body, rubbing her crotch through the skirt and getting her nipples so hard they almost poked through the lace. Jake and I traded older-brother war stories and Blackie's hands got up under Curly's clothes, making her moan right there in the bar. By the time Jake and I got on to the subject of exploring the city on our bikes, Curly was straddling Blackie's lap and they were giving almost an X-rated performance. Jake and I had so much in common that I was wondering if he was as turned on by the two women as I was. They were the first beautiful lesbians I had seen, and for the first time I understood why men find two women together erotic.

I looked into Jake's eyes, which are as dark as Kahlúa, and was even more turned on.

When we left it was early yet, but I just sort of fell down crossing Eighth Street—I don't remember slipping or tripping, just landing in the middle of the street. Miraculously I held on to the brandy snifter. Jake hauled me to my feet and we staggered along, arm in arm, heading for an Italian café. Jake said I badly needed to ingest some caffeine, but I thought I needed his arms around me more than I needed coffee.

We went into La Lanterna, a charming (I know that word sounds little-old-lady-ish, but if you saw this place you'd know why the word was created) little place on MacDougal near West Third Street. We went into the basement, where a fire was burning, and sat near it, drinking cappuccino and devouring a dessert they make there called a Mount St. Helens. It's layers of coconut and fudge cut in a wedge and dipped in chocolate. We didn't talk much—just sat staring at the fire reflected in the brandy snifter I had set in the middle of the tiny table. My left knee was pressed against his right knee and I couldn't help thinking back to the lesbians; that memory and the physical and mental closeness with Jake made me want more.

We left the cozy little café and I followed Jake to Thompson Street. He crossed the street toward the chess shop, which was the only thing still open at that hour besides the garage across the street. As usual in such drunken situations, I jumped to a wild conclusion.

"I'm too drunk to play chess," I said, pulling Jake to a stop in the middle of the street.

"Chess? You want to play chess?"

"No." I stamped my foot for emphasis. "I'm too drunk to."

"To what?"

"Play chess."

"Who said we were going to play chess?"

"You did."

"Did not."

"No. I mean, it's the only thing that's open, and you were going toward it."

"No I wasn't."

"It's right there."

"I'm not going there. I'm going home." He pointed to the door next to the chess shop.

"Oh. What about me?"

"You're coming with me."

"What if I don't want to?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, yeah. But you didn't even ask."

"Will you come home with me?" He made a sweeping bow, straightened up and offered me his arm, smiling playfully. His handsome, boyish face was altogether likable and I wanted to run my hands through his thick hair and feel his face against my breasts, so I slipped my hand through his arm and allowed him to lead me inside.

He lived on the second floor of an old

tenement house. It was a tiny two-bedroom apartment, with the bedroom windows opening onto an air shaft and the living room overlooking Thompson Street. The radiators overheated the place, so Jake opened the window in his bedroom. The room contained a single bed, a nightstand and a wardrobe. You took one step into the room and it seemed as if you were still standing in the door.

Jake took my glass and set it on the nightstand, helped me take my coat off and then took me in his arms. In my intoxicated state, I had failed to see any signs of his attraction to me, and I looked at him in surprise and relief. We kissed drunkenly, lost our balance and fell onto the bed. My knees were like jelly anyway, thanks to the contact of his lips—there's nothing like a good kisser to get me in the mood.

We kissed and hugged for a while before his hands moved to other parts of my body, slowly setting me on fire. As he slipped off my panties, across the air shaft a dish broke. He went down on me, eating hungrily, while a woman in another apartment emitted a spate of high-pitched Italian words. A door slammed loudly as Jake's tongue, plunging deep into me, drove me to a climax. We sat up and I unzipped Jake's pants and started sucking on his big, hard cock as a man broke forth in Italian.

Jake pushed me back onto the bed

and lay down on top of me while the argument grew, the man and woman yelling at the same time and more glass breaking. As Jake bit my nipples and entered me with a rough thrust, a window on an upper floor opened and a woman yelled down into the air shaft. The man yelled back up at her. All three of them were arguing and yelling at the same time, drowning out my moans and Jake's groans as we came, rocking together on the narrow bed. Jake rolled off of me and cuddled up as we listened to the battle raging outside. Jake snickered and sat up, reaching into his nightstand. He pulled out a pint bottle of Jack Daniel's and clumsily sloshed some into the brandy snifter from Maxwell's.

"This happens several times a week," he said. "The man fools around with his sister-in-law on the fourth floor, but the wife always makes up with him."

He gestured with the glass, as if toasting me, and drank half of the liquid, then handed the rest to me. I downed it in one gulp and threw the glass out the window. It broke at the bottom of the air shaft and the voices stopped abruptly. "I've always wanted to do that but never had a glass to waste," I said, lying back down. After a short silence, two windows slammed shut outside, leaving me to cuddle with my newfound friend in peace. I fell asleep thinking that maybe now I would enjoy living in New York.



In spite of the ruckus around them, Jake managed to capture Linda's attention.

Getting it on is
a gas as long as you and
your lady know
that she won't get knocked
up. Here's how

SMART SEX

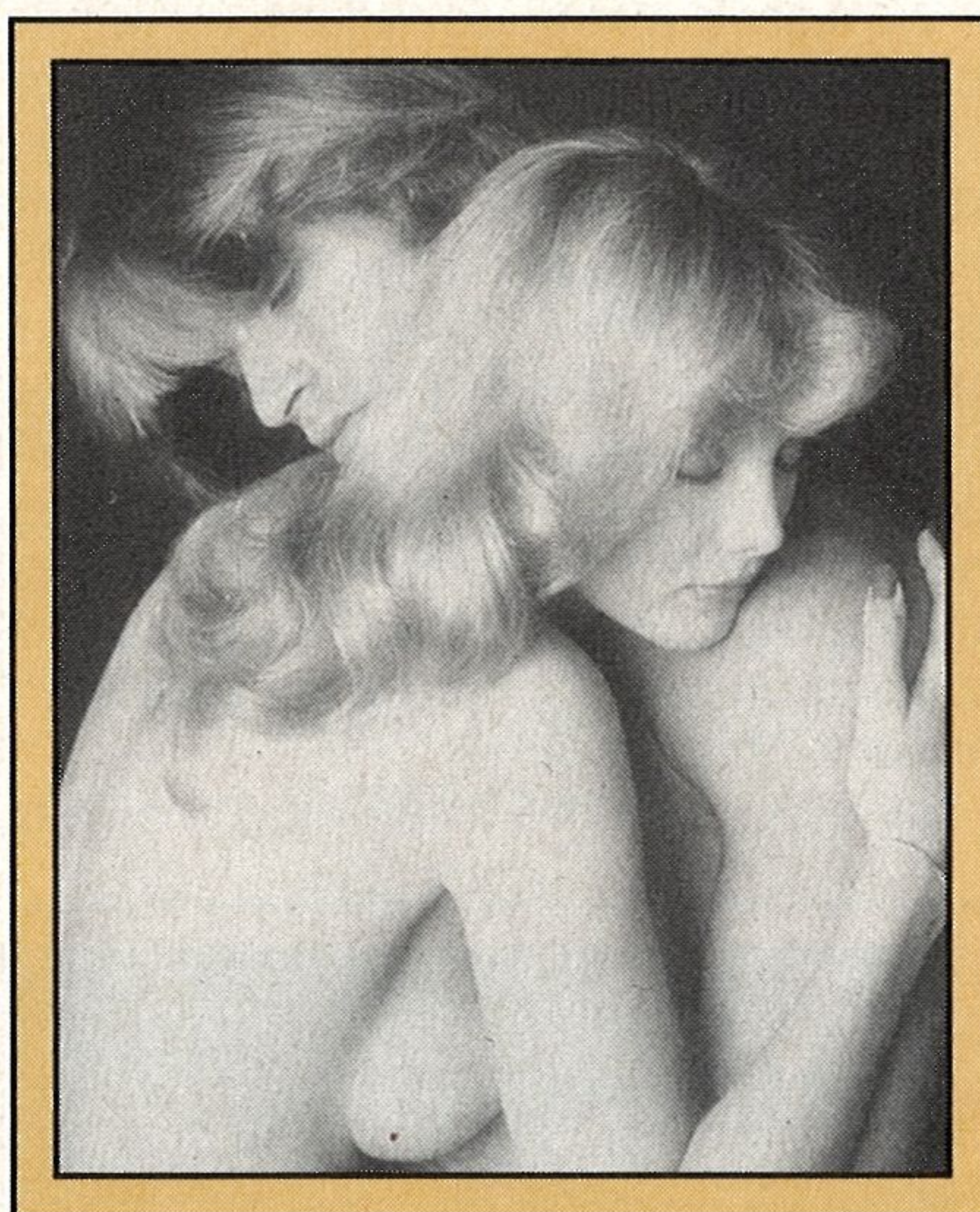
BY MARGARET BLOOM

Attention, men! Since it's still the ladies who bear the ultimate responsibility for preventing pregnancy, the following report on contraception is mainly directed at them. So if you have a steady lady, make sure she gets to read it.

Sex, as we all know, can be loads of fun. Using an effective birth control method adds to that fun. It frees your mind from the nagging thoughts of an unwanted pregnancy and allows you to concentrate fully on the pleasure. Today there is no reason to play a tension-filled game of baby roulette whenever you have sex. There are plenty of ways to protect yourself . . . no matter how old you are.

The "teen squeal law," a silly idea that the Reagan administration came up with, would have made it mandatory for federally funded birth control clinics (the least expensive) to inform the parents of patients under eighteen who requested birth control. This possibility got lots of press attention. The fact that this law did not pass—repeat, *did not pass*—was not made obvious to the public through the media. Rest assured that anyone of any age can go into any clinic, request the birth control method of her choice and be guaranteed complete confidentiality.

Most of the following information came from Planned Parenthood, N.Y. A few facts were also gleaned from a pamphlet put out by the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, which, back in August, tried to air a public service announcement on tv. Directed at teenagers, the announcement concerned unintentional pregnancies, and teenagers were urged to call a number for an informational booklet. Fearing viewers' reactions, a skittish CBS, NBC and ABC all nixed the spot. So much for the free dissemination of sex education.



To really savor the good times, a couple needs to have some sex-smarts.

amination by a qualified doctor, because the pill comes in various strengths, the diaphragm in various sizes and the IUD is inserted by the doctor. At Planned Parenthood in Manhattan the initial exam runs fifty dollars for women over eighteen and twenty-four dollars for those under eighteen. (All prices quoted in this article are from Planned Parenthood and may vary in your area. Don't be shy about asking for a price quote before you make an appointment.) The fee includes all lab work (blood, urine and Pap smear), a pelvic exam, a discussion with the doctor to figure out the best method of birth control for you and the training necessary for you to use the method effectively. Any subsequent exams cost forty dollars (adults) and twenty dollars (teens).

THE PILL

When women take the pill as directed every day, it is 99.66 percent effective. This means that out of every three hundred women using this method, only one gets pregnant. Used by 10 million Amer-

ican women each year, the pill is the most popular method of reversible contraception for women up to the age of thirty-five. It is not recommended for women over thirty-five, smokers, heavy drinkers or those with a history of heart disease in their family. The advantages of the pill are several: First, you'll probably have shorter, lighter periods with little or no cramping. Second, if you take it religiously, you're ready to go whenever the occasion arises, so to speak. Some (about four out of ten) women incur one or more mild side effects (small weight gain, breast tenderness and slight spotting), which usually go away after the first month or so.

Rumors persist about the dangers of the pill, but such dangers are negligible. For a young, nonsmoking woman the risk of fatal complications is less than one in one hundred thousand. Remember, also, that the pill or any other form of contraception is safer than the risk of an unintended pregnancy. All in all, for young women the pill is the safest, most effective contraceptive measure available. It doesn't require the kind of attention and careful planning you need with diaphragms, spermicides, the sponge and the rhythm method. Out of every hundred women using the latter techniques, as many as twenty get pregnant the first year because contraception hasn't been used on every occasion.

At Planned Parenthood a month's worth of pills is six dollars (adults) and five dollars (teens) versus about twelve dollars if you buy the pills at a pharmacy.

THE IUD

The intrauterine device is probably the easiest method of contraception. Once it's in, that's it. You don't have to remember to do anything. So, if you tend to be on the spacey side, this method is great. The IUD is ninety-seven to ninety-nine percent effective in preventing pregnancy and is recommended for women who have sex often and are spontaneous about the time and place, but stick to one

PRESCRIPTION CONTRACEPTIVES

A prescription for the pill, IUD or diaphragm requires a complete physical ex-

partner, who sticks to them. Monogamy is an issue when considering an IUD because there is an increased chance of pelvic infection when using it in conjunction with several partners. So if partner variety is your thing, an IUD probably isn't.

Be prepared for the fact that about twenty percent of the women who try an IUD are unable to use it. It won't stay in place because the uterus rejects it.

The IUD costs fifty dollars for adults and forty dollars for teens, plus the cost of the initial exam, but a copper IUD is effective for about three years and a plastic one even longer, so your initial investment can buy years of peace of mind.

THE DIAPHRAGM

Ah, my own personal favorite. I've used a diaphragm for over eight years with stunning success, after the cause of my migraine headaches was traced to the pill. The average careful user has a success rate of ninety percent; the super-careful user (always employing a spermicide in conjunction with her diaphragm), ninety-eight percent.

While the diaphragm presents no health hazards, it does make for a degree of inconvenience. You must use the device every time you have intercourse. It's easy to insert once you learn how, and also serves to catch menstrual blood when you have intercourse during your period. If you find yourself without your diaphragm but with a case of the hots, use your imagination. There are lots of ways to satisfy and be satisfied without vaginal penetration. However, one way to guard against being caught without it is to get several diaphragms—keep one at home, one at the office or school and one in your purse. That way, you're always ready.

The cost of a diaphragm is twenty-five dollars (adult) and twenty dollars (teen), in addition to the initial exam fee. Each additional diaphragm is twelve dollars and ten dollars, respectively. Your diaphragm should be checked by a doctor once a year to insure continued proper fit. One more hint from a confirmed diaphragm user: If you enjoy oral sex, don't insert the spermicide until you're ready for penetration—it tastes bitter.

OVER-THE-COUNTER CONTRACEPTION

Anyone can buy the following products without a prescription at any well-stocked drugstore. Prices vary and a little shopping around can save you money.

THE SPONGE

Finally, a condom for women! The latest in over-the-counter birth control takes a cue from antiquity—the earliest recorded contraceptive in history was a natural sponge. Today Sponge (the

product name) is a soft polyurethane disc, about two inches in diameter, permeated with a common spermicide. When used properly it is effective eighty-nine to ninety-one percent of the time. Since no physical exam is necessary to get and use the sponge, be sure to read all the directions carefully to insure proper usage. It can be worn up to twenty-four hours, but must be left in place at least six hours after your last intercourse.

The cost of a box of three sponges ranges from \$2.50 to \$4.50, and one size fits all. The sponge can be difficult to remove at times because it occasionally twists in the body, making the removal string hard to reach. There have also been reports of it breaking apart, and there can be an unpleasant odor caused by the breakdown of the sperm. A slight risk of toxic shock syndrome also seems to exist: Four cases due to the sponge have been documented, two of which were discovered to have been induced by improper usage. The company has a toll-free hot line (800-223-2329) to handle any questions or problems you might have relating to the Today Sponge.

CONDOMS

Okay, guys, here's yours. Used by almost 4½ million men, condoms are a time-tested method, to say the least. If you're really careful slipping it on, slipping it in and slipping it out, the success rate of the rubber is ninety percent (ninety-eight percent for super-duper careful users). This little sheath can also help prevent sexually transmitted diseases. So if your partners are many, a condom is probably the best bet. Some men find that a condom helps prevent premature ejaculation, while for others it takes too much of the edge off sexual sensation.

Condoms come in various colors, some with lubrication and some with sexually stimulating appendages. The nonfancy ones cost from \$1.25 to \$1.50 for a packet of three and are available practically everywhere.

VAGINAL SPERMICIDES

When spermicidal foams, gels, creams or suppositories are used correctly and not with any other sort of contraception, the average success rate is eighty-five percent. If you're not willing to take the risk of being one of the fifteen out of a hundred women who get pregnant with this method, you can increase its effectiveness by combining spermicide with a diaphragm or prophylactic. The extra added vaginal moisture of a spermicide can be sex-enhancing for both partners and also offers some protection against sexually transmitted diseases.

Very rarely an allergic reaction to a particular spermicide product occurs, but there are many different formulas on the

market to try if that should happen with you or a partner. Most products offer about ten doses per ounce. The directions on the box recommend reinserting a dose each time you make love. Creams, gels and foams require an applicator (a device to insert the spermicide), as do some brands of suppositories.

The "starter kits" include the applicator and about twenty doses of spermicide, and run from \$4.99 to \$7.99. Spermicide refills (forty doses) cost \$6.99 to \$9.99. These prices reflect the highest and lowest prices of common brands at four Manhattan drugstores in New York City.

ABORTION AND STERILIZATION

Even if you're oh-so-conscientious with whatever contraception you use, there is always a chance that one little sperm will make it through alive and find that egg. Luckily, safe, legal abortions are available. In the first trimester (fourteen weeks) of a pregnancy, a vacuum-aspiration abortion is done. Local anesthetic is injected into the cervix, the opening in the cervix is gradually stretched by a series of dilators (metal rods, each a little thicker than the one before) until it can accommodate a blunt-tipped tube about the size of a fountain pen. The tube is inserted into the uterus and the other end is attached to a suction machine. After the uterus has been emptied by the vacuum, a spoon-shaped curette may be used for a final cleaning of the uterine lining.

According to the U.S. Center for Disease Control, early abortion is even safer than an ordinary tonsilectomy. The cost is two hundred dollars, including the pregnancy test and follow-up exam. Should the test come out negative (meaning that you are not pregnant), the cost of the test is twenty dollars. Early home pregnancy tests are now available in most drugstores and run about \$12.50.

Most people are surprised to learn that sterilization is the most widely used of all contraceptive methods. Selected by older men and women who've had a family and know they don't want any more, this irreversible method entails, for men, a vasectomy (sperm-carrying ducts are blocked to prevent the sperm from mixing with the semen) and, for women, tubal ligation (the egg-carrying Fallopian tubes are cut and tied).

To find a birth control clinic in your area, you can look in the white pages of the phone book under Planned Parenthood or in the yellow pages under Clinics, Birth Control Information Centers and Human Services Organizations. To get an informative poster/pamphlet that shows the various contraceptives and explains them, send one dollar to: Planned Parenthood of New York City, Inc., 380 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010.

When a New Yorker
visits his kinky Parisian maid,
she takes him
for a sensual spin with
a French twist

A NIGHT ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

BY REINE MICHELET

"Don't come! Don't come!" I yelled at Eric, as I tried to restrain myself and delay my climax. Sprawled on the living room rug, we had been making love for almost an hour. But it was still not enough. I wanted more and I knew he could deliver.

When he is in a pinstriped suit, Eric looks like a typical American businessman, but underneath he is a sensual primate, with a hairy chest and muscular loins, and that's what I like most about him. He is not ashamed of his thirst for a fast life with plenty of sex.

When I first met him in New York six months ago, Eric was only a client to whom I was selling French leather goods. He quickly placed an order, then we moved from business to pleasure. There was something magical between us that I had never experienced before, even with my husband in the best of times: a silent complicity that went far beyond sex. Together we toured the orgy scene in Manhattan and Fire Island. I was amazed by his endless erection, which could migrate from woman to woman without losing its force, and he gave me the time of my life. For two weeks we were constantly together, sharing every waking moment and laying the foundation for a relationship.

When I went back to France, I felt indebted to him and determined to entice him to Paris and let me even the score. I knew the city could satisfy him, and I knew where to go to make that happen.

My chance came when Eric came to France with a flock of New York buyers for the Paris leather show. When he arrived, I was at the airport waiting for him. He couldn't have picked a better moment to come. I had just signed my divorce papers: at last I was completely free.

Our first stop was my apartment, and one hour later we were on the rug making love.

As we both took a shower, I slowly slid down his soapy body to massage his

penis between my breasts. I was so excited that my nipples hurt.

Later he helped me choose what I would wear. In New York, we had discovered that I loved dressing up in sexy costumes as much as Eric loved seeing me in them. One day I would look like a modest teenager, complete with ponytail and pleated skirt, and the next like a femme fatale. He went through my whole wardrobe before he decided what I would be that night. He finally picked out a tight cashmere sweater that revealed my tits and a leather skirt that hardly concealed my garters.

"No panties," he said adamantly.

I looked like a hooker, felt like one and loved it.

We drove to Porte Dauphine, a rendezvous for orgy lovers, in my bright red car. On the way, Eric kept lifting my skirt every time we stopped at a traffic light, which made me throb with desire. With his other hand he gently stroked his groin and smiled. But I wouldn't let him play with my clitoris for fear I would come on the spot. I wanted the excitement to rise slowly. I knew it would take a whole night of sex to repay my debt and satiate Eric.

It was about midnight when we reached the stately square. Porte Dauphine is in one of the smartest areas of Paris. During the day it is staid and dignified, populated by old ladies walking their Pekingese, nursemaids pushing baby carriages, and the odd diplomat or businessman jogging off a heavy lunch. At night it becomes a meeting place for orgy addicts.

The system is simple. You drive into a slow merry-go-round of cars where you can show yourself and see everyone else as well. Windows are rolled down no matter what the weather, and contact is easy. A glance and a few words are enough to start an all-night party. As we drove into the stream of traffic, Eric moved closer, put his arm around my shoulders and gently caressed my breast. I felt the familiar ache between my legs. There were

couples in most of the other cars, out for a good time just like us.

The car beside me edged a little closer. A dark-haired woman with high, genteel cheekbones, about thirty I would guess, was driving. Her companion, much older but equally refined, addressed me in French. I glanced over at Eric and translated for him: "One couple or a whole party?"

"A whole party," he replied. "I feel so horny I could fill a dozen women."

We all agreed to find eight more couples, then split up and went cruising, twisting in and out of the traffic and peering into the darkness for glimpses of faces that turned us on. Eric and I concentrated on the women, knowing that their features are more revealing of inner sensuality. Eric caught sight of a Mediterranean-looking woman with full, pursed lips, a dark complexion and thick, curly hair.

"I like her mouth," he said. "Go for her."

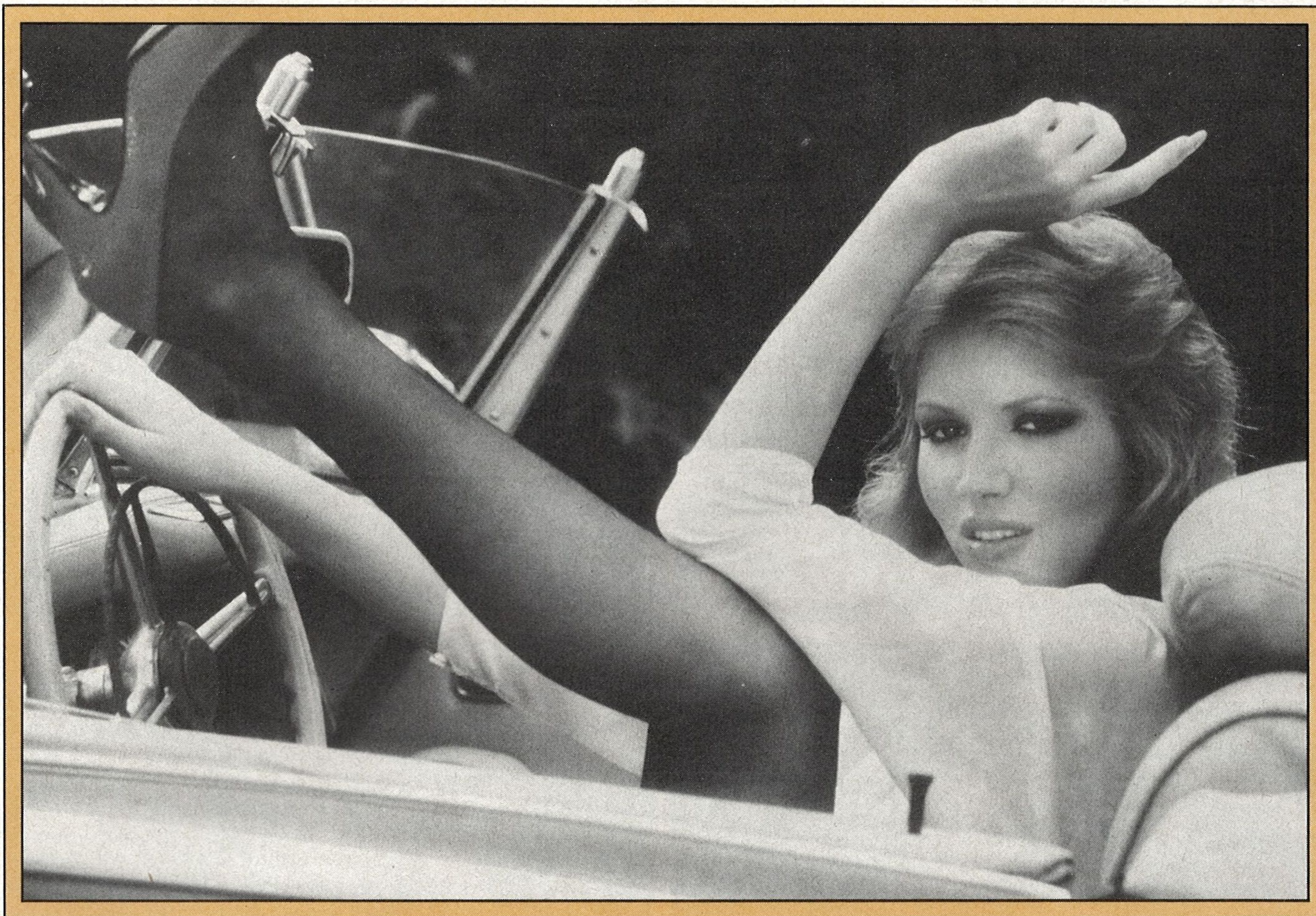
I chased the fancy Citroen her companion was driving. They slowed down to take a good look at us, then suddenly veered to the side and disappeared down a narrow lane into the Bois de Boulogne.

"Voyeurs," I explained to Eric. "They'd love to join us, but they haven't got the guts to do it."

Other cars flirted with us, dancing an elaborate quadrille, the partners of which included a battered old Lincoln and a diminutive Le Car. The occupants ranged in age from the early twenties to the mid-fifties, but no one seemed to be preoccupied with generational considerations. The Parisian orgy scene is a sexual melting pot, and almost anyone can join in.

About a quarter of an hour later, the ten cars that formed our group filed out of the square with the first couple we had spoken to leading the way. We turned down Avenue Foch and joined the traffic that was moving slowly past a gauntlet of expensive prostitutes negotiating with potential customers.

After a while we turned off into a maze



When a lady wants to arrange an orgy for her lover in France, she shows her wanton wares at Porte Dauphine.

of narrow streets and stopped in front of a nineteenth-century stone building. The apartment on the top floor belonged to the first couple we had met. The view over the Seine was spectacular.

At last I was able to have a good look at the people we'd picked up. The men had on suits and looked as if they were going to a business lunch, but the women were all dressed for the occasion in tight or low-necked dresses and spiky high heels.

A petite brunet admired a life-size statue, and our hostess told us that she had made it. The terra-cotta woman dominated the room. Her arms were outstretched toward an invisible lover and her legs were open. As the sculptor spoke, I could not keep my eyes off her willowy body, which looked inviting in the simple black sheath she wore.

Eric managed to sit next to her on the leather sofa. Her companion served us champagne, and I settled down on the thick white rug at Eric's feet. He started stroking my breasts again. "I want you to be very excited when we start," he murmured in my ear. "Imagine my hand is hers."

And I did.

The room was well wired and soft jazz

seemed to come from everywhere. Our host turned down the lights and closed the drapes. The party suddenly became subdued. Sex was clearly on everyone's mind.

People eyed each other. A trim middle-aged man who looked like an army officer made the first move. Everyone watched him fondle the plump thigh of the woman next to him. Suddenly he lifted her skirt and groped for her crotch. That was the signal to begin.

Eric took my hand and gently rested it on our hostess's knee. I felt her smooth skin through the stocking. The contact with the nylon sent a spark of pleasure through my body. I slowly ran my fingers up the hem of her dress and felt her shapely muscles twitch, then relax. Her legs opened slightly, beckoning with submission, as she lay on the sofa, her eyes half-closed, yielding to my caress.

She wore no panties and my hand found her already wet and open. I knelt in front of her, parted her legs wide and buried my face between them. Immediately I was intoxicated by a strong scent that I recognized at once—Shalimar, one of my favorite perfumes. It went straight to my head. I lightly brushed my lips against her fur, and I felt her cunt shiver

at the touch. Then I slid my tongue between her labia and lapped at her like a cat drinking milk from a bowl.

Everyone was now thoroughly involved in the sexual feast. Naked and partially dressed bodies squirmed on the carpet and the sofas. Several men, including Eric, still had their trousers on, their erect members showing through their open flies.

Suddenly I felt someone lift my skirt and pull my hips toward a hard penis that pressed deep into my pussy. I didn't know whose it was and I liked that.

It wasn't Eric's. He was standing beside me, his lips half-parted with pleasure, offering his swollen prick to the woman's mouth. She took it readily, and I tried to guess where his fantasies were flying.

Whoever was behind me began to ease off my sweater, and I left the woman for a few seconds to struggle out of it. But now she was going for it and couldn't stop: with a squeal of frustration, she lay down on her back and masturbated.

The man behind me pushed me in her direction. I straddled her, bucking and thrusting my cunt into her mouth, while he took the place of her hand.

Eric had followed me, and now he filled

my mouth with his cock. I swallowed it deep into my throat as he had taught me to do in New York. As the woman sucked on me greedily, I did the same to Eric. I sucked and pulled and licked, losing awareness of who was doing what to whom. And I didn't care. At one point, it felt as if I were sucking on my own clit!

Then, just as I was about to come, a split second before I rocketed into the sky, Eric pulled me away and whispered, "Let's play some more. Hold it for me!" He dropped me into the arms of a tiny nude Vietnamese woman who was lying alone on the rug, offering herself. Her small, delicate hands began to caress my breasts and she nibbled on my neck, drawing me into another kind of ecstasy, a long, serene surrender.

The woman's golden body curled against mine and her long nails ran over my back and hips, sending shivers down my spine. She was gentle and lithe, yet I could sense strength in her touch.

Eric stood near us and spoke to me in English. "Kiss her tits until they are really hard," he said. "That's it. Again and again. Enough. Now, move down to her cunt. Not so fast! Make her wait for you. Slowly, slowly. OK, that's it. Suck on her. Just the tip of her clitoris, no more. Make her moan. Make her beg and scream."

I watched the Vietnamese girl writhe and pant and gradually lose control as Eric spoke. She obviously understood English and was as excited by his words as I was.

"Stop!" he went on. "Now, lie on the rug and make her kneel on top of you. I want to watch her breasts move."

Eric's cock was sticking out of his trousers, redder and bigger than ever. He unbuckled his belt and his prick rose even higher against the hair of his stomach. Squatting behind the Vietnamese woman, he grasped her small breasts in his hands and pushed his member into her.

Around me, a dozen men and women heaved and groaned, most of them blissfully unaware of whose hand or mouth or member gave them pleasure. My cunt ached for attention. In the tangle of bodies, I opened my legs and arched my back like the statue a few feet away from me, hoping for a caress from anyone. It finally came from a man's mouth. I couldn't see him, but I felt his mustache tickle the insides of my thighs as his tongue probed deep into me.

I lifted my hips higher and pressed my cunt against his face, but he drew back slightly and started teasing me with his mustache and nibbling on my labia. When he finally pushed his wet mouth hard against me, I couldn't hold it anymore.

"Eric," I moaned, "I'm going to come."

"Wait," he replied. And suddenly, miraculously, he was inside me, filling me completely.

Electric waves started between my legs, then spread to my whole body,

making my limbs shake and tingle. I felt him throb inside me, and we lay against one another, our hearts pounding at the same rhythm.

With a heavy sigh he rolled off me, and I replaced his prick with my hand. I was still horny. I searched inside me for his come, then rubbed my clitoris with it. The caress burned like fire, but I could not stop.

A few men gathered around, their hands on their cocks, and that excited me even more. Curled into a ball, clasping my hand between my thighs, I came easily a second time.

When Eric and I left the party hand in hand a little later, we felt very much in love with each other. What had budded in New York had blossomed in Paris.

6

*Around me, a
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"That was even better than last summer," Eric said as we sat in the car.

"I'm not through with you yet," I answered. "The debt's paid. Now I'll give you the interest. Let's go back to Porte Dauphine."

"Anything you say," Eric chuckled.

It was nearly three in the morning when we entered what was left of the merry-go-round. Only a few people were still making the circuit. We pulled up alongside a Porsche with a Swedish license plate. A heavysset man and two young girls sat in the front seat. We rolled down our windows, and Eric addressed them in English.

"Would you like to come home with us?"

The girls smiled. In their late teens, they both had long straight hair and the classic Nordic blue eyes. They almost looked like twins.

"We'll follow you," said the man.

The street where I live on the Left Bank was still asleep. The five of us filed up the stairs to my apartment, a small white nest that I decorated with sex in mind. As soon

as the door closed, the girls playfully took off their clothes in front of a mirrored wall, then sat down on the sofa on either side of Eric. They had long slender legs, which they rubbed against his trousers. Their pubic hair was a barely visible golden down, and one of them had small breasts with unusually large nipples. She put her hand on Eric's lap and undid his fly.

"As you can see, my friends are not shy," the Swede told me, opening my legs and putting his hand between them. "Let's watch them for a while, shall we?"

The girls were all over Eric, kissing his mouth and his cock and playing with his balls and his ass. He was happily caught in a Scandinavian sandwich.

I looked down and saw the Swede's pants bulging. Suddenly I wanted him inside me, and I bent over to release his penis and kissed his balls.

"Fuck me," I whispered.

He pushed me down on all fours and wet his penis in my cunt, then withdrew. Putting two fingers into my cunt and rubbing his thumb against my clitoris, he started massaging my pussy. Finally, he plunged his penis all the way in. When he said something in Swedish, the girl with big nipples slid under my arms and started fondling my breasts, pinching them delicately with her fingernails.

Eric pushed the other girl in our direction. She squatted between her girlfriend's legs and I watched her kiss and lick her twin's cunt. Then Eric spread her cheeks wide and took her pussy from behind. Each thrust of his hips brought her closer to me. Her tousled hair whipped about the groin of her girlfriend, who moaned with pleasure.

The two girls were obviously engaged in a practiced routine, and Eric and I had become cogs in a love machine that seemed to produce endless pleasure.

Suddenly Eric grabbed my hand and shouted, "Come with me. Now!"

We climaxed together.

Finally, I was satisfied: Eric would have something to remember me by.

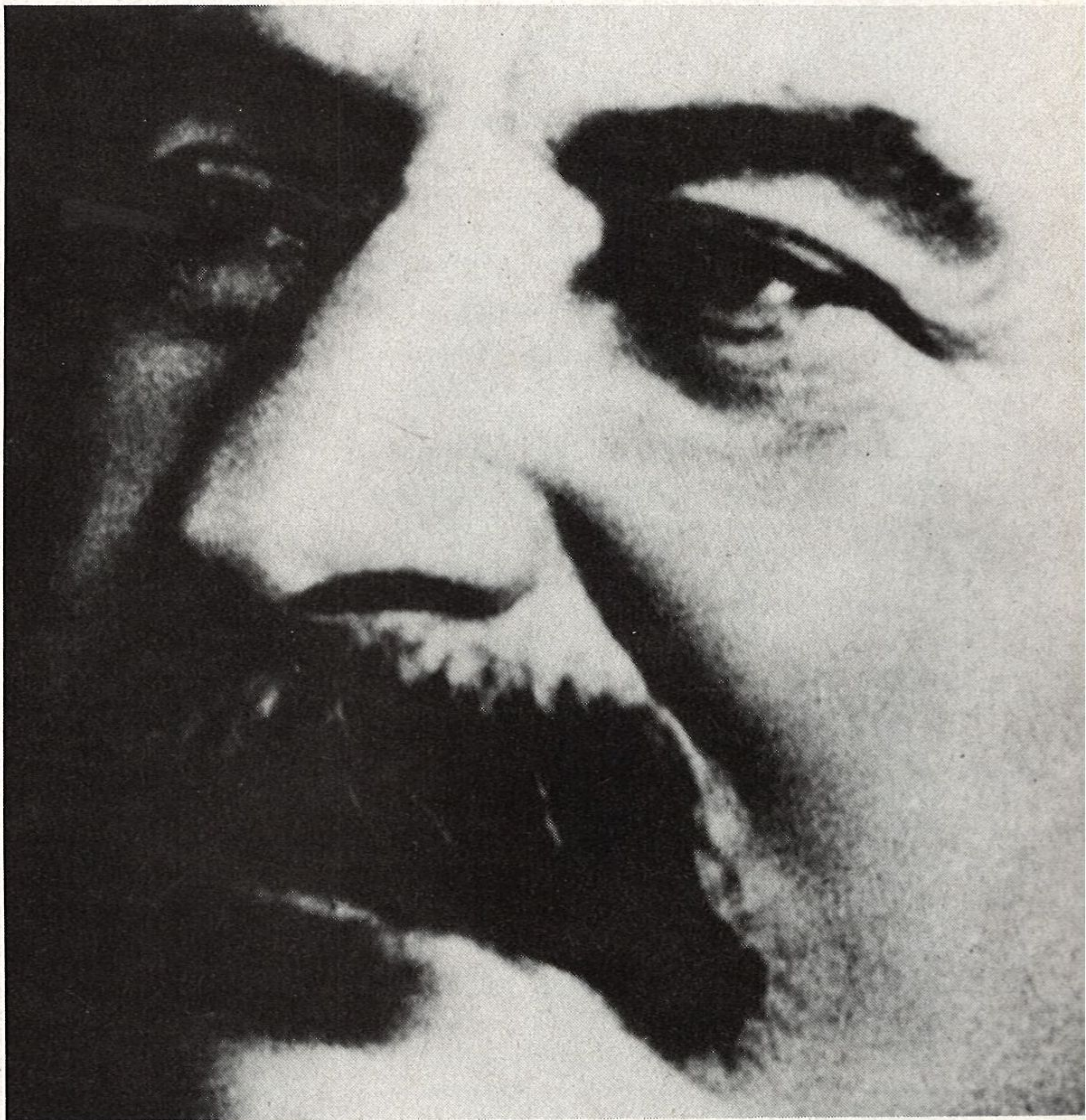
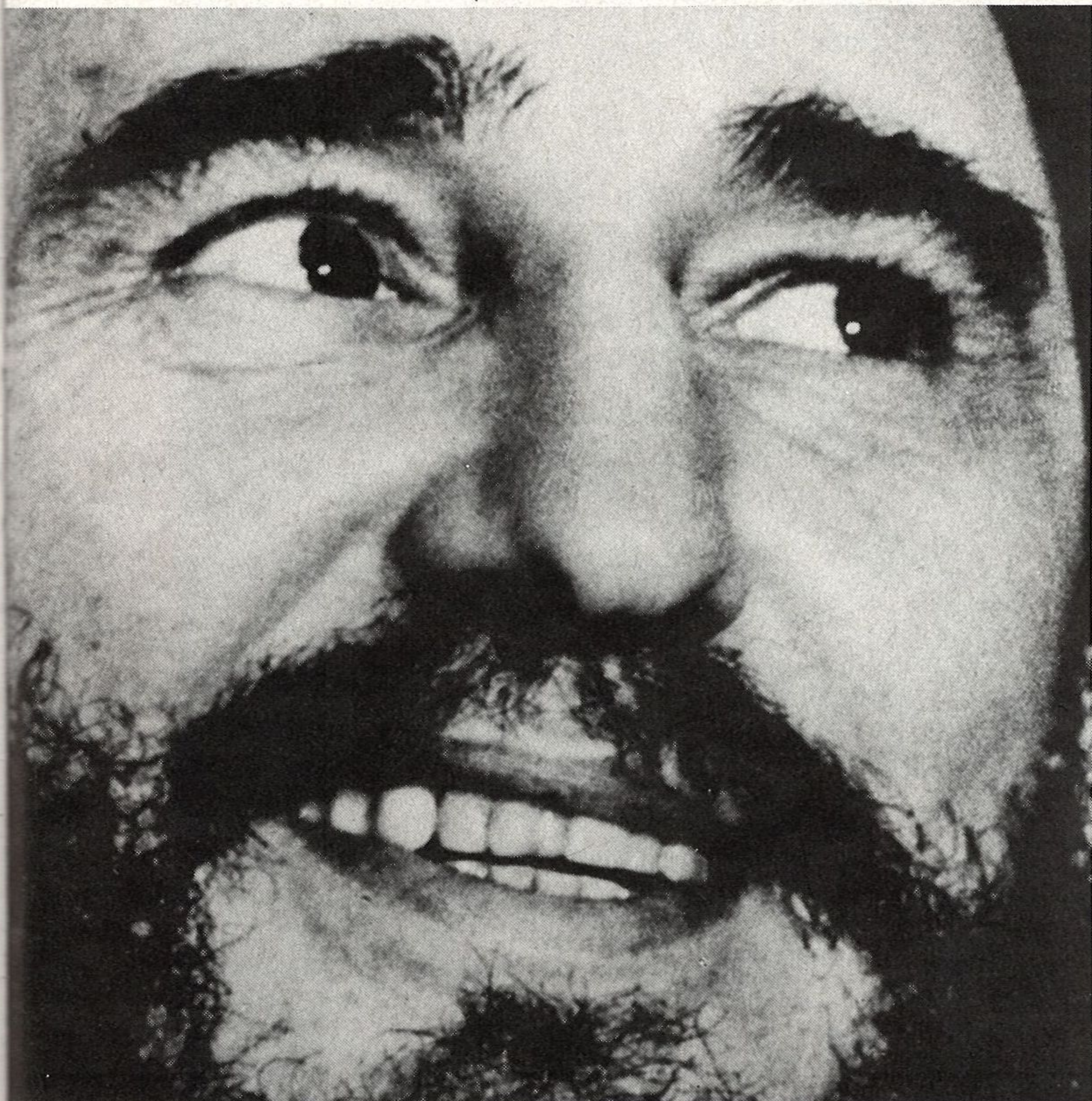
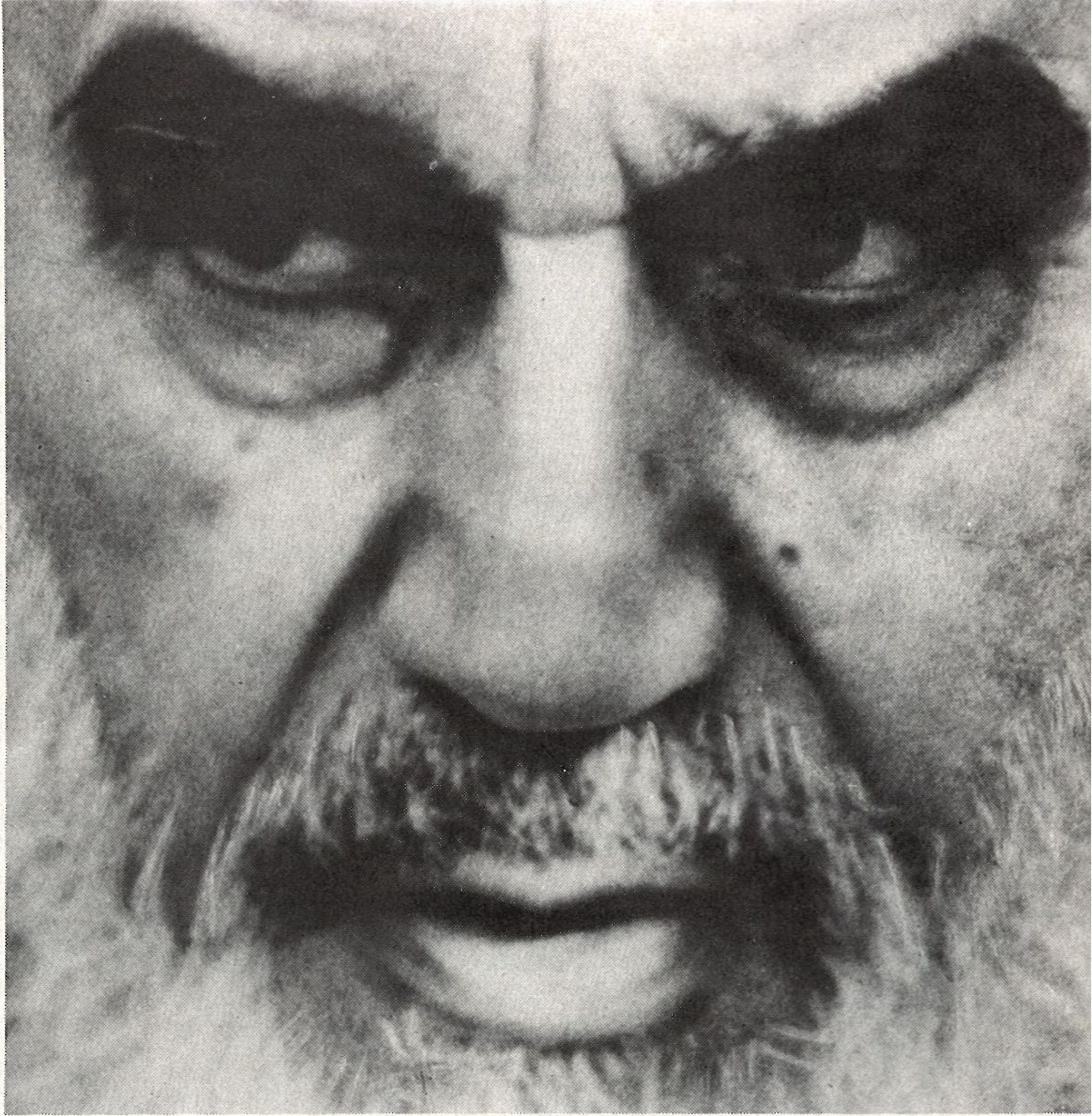
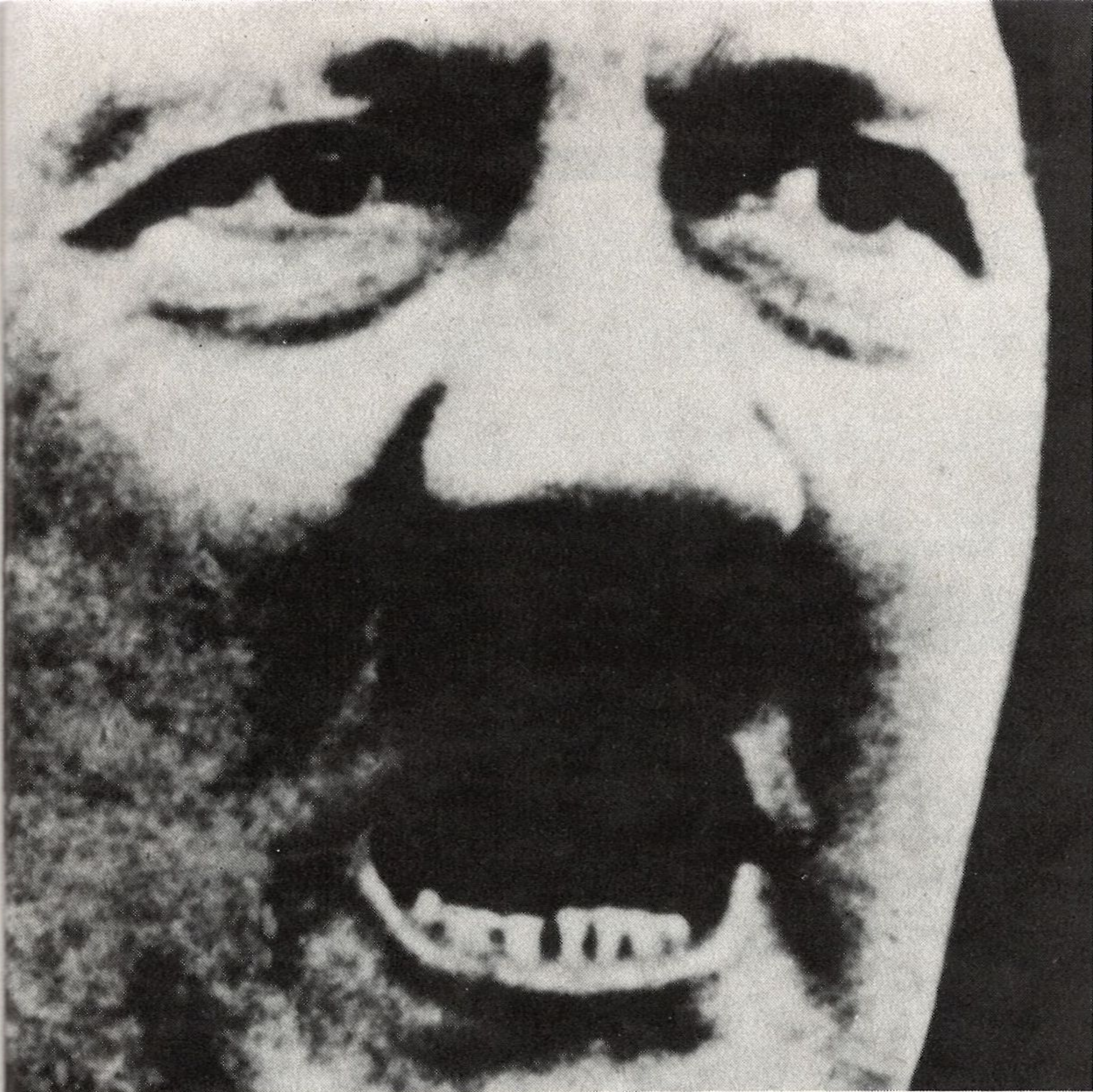
Everyone fell asleep on the rug in a tangle, like a nest of puppies, sharing a couple of blankets. After a breakfast of fresh croissants, we separated in the early afternoon. Neither names nor addresses were exchanged, nor had anyone expected to know more about their partners than their lust. The anonymity was part of the pleasure.

But what I had enjoyed the most was the growing intimacy between Eric and me. We had become a good team.

When I took him to the airport the next day, he kissed me tenderly, French-style, on both cheeks.

"Paris is only seven hours away," he said. "And the planes fly in both directions."

Meanwhile, I had given him a memento that I knew would bring him back to me.



THE EXPERTS AGREE THAT CENSORSHIP WORKS

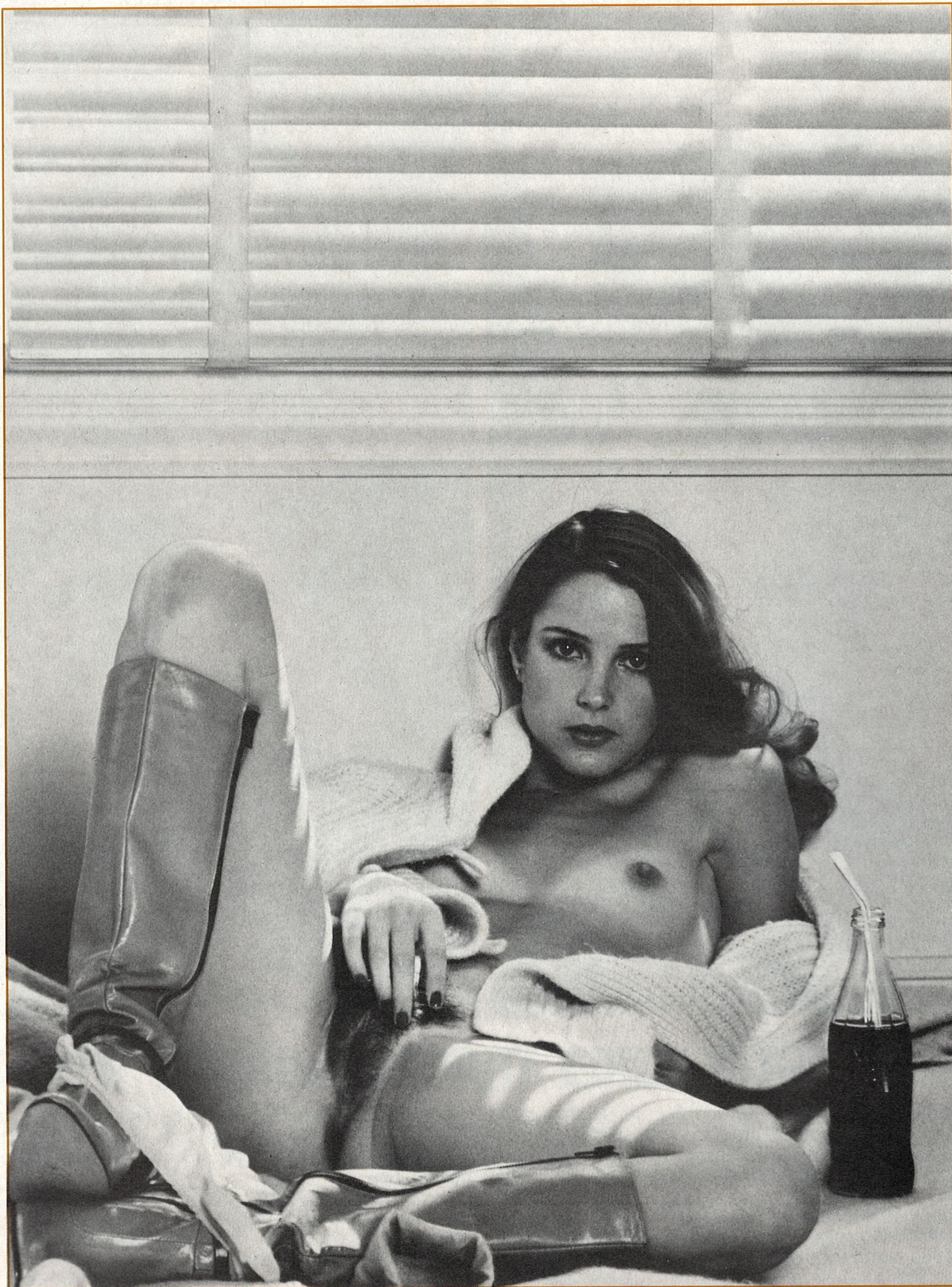
The experts have always agreed that censorship is the single best way to promote agreement on an idea. Even on a bad idea. Censorship worked in Nazi Germany, and censorship works today in Iran, Cuba and the Soviet Union.

Today, a few so-called "decency" groups are trying to make censorship work in America. These people feel that if you aren't allowed to watch "dangerous" television

programs like "Mash" and "The Day After," or read "immoral" magazines like *Ms.* and *Penthouse* or books like *Ulysses* and *Huckleberry Finn*, our nation will be a better place.

Fortunately, in America you don't have to trust your freedom to "experts." You have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.



She showed up
on his doorstep for a guitar
lesson and came
away with hands-on instruction in
the ABC's of sex

THE FIRST TIME

Here is a winner of our perennial "First Time" contest. Remember, we will pay one hundred dollars for your story if we print it. Make it fewer than a thousand words and send to "The First Time," Penthouse Letters, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

There was a time once when everything seemed logical and simple: I figured out just where I fit into the scheme of things. My world revolved around the handball courts in a playground in Queens. Nobody cared what you looked like—just how well you played handball.

Most of the players were five or six years older than me. With all the turmoil of the nineteen-sixties, these friends of mine were very confused. They were very lucky that I was there to guide them. I was constantly explaining to them why drugs were bad, sex was good only if you were married, and if we didn't escalate the war in Vietnam the Communists would take over the world!

Then the hippies moved into the neighborhood. I didn't really mind, because they didn't bother anybody and when they came to the courts they were never high. Actually, they played handball pretty well. It also was sort of nice that at sundown, when you couldn't clearly see the ball, the hippies would play their guitars and sing folk songs.

For my eighteenth birthday my mother had wanted to make a party for me. The only problem was that I wouldn't have been allowed to invite my older friends from the park, and I didn't want to have a gala event with the princesses in my classes. I therefore opted to buy a guitar with the party money, and Mom agreed. I asked Patrick, the hippie I knew the best, to help me pick out my present. We found this cute little Goya folk guitar, which was just the right price.

Patrick offered to help me locate inexpensive lessons. I timidly responded, "You could give me lessons just as good as any real teacher . . . and my mom would pay you. How about it?" He assured me his lessons wouldn't be as

professional, but until I knew how serious I was about playing the guitar, his lessons would serve the purpose.

The following Saturday morning I arrived at Patrick's door still half asleep. He explained that if he first taught me some chords, I would be able to play a few simple songs and wouldn't get discouraged right off the bat. We sat on the living room floor, folded our legs and I mimicked how he rested his guitar in his lap. We took turns plucking each string to make sure the guitars were in tune. Then he showed me where to place each finger to play the C chord. He strummed and it sounded pretty. I strummed and the guitar buzzed. Patrick explained, "You're not pressing hard enough."

"It hurts."

"It's supposed to hurt. Don't worry—soon you'll get calluses. Then you'll hear yourself play and sing and you'll love it. And it won't hurt anymore."

So I sat there pressing and strumming, making pathetic faces as if I were being tortured. Then Patrick added, ". . . and your wrist: look at your wrist! How can you play *any* chord with your arm slumped like that!" With that, he put down his guitar and crawled over to me. He stayed on his knees and bent over to adjust my arm. Then he added, sounding disgusted, "And how can you see anything you're doing with all this hair in your face?" He grabbed it and clumped it on top of my head. Then I looked up, becoming a little frightened because he kept gathering my long brown hair and had buried his face in it, inhaling deeply, almost chanting, "It smells so nice, it feels so soft."

Patrick's sudden mood swing had me mystified. I froze. He let my hair fall and took my guitar from me, placing it on the floor a little way from us. Then he cupped my face in his hands and kissed my mouth. At first I pressed my lips tight, but then opened them to let his tongue in. Not knowing what was expected, instinct led me to suck and suction his tongue like a baby with a bottle. Then he slowly unbuttoned my blouse, took it off and unbuttoned my bra. I looked down and then back up at him, and I was real upset. "They're so small."

"No," he softly assured, stroking them appreciatively, "look how round and firm they are. They're beautiful." And I believed him. As he kissed, massaged and licked the entire front of my body while undressing me, I closed my eyes and grasped the bandanna around his head and yanked it off. He gently pulled it from my hand and replaced it with his penis. He said, "Hold it. Stroke it. It feels good, doesn't it?" I dutifully followed his directions and heard my breath change into long, deep heaving. My other hand helped him to undress, then began to explore his lithe body, sliding up his muscular thighs, then reaching his firm stomach and finally clutching his massive contoured chest.

I opened my eyes to see that he was lowering himself on top of me, forcing my legs apart. To back out now would show I wasn't the adult I tried to convince everyone I was. As his stiff rod tried to enter me I cried out, "It hurts." He answered, "It's supposed to hurt," assuring me the second time that day that pleasure was going to overcome the pain. He kept panting and sweating and moaning. And I kept waiting for the pain to go away. My breathing got heavier and heavier. Our tongues twirled around each other's mouth. I sucked on his lips and my hands wandered all over his back. His penis kept poking at me. I was getting real wet down there and he began making progress, getting inside me. My back arched, and I could feel him squishing in there. The pain was still there, but it was feeling good, too.

Then he burst out with a loud groan. I felt him pulsating inside me, squirting the walls of my vagina. All of a sudden I felt my own body spasm, almost pushing him out of me. My legs wrapped around him like a vise. I was fighting back the tears. He said, "It's OK. It's an orgasm. Isn't it wonderful?" I began to cry and smiled and cried some more. I held on to him for dear life.

The following week I registered for a guitar class at the Y—the YWCA . . . now that I was a *woman*. I had graduated from Patrick's class. The fear and joy of that day could never be duplicated. Why try?—J.M., Brooklyn, N.Y.

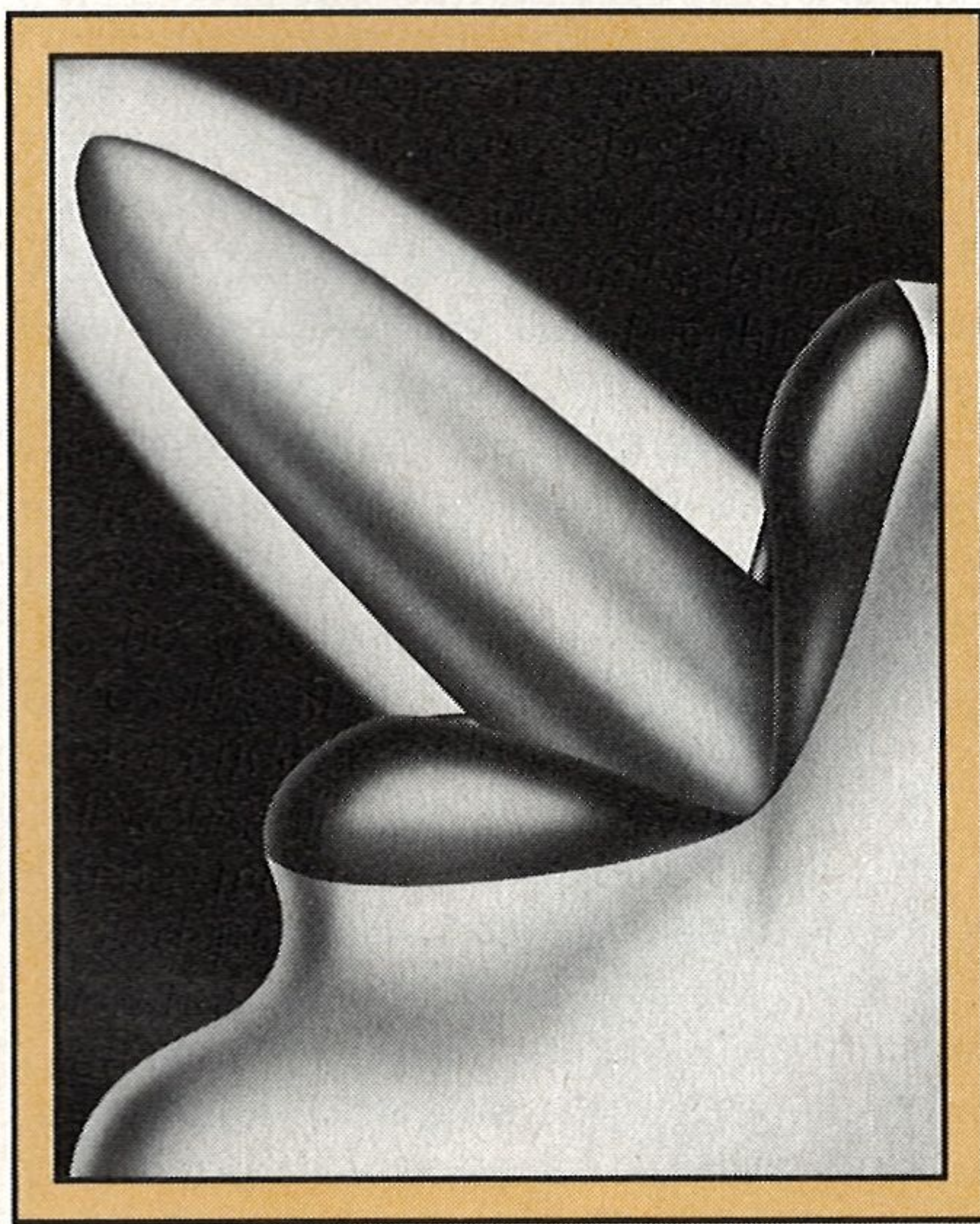
After the defloration, she lay back, still stirred by the novel sensations.

XAVIERA SAYS

FORGET FORMALITIES AND GET DOWN, XAVIERA URGES UPTIGHT COUPLE

My boyfriend of more than two years and I have a beautiful relationship, sexually and otherwise. He is thirty-two, and I am twenty-four. We live together and make love four or five times a week and twice on Saturdays and Sundays. We had regular sex before we lived together, but it was only after we moved in together that he started going down on me. He said that he had never done it before, but you couldn't prove it by me because no one had ever eaten my pussy before. To me he's an expert; he makes me have three or four orgasms with his tongue before he fucks me with his beautiful eight-and-one-half-inch cock and brings me off another two or more times before he comes with me. He says he enjoys our lovemaking completely, but I think that deep down every man wants to have his cock sucked. Now, I've never had enough love for any man to want to satisfy him completely this way until now. The thing is that Marty, my boyfriend, has put me up so high and thinks so much of me because, before he came along, I didn't fuck around. He thinks of me as a saint, and I'm afraid it will turn him off if I just start sucking on him one day. It would be even worse if I asked him if I could suck him. We're in the nude all the time, and I have been so tempted to take his beautiful cock in my waiting, wet mouth. I don't want him to think badly of me, and I don't want to ruin our sex life. Hurry! Tell me what to do. We were both tired last night and didn't fuck, so I'm horny as hell. I might not be able to wait for your answer. Tonight he's going to eat my pussy in grand style, and I only wish to return the feeling.—R.W.

Since you both have been with other lovers before and neither of you found the other in a virginal state, I can't see the point of playing the totally straight, inexperienced housewife, high up on her pedestal. It might well be possible that



your boyfriend is as anxious for you to suck his cock as you are to do it, but you are both too concerned about "mutual respect." So neither one of you ever gets anywhere except frustrated. Don't hesitate next time you are in bed. Just turn your body in the so-called 69 position, where each of you is lying, say, on the right side, facing the genitals of the other. While he goes down on you, you can begin by stroking and caressing his penis and scrotum and then gently, bit by bit, taking his beautiful cock in your mouth. Or else, surprise him one morning when he wakes up with a morning erection and is still half asleep; move down between his legs and begin to suck his cock with slow, deep moves.

GENUINE LEG MAN LAPS UP THE LOVE OF HIS PASTOR'S LEGGY WIFE

About six months ago, I decided to go to college. I'm nineteen now. I decided on a local, religious-affiliated school. When I inquired about it, I was told that the tuition was much less for confirmed church members. I immediately checked out the churches around me and found that I

could attend adult evening classes to complete my confirmation. But this was quite hard, what with my work schedule. I had hoped to enter classes this fall, and I had no time for dating girls.

The pastor of the church told me I could attend the regular adult evening classes as scheduled and that he and/or his wife would try to fill me in on whatever classes I had to miss because of work. After I had missed one, he called and asked when it would be possible to meet with me, and we agreed on a Friday evening. He came over, and all went well.

The next time I missed a class, his wife, Roberta, called me and said she could fill me in on what I'd missed. I agreed. When she came over, I found her to be very professional in her approach. We talked most of the time, and it really was a refreshing evening.

Then, on the following Friday evening, although no meeting was scheduled, Roberta came over. She said she just wanted to review a thing or two. I became somewhat disturbed about this unexpected visit but acted pleasantly. As we sat in my living room, I just couldn't help noticing her very shapely legs. Her mid-length skirt allowed nothing to peek at, but she was indeed quite attractive. Roberta left after a short time, but asked in a very quiet tone if she could come again next Friday. I couldn't refuse, as she was so sincerely nice.

When Roberta came over the next Friday, her apparel was definitely more hip: knee-length dress, sandal shoes, very flowery, patterned dress. As she sat across from me, I couldn't help seeing much of her inner thigh, and later on I saw up her crotch to her panty girdle. After coffee, she went upstairs for a minute. Then we again sat down on the couch and discussed religious beliefs, marriage and—you guessed it—sex. But, to my disbelief, as I was slyly peeking up her skirt, all I saw were her stockings sans panty girdle. I was so flustered that I lost my thoughts. She knew it and asked,

This horny and humorous
ex-madam dishes out advice like
your mama never told
you. Listen up . . . get it up . . .
fire away!

"Does it surprise you that a clergyman's wife has feelings of love?" I quickly replied, "I guess everyone does." She got up, came over and said, "Can we close the drapes?" I looked surprised, and Roberta closed them herself. Then she came over to me, put her arms around my neck and kissed me passionately. She then told me to let everything go, and her hand went right into my pants. I opened her blouse, and her bra was off in a second. After I sucked on her nipples a few seconds, she groaned loudly, then lay down on the couch. I pulled down her panty hose, and we moved to the floor.

She asked me to get on top of her. She pulled my leg over her head (my pants were already off), and my dick slid into her mouth. She stopped and said, "Now do it as if you're doing it in my cunt!" I proceeded to fuck her mouth, and deep, too! When I came, she took it all in. She then said, "You owe me one now!" After fooling around a bit on the floor, she sat on the couch, legs spread, just teasing me. She spread her lower lips to the point where my hard-on grew to an all-time length. Then she asked me to "come on in." She then leaned back, still sitting on the edge of the couch. In my cock went. It was a beautiful feeling, even though I had just shortly before gotten the blowjob of my life. It obviously was going to take me longer to come this time, and she decided to turn around and take it from the rear. Finally, she lay down sideways, and with one of her legs up in the air and the other flat on the couch, I shoved my cock deeper. She loved it. When I came, she let out such a scream that I thought I had hurt her, but it was just a passion cry. We showered and vowed to repeat this as often as possible.

We did just that, about a dozen times before the fall semester started. She even found out that I was, in the truest sense of the definition, a genuine leg man. After that, she never came over without a garter belt and really sexy hose.

Fall classes have now started, and

since I'm living near campus in a rented room for students, she is with me more often than ever, even if it's for a fifteen-minute quickie.

Once I spotted her at a drugstore and said hello. She responded very agreeably, asking me about my classes and how I liked the new surroundings and the church on campus. It really floored me, but it worked out well, because her husband soon approached and joined in the conversation. He was happy over the fact that I was doing fine and asked if I could come to dinner at his house one Sunday, after services. I did just that, and the afternoon went well. He commented on how fine it is to have a wife who takes such an active part in his church affairs. Yeah . . . fine with me, too!

Church sure can be very gratifying, especially when you have a pastor's wife who really knows how to promote evangelical interests.—F.H.

I'm always inspired to hear of a campus crusade, especially when there's a secular movement involved. Lucky for you that the pastor's wife could provide such a well-rounded viewpoint for the inquisitive student. If you thoroughly delve into all of her sources, you'll find out where true devotion lies.

SHE DAYDREAMS OF HER FRIEND'S DELICIOUS- LOOKING NIPPLES

I am a twenty-seven-year-old woman who has been very happily married for eight years. Sex with my husband is very exciting, frequent and varied, and extremely spontaneous.

But I have one special fantasy that I dream about constantly and would like very much to come true. I have a girlfriend (we've been the best of friends for about fifteen years) who is rather tall and slender, with small tits. She has the largest, most delicious-looking nipples I have ever seen in my life. A good half of her tit is nipple! And when we are out and it's

cold, her nipples get so hard! I get juicy all over. Often, when I'm fucking my husband, I rub myself all over, especially on the tits, and dream that I'm fucking him and rubbing her at the same time.

I'm just dying to get my hands and mouth on those tits of hers. Sometimes I think she'd go for it, but the words get stuck in my throat, and my hands feel as though they're glued to my sides.

Once I got started with her, I don't think I'd have too much problem in getting my husband involved, but I know I'm going to have to be the instigator of the whole thing. So how do I start? We always kiss hello and good-bye. She touches my ass often, and when I'm braless, she sometimes touches my breasts (and I melt every time she does it). I would love to tumble around with her. In fact, I'm juicy right now, just thinking about it. What do I do?—B.H.

What's stopping you? Just go ahead and ask her. She is obviously ready and hot to trot, since she touches your body without your encouragement. So grab your attractive lady friend and make a happy threesome out of it.

BEWILDERED WET DREAMER WONDERS WHAT'S GOING ON

I'm one of those people who sleep in the nude. I even dislike being hemmed in by clothing during the day, and so I really feel I should at least be free of clothes in bed. I've begun to notice, however, that I often wake up during the night with an erection. Sometimes I even come, seemingly automatically. I suppose I must masturbate in my sleep, since I usually find my hands around my cock when I wake up.

You're going to say that these are wet dreams. Wrong. Puberty left me ten years ago, and these nighttime orgasms are quite different from pubescent wet dreams, since they are not accompanied by sex-oriented dreams.

I've heard that a full bladder can cause

an early-morning hard-on, but these nocturnal erections will occur two or three times a night, even after I've urinated. However, when these erections are accompanied by a sexual dream, I do notice that my cock tends to stay hard after two orgasms. It can even lead to some discomfort, rubbing as it does against the sheets. I'm losing sleep over this, not to mention having to wash a lot of come-soaked sheets.

I've tried to wear briefs to bed, but I find I get hard-ons anyway; usually, I just strip off the briefs in my sleep. I've also tried some of these creams that desensitize the cock, but their effect is temporary and they can be messy.

Any ideas on what's causing this or on how I can "cut down" on it? I really am losing sleep, and some days my cock ends up sore from all the rubbing.—T.J.

Teenagers are not the only ones who have wet dreams. So-called nocturnal emissions can happen to men of all ages, although young teenage boys seem to have them more than do the older guys. This is so because men are at their sexual peak around the age of eighteen. I'm not saying they're the best of lovers at that age, but there's really no doubt about it: their sexual energy will never be stronger. This has its good points (they're never at a loss for an erection) and its bad (they usually come too soon).

If these nocturnal occurrences are really bothering you, I suggest you try one more remedy: masturbate before bedtime. Like a young teenager, you may have too much sexual energy, and it can only find its release when you're sleeping. Isn't it time you stopped wasting your natural resources and started putting them to use?

Besides masturbating, you might also try taking a woman to bed with you. It sure beats the sheets.

STACKED MOM APPALLS HER SON'S PAL BY COMING ON STRONG

I just finished my first year in college. Before I went home for the summer, my roommate for the past year asked me to spend a week or so at his home, visiting with him. We get along great, so I agreed. We arrived on Friday evening, and, after I had met his parents and gotten settled in the guest room, Bob and I spent that evening just relaxing. Bob made several calls to set up dates with his high-school girlfriend. She arranged a date for me for Saturday night.

But before we were supposed to go out on Saturday, Bob got a call from his girl saying that the date set up for me was off; something had come up, and the other girl couldn't make it. Bob called at least eight or ten other girls, but it was too late to set up a short-notice date. I told him to go ahead, that I would just

relax in the den and watch tv. After Bob left, I settled down in the den. About thirty minutes later, Bob's mother came down and told me she was sorry that I wasn't going out and asked if I would like a drink. I told her that I didn't drink alone, and she said that she would have one with me. Meanwhile, Bob's father had gone to a retirement dinner for one of the men at his company.

For about two hours we sat and talked and drank. She asked me all about school and what the kids of today did for fun. She commented about how things had changed since she was in college. Soon we were both giggling and laughing at things we did in school. She asked me how kids kissed, necked, petted, made love, et cetera. Before I realized it, she was sitting very close to me and patting me on the leg. I noticed that her dress was almost up to her hips. She suggested that I show her how the kids of today warm up their girlfriends. We kissed a few times, and we were both becoming excited. She said that she was going to change into something more comfortable and mix another round of drinks. When she returned with the drinks, she was wearing a black negligee that you could have read a newspaper through. She was completely nude under it. I could see the nipples on her huge breasts and the pubic hair between her legs.

We drank another round, and when I reached to put my arm around her, I realized that it had gone beneath the negligee—I was feeling her naked body. I tried to withdraw my hand, and when I did, Mrs. O'Neal pressed it firmly against her breast. Then she started darting her tongue in my mouth, and her hand came up my leg and gripped my cock, which was about to burst my pants. She unbuckled my pants, opened her negligee and lay down on the couch. She guided my cock into her sopping wet cunt and took the entire length on the first stroke. We screwed for about an hour. I came twice. The last climax that she had must have been a violent one. She jerked and clawed and gasped and moaned and half-scared me, since I had never seen this type of reaction before. Afterward, she lay there exhausted. I got up and looked at her nude body. She had the biggest tits I've ever seen. I left her and went to my room, regretting what had happened and wondering what repercussions would come from this adventure.

The next morning I was awakened by the shower running next to my room. A short while after it stopped, Mrs. O'Neal came into the room in the same black negligee. I pretended to be asleep. At the bedside she dropped the negligee to the floor and slipped into bed with me. I felt her perfumed, naked body next to mine. She began to run her hands all over me as I still pretended to be asleep. She moved the covers back and began kiss-

ing my chest and stomach. She fondled my cock, and soon I felt her warm mouth as she took it into her mouth. She sucked me until my cock was hard as a rock. I couldn't stand it any longer; I was so afraid someone might come in, but Mrs. O'Neal told me that her husband was playing golf and Bob was asleep. She then proceeded to straddle me, guiding my stiff rod into her cunt, which was dripping wet. We screwed for about an hour, in many different positions. After my second orgasm, she immediately went down on me and sucked my dick until it was hard again. After my third ejaculation, she went back to shower again.

Mrs. O'Neal must be in her late thirties, but she has a well-built body and loves to screw. She said her husband didn't pay any attention to her and that he was straight and wouldn't let her suck him. Still, I became so uneasy over the whole situation with this woman that I told Bob I had to cut my stay short.

Since returning home, I've had three long letters from Bob's mother. In the first two she enthusiastically told me of her plans to visit our school at least once a month to see Bob—but also that she would stay in a motel and that I should plan to spend the entire night with her. I had to hide the third letter—it was so sexy. She wrote ten pages, telling me how she loved sucking my cock, how she could feel it deep inside her, how we would screw for hours without stopping and how her body was completely mine to enjoy. So I just don't know what to do next fall, if she starts coming to the college.

To be honest, I had had sex with only one girl before meeting Mrs. O'Neal. I think I screwed this girl about four times during the three months I dated her. It was all straight sex, with no variations, and I had never had oral sex until Bob's mother went down on me. However, I loved it and would love to have her continue sucking me and to keep on screwing her. My girl just lay there when we had sex, but Mrs. O'Neal would go wild and do most of the work. Besides, I loved those huge tits! However, I feel that if this continues, and if I stay out all night when she is in town, Bob will somehow find out about us. He may even find her letters, with the details of how she loves to suck my cock. In her last letter she stated that she wanted to feel her mouth being filled with my semen, to know that she had fully satisfied the sexual urge behind my huge cock. I don't want to make her mad, but I don't know how to get out of this situation and keep from messing up my friendship with Bob. On the other hand, I hate to give up this arrangement, since she is one hell of a woman, who truly loves sex.

One more thing: with her last letter she sent a picture of herself in a bikini that leaves nothing to the imagination. I don't know where to hide it.—L.W.

It is obvious that you are under the spell of this older woman. It is entirely up to you whether you want to continue seeing her or think it time to spread your wings and find yourself a young girl, one who suits you better and will cause you less problems in the long run. Maybe—if you have gained enough experience with Mrs. O'Neal—it might be somewhat of a thrill to you to initiate a younger girl and teach her a few new things as well.

It is not to be recommended that you stick to the mother of your friend. At least take a look around at other women, screw around a bit, see what else is happening. If you get hung up on this woman, it may well be that you'll develop a mother complex—and then where will you be? You may never like young girls again.

Her fanatical love letters are obviously a sign that she is desperately hung up on you. She is working on your mind with these letters. If she didn't possess you in this way, keeping your mind occupied with her communications, I'm sure that you would soon wander about on your own, in search of new horizons.

As far as the riskiness of the letters and pictures is concerned, maybe you should go to the nearest bank and get yourself a safe-deposit box, or leave them with a reliable friend in a sealed envelope. Or burn them. If you want her correspondence to cease completely, then write back to her, leaving off your name and address. Thank her for your education and then describe what you would like to do to *her*. This will put her in your present position, because she won't want her husband to find your letters (he'll never know it's you, since there will be no identification; in fact, sign it with your initials only and mail it from another town). Mrs. O'Neal's teaching degree should be revoked if she plagues her students.

CAST AND CRUTCHES KEEP CUTIE'S BOYFRIEND COMING BACK FOR MORE

I want to share my experiences with plaster-of-paris casts as sexual turn-ons.

I'm twenty-three, attractive and have a nice figure. Two years ago I broke my ankle in a car accident and had to wear a cast on my leg for four months. When the doctor told me how long I would be in this cast, I was sure my social life would stop. About a month after my accident, I began getting out again. I soon found that, far from retarding my social life, the cast and crutches were a definite plus.

Men began to flock around me like never before. I accepted dates almost every night and turned down more than I could handle. One night, while making love to Jason, a guy I had been dating for several weeks, I asked him what he found most attractive about me. I was crushed when he explained that, although he found me very attractive, he was first attracted to me because of my

leg cast. He told me that he developed an almost preternatural sex drive when around women with casts on their arms or legs. At first I was humiliated, but I soon accepted his attentions, even if they were directed mainly at my broken leg.

Jason left my life shortly after my cast was removed. I was pretty torn up at first, and it was hard to get used to doing without those two or three orgasms every night. I soon fell back into the dating syndrome of one or two nights out a week and was bored to tears.

I finally decided that if it was necessary to wear a cast to attract Jason's attention, I would have one—only this time no broken bones. I told a friend of mine that I wanted the material to make a cast to wear to a costume party. I was wet between the legs with anticipation as I rolled the plaster bandages onto my leg. After completing the cast, I got my crutches out of the closet and gave Jason a call, telling him I had a surprise for him. When he came over and saw my cast, he made love to me like I have never known. After a dozen or so orgasms, I vowed never to be without the necessary materials for a plaster cast to liven up a dull weekend. As long as the strips are put on thin, the cast is easy to remove. I now have two lovers who "share" my weekend casts—and apply them for me. That broken ankle turned out to be a lucky break for me.—S.S.

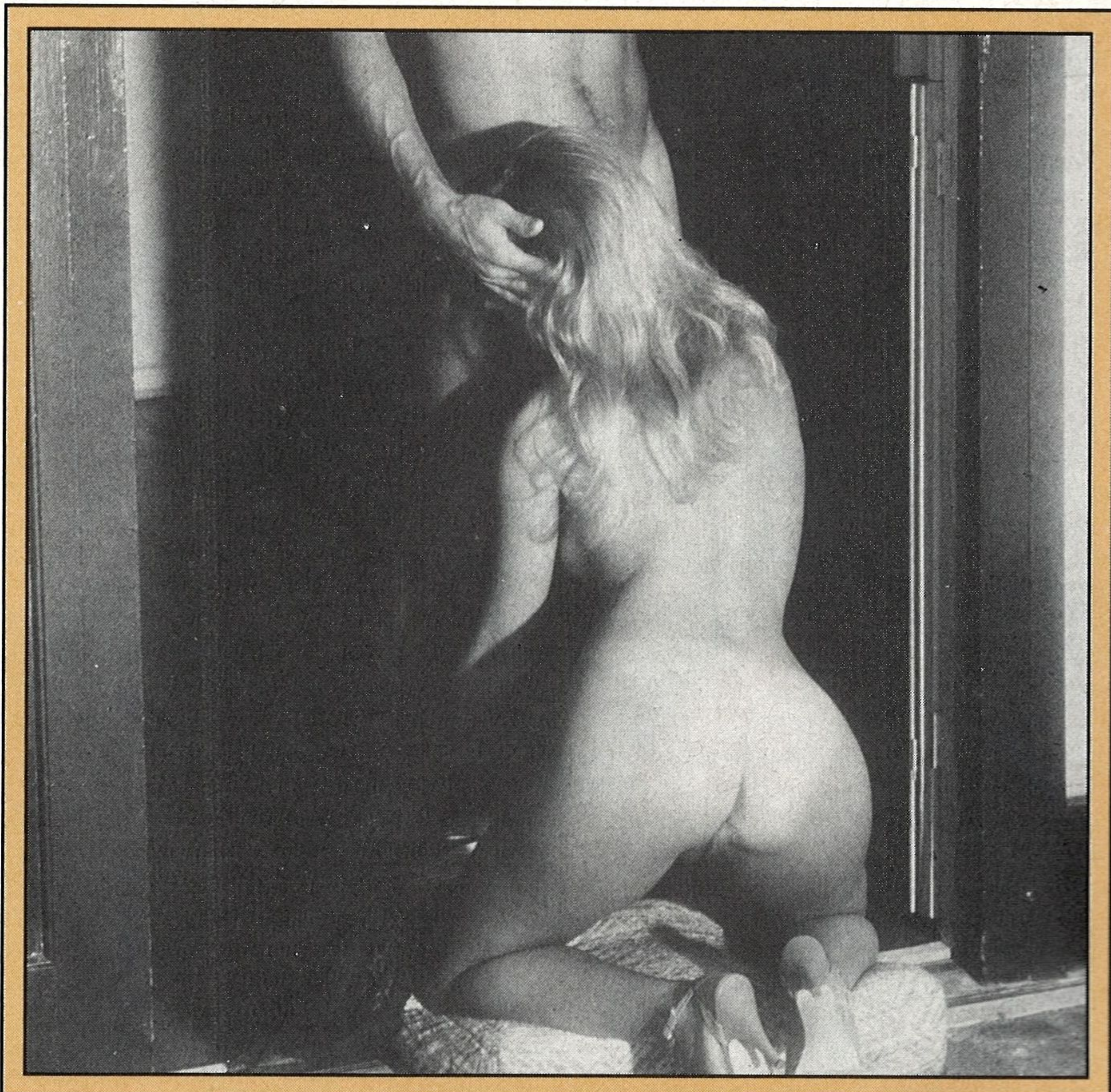
Your story reminds me of a boyfriend of mine who had broken his leg and, like you, thought his sex life was over. Indeed! He had so much sex during the following two months that he actually hated parting with his cast.

And here I had always thought that plastered men were the worst lovers. Live and learn.

THE UNDERCOVER MAN SNATCHES PANTIES WHENEVER HE CAN (HE'S GOT 1,999!)

I'm a twenty-year-old man, and I have always been quite open-minded. I've also lived away from home since age sixteen. My girlfriend, Monica, thinks I have a bad problem because I told her that I collected underwear from women that I had sex with. I never thought I was insane for keeping my memories, but Monica seems to think it's horrible. I do have a nice collection—1,999—only one more pair until I hit the 2,000 mark. Please let me know if this is wrong.—G.C.

What's your girlfriend complaining about? As long as you don't take your collection to bed with you, what concern is it of hers? On the other hand, I do wonder about a twenty-year-old guy who says he's slept with close to two thousand women. Either you're a satyr or you're into buying women's underwear. Also, why were all those women so eager to give up their panties?



He especially liked Mrs. O'Neal's enthusiasm: She couldn't wait to get at him.

I know that I sure prefer reusing mine.

Regarding underwear fetishes, I must tell you a funny story about something that happened to me shortly before I had to leave Canada a few years ago. Before I moved, I put an ad in the paper saying: "Xaviera Hollander leaving country. Selling everything. Furniture, car, clothes, et cetera." Then I gave my telephone number. Well, you can imagine how my phone began to ring. Naturally, I met a lot of interesting people. I must have met more than a dozen couples who begged me to sell them my lingerie and underwear. To top it all off, I was usually requested to sign them with a black felt-tip pen. The funniest incidents involved early-morning phone calls. "Miss Hollander?" they would say. "Can I please buy some brasieres and underpants from you—any piece of underwear at all?"

"Yes," I would reply.

"Are they clean or somewhat soiled? If not, could you please wear something for me today so I can sniff it out once I buy it from you?"

Then there were the phone calls requesting rubber items, such as kitchen gloves, aprons and boots. It so happened that I had a pair of muddy old rubber boots. Well, you should have heard the excitement over the phone when I told one man about these. "I'll be right over," he told me. "But please make sure you don't clean them, or polish them up in any

way, because I want to lick them clean."

Do you still think you're doing something wrong? I doubt it. Just get the figures right.

SWITCHING PARTNERS SPICES UP THEIR ROMANCE, SAY TOLERANT TWOSOME

My wife and I have been happily married for thirty years, and our life together gets better every year. We are very devoted to each other and continue to look forward to growing old together. We have not been angels during our marriage, especially during the first few years. By mutual agreement, we both had extramarital affairs, although we were very careful not to embarrass each other. Mutual friends, neighbors and people whom I had business with were taboo. My wife was and still is a very attractive, petite brunet—and she never had any trouble in getting hold of any particular boy she liked.

After some years of marriage, our small "side trips" became fewer and then stopped completely. But we did have a single incident about twelve years ago. We went down to Saranac Lake, New York, for a weekend. After dinner we went into the dance lounge. I am not much of a dancer, unlike my wife, and we were mostly sitting there, sipping our drinks. Suddenly, a very young, red-faced boy appeared out of nowhere and asked my wife to dance. Mona, my wife, seemed

very pleased that a young guy like that would dance with her; she was thirty-eight at the time but looked much younger. She looked at me, and I nodded my OK, wondering how a younger boy could even have gotten into the lounge.

Anyway, Mona and I had entertained ourselves by observing a prostitute who was sitting at the bar. She looked like a replica of Marilyn Monroe. A lot of men had talked to her, but she had refused them all. I was dandily dressed, and she had looked at me a few times, even when my wife was beside me. Feeling a little high, I walked over to her, and to my surprise she was willing to dance. Holding her was almost enough, but when she pressed herself toward me, I started to growl!

I looked around for my dancing wife, and I was in for a little shock. When I saw her and her partner, I did not have to be embarrassed about my own situation, for hers was a heck of a lot wilder than mine. She and her partner hardly danced at all. Standing in the same place and moving only her upper body, Mona stared strangely ahead, while the boy was leaning into her with his eyes closed. Their bodies clung together during the "dance," and I was sure they were almost having orgasms right then and there. Sure, I noticed that a few couples looked at them, but my wife didn't seem to mind. First, I thought of interrupting them, but



After the presexual games, the two classmates threw their arms around each other and passionately pursued their hearts' desire.

then I thought: "What the hell, we're French Canadians, and I don't know anyone in Saranac; let her have her fun." After all, shouldn't married couples, too, live and let live?

Judy, the whore I was dancing with, tried her best to get me. The reason she had cut the others out was her price; she wanted sixty bucks a shot. Remember, this was twelve years ago! My erect penis, bursting into her, told her that I was an easy lay, but she had no idea that my desire came more from my wife's show. I told her that I might see her the next day, as she said she would be in the bar when it opened. I told her that I would need her service very much by then.

Upon coming back to my table, I saw that Mona was already there, and so was Lanny, the newly found boyfriend. It was all weird in a way. Mona could hardly talk to me; she still looked to be in a high state of sexual excitement, and Lanny tried to stare a hole in the table, red-faced and shy. I tried to cheer them up with drinks—but in vain. I got a feeling that I was disturbing something sacred, and I felt that I was witnessing something rare: a perfect matchup of sexual attraction. It sounds crazy, I know, and I felt the same way at the time, but I realized that I might have hit the spike on the head.

With my one-sided but intentionally well-meant conversation with the boy, I found that he was staying alone in his parents' cottage for the weekend. That Mona had made him sexually aroused was easy to see; what really staggered me was that Mona did not even try to hide that her only wish was to remain with him, and I knew her well enough to detect that she was horny as hell. I just couldn't break apart that something that was between the two of them. I said: "Boy, am I ever tired. I think I'll go to bed, but you, Mona, better make sure that Lanny gets home OK." Mona just looked at me, and as I got up, she took my hand. I read from her lips "Thank you."

She did not come home until nine-thirty the next morning. It had been his first time, and he had been hot. Even though she'd had hardly any sleep, she came in only to pick up her bikini; she was going boating with Lanny. She was frank and thankful that I did not show any regret about the incident. Then she told me that she had seen me dancing with the prostitute, Judy. She asked if I wanted her. I said no, but Mona insisted it would help her mind, and she wouldn't feel badly about her adventure. Mona offered to call up Judy, but I did it instead, and Judy said she could be over in five minutes.

I never had much fun with prostitutes, but with Judy I had all the satisfaction I could ask for. Sure, she was a wonderful mistress and a cat in bed, but I still think that the knowledge of my wife's unashamed adultery and her robbing of the boy's virginity was what lifted me up in

such a way. No such thing has ever happened to us since, but we often discuss the incident. We would never change that night if we had it to do over.—Y.M.

It's sometimes healthy for married couples to switch partners. As long as your wife still turns you on when you two are together, an occasional encounter of the younger kind is good for your wife's ego and your voyeurism.

LONELY FEMALE STUDENT FINDS SATISFACTION, LESBIAN STYLE

I'm a female student at a southern college. Although I've had sexual experiences with men, I've often fantasized having sex with a woman. My boyfriend

We tasted each
other's neck, lips, breasts,
and finally each
other's vagina. We spent
the night together,
and it has taken me a few
days to get used
to the fact that I have
been with a woman

and I have always been very open about our fantasies, and he knew of my lesbian dreams. However, as much as I wanted to go to bed with someone of my own sex, it couldn't be just any woman. She had to be one I was attracted to both physically and mentally. Unfortunately for me, I knew of no way to approach other females who felt the same way I did.

Since my boyfriend graduated recently, I've been faced with the situation of being satisfied only by weekend visits. I've felt no desire to cheat on him, but I have had this desire to have a woman eat me out. My new roommate is very reserved, and I was afraid to approach her in case I'd be rejected. But now I've been blessed with an experience that is right out of my aching imagination.

It was semester break, and I decided to stay in town while my roommate went home for the holidays. It was a weekday, and I was faced with a long, lonely day with nothing to do. So I bought a six-pack of beer and came home to a deserted apartment. I'd bought the recent issue of Penthouse Letters and was reading it. Of

course, I became very horny right away.

The phone rang. It was a girl from one of my classes. She said she was very lonely, since there weren't many other students around over the break. I invited her over and discarded my desire for sex. I just needed some companionship.

When she arrived, I offered her a beer, and we talked about our vacations, plans for the following semester and other small talk that didn't amount to much. We were sitting on the couch, and I commented on how cold it was when Sarah moved closer toward me. I took it lightly, but in the back of my mind I considered making an advance. I didn't have to try. As we continued talking, Sarah put her fingers on my thigh. My heart stopped beating as I tried to act nonchalant, but in the next few moments I knew there was no need for cover-ups as Sarah gazed into my eyes.

It was a bit awkward at first, since we are both aggressive people once the presexual games are dispensed with. We threw our arms around each other and explored one another's body. I was actually shaking as we removed each other's clothes. It was exactly what I'd waited for for so long, and now it was finally happening. We tasted each other's neck, lips, breasts and finally each other's vagina. I've never been so sexually excited in all my life. We spent the night together, and it has taken me days to get used to the fact that I've been with a woman.

It was a beautiful experience, and I wish everyone could be so uninhibited.—A.R.

I'm glad to see that your first lesbian experience was so exciting. So many women feel guilty about what they do with other women. How unfortunate! With regard to your boyfriend, though, how about introducing him to Sarah? You can enjoy the best of both worlds all at once.

HORNY HUBBY FRUSTRATED BY FRIGID WIFE'S SEXUAL ICE-CAPADES

I'm twenty-eight years old, six-feet-one inch tall, of average weight and build and have a fairly sizable cock. I've been to college and have several degrees, including a graduate degree. I got married about a year ago to a very beautiful girl who is twenty-six. Jill is perfectly built, and there is nothing I can say to fault her beauty. However, our sex life is growing worse as each day goes by.

Prior to our marriage, I had been around and had made it with several chicks. My wife, on the other hand, was a virgin. Her first and only man was me. During the first months of marriage, we made love about three times a week, but now it is down to the outrageous figure of about once or twice a month. My wife claims that she likes sex and wants it, but each time that I start to make a move, she tends to balk.

I'm a horny male and would do it each day if I could, but Jill will usually make up some excuse why she won't make love. If we start making out on the couch or in a car, she stops the action (and the mood) by saying such things as "Let's go in the bedroom, where it's more comfortable." I don't care where I make love. If I want to love my wife, the exact location shouldn't make any difference.

In bed things get even worse. On the rare occasions when sex seems imminent and I start to play with her, she'll invariably put her legs close together or push my hand away. I may try to go down on her and taste her pussy, but she'll push me away or say no because she hasn't showered.

About once out of every four times that we do start to have sex, she'll give me a blowjob that may last all of two or three minutes. I don't come, and to this day she will not allow me to come in her mouth. She doesn't think she will care for the taste—that is why the sucking lasts only a couple of minutes. In bed, after a couple of French kisses and a little rubbing of our bodies, when she wants me to fuck her, she'll prefer me on top, in the traditional missionary position. We rarely try any other position. She will not allow me to finger-fuck her. To insist would surely result in divorce proceedings, and when I try to play with her fantastic 35C boobs, she tells me that it either hurts or tickles.

To make matters worse (if they can be), last week she told me that she has yet to have an orgasm. I have suggested books, porno flicks, vibrators, body oils, sexy bed clothes, et cetera, but she refuses to try any of it. I've suggested a sex therapist, but she says that she will work things out herself. As a result, our sex life has dwindled to nothing. I've asked her if she wants another man or even a woman, but she says no, and I believe her.

I will not, nor do I even wish to, get it on with another woman. I love Jill deeply, but our nonexistent sex life is ruining me. She recently read some sex books by women, but says that their techniques are silly. Once and only once did she ask me to eat her out. Incredibly happy, I obliged, and after less than a minute, she suddenly started crying, saying, "I'm a pig, a no-good slut, a whore. I shouldn't have asked you to do that." Needless to say, the mood was broken, and no matter what I said to her, she wouldn't stop hating herself, and that was it for the night. Things such as this now happen almost every time we get into bed to make love.

I don't feel that I'm too demanding where sex is involved, but to this day Jill has initiated things only three times. I feel that there is more to sex than putting my cock into her pussy. Why is Jill so conservative? Can you suggest anything that could help us? If not, perhaps your readers have some similar experiences—and

maybe they also have solutions.—S.B.

Different people have different degrees of sexual energy. While you love your wife, sex may continue to be a problem area in your marriage.

There may be nothing wrong with your wife. Some people don't need that much sex, just as you seem to want it every day. It's a bad omen, however, that she remained a virgin until the age of twenty-six, and I really can't understand why a sexually aggressive young man would marry a virgin. Sex isn't everything, but when you're considering marriage, you should check out every possible area of contention.

To save your marriage, I think it is imperative that you see a marriage counselor, but don't act as if it's your wife who needs therapy. "I've suggested a sex therapist," you write, "but she says that she will work things out herself." Advise your wife that it is not *her* problem but rather your problem *together*. You might even have to admit that you fear you're oversexed. OK, you don't believe this. But such a confession just might get her into the analyst's office. This will help to alleviate her fears that she is either frigid or inadequate. It's worth a try. Good luck!

HOT YOUNG WIFE LETS HUBBY SIMMER WHILE SHE SOWS HER WILD OATS

I have been happily married for about two years. My husband, Lee, is very handsome and has a six-and-a-half-inch cock, which, until recently, has always gotten me off. I used to feel that my husband would be the only man I would ever need—until I met my friend Sue.

Sue and I work on the same floor together as nurses. She is a honey blond with deep blue eyes and, to use Lee's words, an "outrageously well-rounded body second only to yours." As we became closer, Sue began describing her love affairs in detail, leaving me quite horny every day after work. I guess she knew that I was envious because she always asked if I wanted to get fixed up with someone. I always said no, but couldn't help feeling a little jealous.

One day after work, Sue asked me to drive her home. When we got there, we talked and drank for an hour or so, and Sue asked if I wanted to go out and have some dinner. It happened that my husband had to work, or else I definitely would have refused. Sue laid out some clothes for me. The jeans she provided me with were supertight, and the blouse was a see-through thing that outlined my silver-dollar nipples. When I told her I would need a bra, she just laughed and told me not to be ridiculous.

We had dinner and then hit some clubs. We were quite smashed when these two really good-looking guys joined us. When the bar was about to close, Phil and Rich



She made love to herself as she recalled her night with well-endowed Phil.

asked us to go to their apartment to get high, and before I could say anything, Sue had agreed. The apartment was nearby, and it didn't take long for Rich to make a move. Sue was loaded and all over him. Rich leaned her head back, letting his left hand trail over her shoulder and onto her breast as he kissed her. Rich brushed Sue's blouse aside, revealing small but pert tits. Meanwhile, Phil had brought back some fresh drinks. He took one look at Rich and Sue, looked at me and sat down next to me. By this time I was completely aroused. Phil leaned over and began kissing me and touching me everywhere. We kissed and fondled for a while, and then he led me into the bedroom. He began taking off his clothes, revealing the largest cock I had ever seen. It was a full ten to eleven inches and twice as thick as my husband's.

After I saw that cock, it didn't take me long to jump out of my clothes. We played around for as long as I could take it, with Phil teasing me for quite a while before he finally mounted me. My love box was sopping wet as I guided that huge cock into place. Phil proceeded to give me the most outrageous fucking I have ever had. We ballled several more times that night, each time better than the last. I got in a little trouble the next day with my husband, but an unexpected phone call from Sue, explaining how I had spent the night with her, calmed him quite a bit.

The following week, Sue and I did a repeat performance with Phil and Rich. These get-togethers went on for some time—until I told Lee about Phil. I told Lee that I loved him very much but that I would have to see Phil at least twice a week, or I would leave him. I was taken by surprise when he agreed.

Xaviera, what should I do? Lee says he will take me any way he can, and I do love him. On the other hand, his cock doesn't excite me the way Phil's does. Should I seek medical help, or continue seeing Phil, or both?—C.B.

I think your husband is very smart and loving to let you go so wild. Someday the new excitement of your lover will wear off, and you will be happier with the man who truly loves you.

I don't think you need any professional help. Your husband's penis had satisfied you in the past; when you've tired of your present lover's bigger member, you'll probably find the old six and a half inches quite satisfactory. After all, you've now had a taste of your freedom, and the whole "secret affair" aspect, which can be quite tantalizing, will soon wear off.

INSTEAD OF SQUIRTING A PERT SPURT, HE DRIBBLES

Recently, one of my own fantasies came true, just like the stories I've read in Penthouse Letters. I was browsing in a small jeans shop one day until I saw the sales-

girl. As soon as I saw her (I'll call her Jenny), I knew what I wanted. She asked if she could help me, and I started to tell her just what I'd like to do, but then decided to play it cool. Jenny was wearing a halter top and a very tight pair of jeans—it wasn't long before I had a huge hard-on. As she was giving me some jeans to try on, she noticed my swollen prick and without saying anything began to rub my crotch with her hand. Since we were all alone in the store, I was ready to whip out my pecker, but she walked off and told me to call her if I needed help. I was disappointed but went into the dressing room to try on the pants.

Just as I had gotten my pants off, Jenny pushed open the curtain and walked in. Before I could say anything, she knelt down and pulled down my underwear, revealing my superhard cock. From the way she acted you'd have thought I was huge. She quickly slipped out of her clothes and took my throbbing prick into her mouth, licking and sucking it like crazy. The way she pushed back my foreskin with her teeth really turned me on, and it wasn't long before I was coming in her mouth. Needless to say, it was the best service I'd ever gotten in that store!

After a while, Jenny asked me to lick her pussy until she came. I was glad to do it, and as my tongue moved in and out like a tiny prick, she moaned up a storm. We ended this session with a fast screw against the wall, and by that time we were both exhausted. After Jenny licked the rest of the come off my penis, we both got dressed and left the room with big smiles. To show thanks, I even bought two pairs of jeans.

I also have a few questions. Guys I know or read about always describe their come as shooting and spurting all over the place during orgasm. Well, I have no trouble coming, but when I do, it just kind of dribbles out—it never shoots out in streams. I'm afraid that something may be wrong and that I may not be able to satisfy girls. Do you know if this is a physical problem?

Also, I sometimes have to satisfy myself. Do you have any good suggestions for something to use to simulate a pussy? I'd appreciate any comments or suggestions.—F.S.

When it comes to sex, people rarely tell the truth. Just because some guy says he shoots all over the place doesn't mean he's telling the truth. I've noticed, however, that men do seem to have varying degrees of "ejaculatory power." Some shoot while others dribble. This may make a difference to adolescent boys in a jerking-off contest, but when the penis is inserted into a vagina, who really knows the difference?

Regarding your other question, the answer is a definite no. Nothing I know quite simulates pussy.



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LUSTY LAUGHS

Whatever happened to . . . ?
Here's a look at how celebrities
drift in and out
of fashion—they're here today
and gonged tomorrow

STAR BORES

BY NICK TOSCHES

Editor's note: This piece was first published in *Penthouse* seven years ago. Change a few names and it's just as relevant today.

In a world where Telly Savalas speaks and people applaud, all things are possible. I have seen sack dresses. I have met the Captain and Tenille.

A lady told me of a man who took her out one night. He was a handsome, fashionable man. They ate at a Chinese restaurant and he talked of the Five Flavors. After dinner they returned to his apartment, where he played a Linda Ronstadt album and invited the lady to share his Thai stick. Later he played a Chick Corea album and mixed vodka gimlets as only he knew how. She browsed through his books. There were books about films and books about orgasms and books by people with Gallic names. Between two large volumes was a paperback edition of *Are You Running with Me, Jesus?*

"Someone must have laid that on me as a goof." He grinned tentatively.

She riffled through the pages. A photograph fell to the floor. It was a picture of him, proud and crewcut, doing the Watusi in madras shorts.

His hand trembled and he never called her again.

In the silence of this poor soul's penance there was truth: the wages of gaucherie are death. To be trendy, you must be wary. Burn your Ché posters behind you; scatter your witty T-shirts to the wind. There is no defense from the sneer within. You saw it in the *Voice*? Yes, but that was months ago. Think twice, frail earthling, before you next eat frozen yogurt. And answer me this: What ever happened to Quadraphonic?

Do you recognize any of these faces? They come and go and some of them come again, but for a different reason.

Now the loud adoration like an ocean in their ears. Now the money and nice metaphors are like petals at their feet. But soon they will be taken over the lea, to that place where Joey Heatherton reclines and symbolic poets seek redress, where Connie Francis and Eldridge Cleaver maunder in the wind. Over there, by the tulip tree: Jack Paar and Erica Jong embrace ziplessly.

Soon Farrah Fawcett will stand before the mirror and, like Schopenhauer, wonder why. A bionic hand will reach out to console her as her pennyweight breasts dwindle in the dusk. The twelve-year-old boys who discard her will recall her in later years. "Farrah. Oh, I remember her. She was the one with the freeze-dried hair and the paralytic grin. Seemed like if you stuck an icicle up her ass, it wouldn't melt." But have faith, Farrah, for there are possibilities to be explored. Perhaps, like Twiggy, you can make an album of modern country and western music.

Good-bye, Fonzie. It is sad to see the world's oldest teenager fall from grace. Yes, we know all about it. There is a person in there, a gifted actor, Henry Winkler. Yes, we know all about it. Russ Tamblyn said the same thing.

They awaken with a jolt and sniff anxiously at their armpits for the scent of obsolescence. Orson Welles makes *Citizen Kane* and is embraced and hallowed by the handmaidens of culture. Days pass and he discovers that he has become NBC's court fatso, shuttling his bulk and his airs from "The Dean Martin Celebrity Roast" to "Hollywood Squares."

It happens so fast. I encountered two young girls browsing through the bins of a Los Angeles record store last year. One girl held out a copy of *Magical Mystery Tour* and called to her friend, "Hey, look! Paul McCartney was in a band before Wings." Fame, said Matthew Arnold in one of his more lurid moments, is a hussy.

Mark Spitz, I am sure, would agree.

Where is Carroll Baker, who in 1964, was to be the hottest hunk of Hollywood flesh since Marilyn Monroe? I am sure that I saw her comparing six-pack prices in an Altadena supermarket in 1973, but I may be mistaken.

Joseph Heller would have been wise if he had never published *Something Happened*. He could have gone on forever as the brooding-genius author of *Catch-22*. Instead, he has been turned away as a one-shot writer, a sort of literary Petula Clark. In his New England woods, J. D. Salinger smiles, humming "Downtown" as he endorses his royalty checks.

Not even revolutionaries are immune. The next time you see Bernadette Devlin—if you ever see her again—she'll probably be bouncing fatso jokes off Orson Welles on "Hollywood Squares." Jerry Rubin is just another short person with a receding hairline. Six will get you ten that Huey Newton isn't even on Leonard Bernstein's Christmas-card list anymore. Mark Rudd gave himself up last summer in New York, but few could recall what for. If Bernadine Dohrn had a party, would Angela Davis come? Does Meyer Kahane do alterations? If Timothy Leary tries to fuck with your molecular structure, tell him to take a bus.

I sincerely hope that Lance Loud is doing well and that he is hard at work on his craft. Remember, Lance: *Ars longa, vita brevis*.

Sometimes a person's spiritual essence falls from vogue and this situation is truly pathetic. Be aware, born-again putti of all denominations, that you have had your day. And with you, the lapdogs of est. To see and hear Valerie Harper and Cloris Leachman on "Dinah!" as they tell rapturously how est changed their lives is an experience not unlike watching refried beans coagulate on someone's face during lunch. Next time you

feel the urge to be reborn, please do so somewhere else. Do it over the lea, in that place of primal screams and poodle-faced maharishis and dianetics. Anyone who has ever referred to *How to Be Your Own Best Friend* as *The Book* should be forced to read aloud from *Kiss Me Deadly* under threat of severe hostility displacement. Little mercy shall be shown, for it is believed that anyone found underlining in *Passages* deserves his fate.

Do not invest heavily in punk rock. Those New York groups with the Tzara-like names are losing what little power they had. In two years all that will remain of punk rock will be a handful of embarrassing memories and Handsome Dick Manitoba of the Dictators. He will enjoy a career more illustrious than the combined careers of Louis Prima and Jim Morrison. CBGB will be reclaimed by the Bowery and become once again the great skid-row bar it was until 1970.

Another musical trend that would be wise to begin checking its pulse is that part of country music that consists of stale metaphorical references to half-warm beer (usually Lone Star), cowboy hats, pickup trucks, faded jeans and your warm and tender body close to mine. Surely these people can find day jobs. Deportation to 1967 is imminent. Jerry Lee Lewis will rise again.

No one will ever again utter the words *roots*, *thrust*, *aesthetic*, *macho*, *rip-off*, or *orientation*. Nothing will ever again be referred to as *the pits*. Those little mechanical people who read the news on television may be forced by acts of terrorism (picture your local TV newsman; now picture him bald) to stop speaking that gray-cardboard English taught at the College of Android Knowledge. No one will ever again *relate* to anything. There will be no more *phenomena*.

Perhaps we have already seen the last of those movies that portray microcosmic life at the razor's edge of Los Angeles. We will not suffer being told again that Los Angeles is a dark, glowing metaphor of something eternal and indomitable in the American soul. Robert Altman will move to the great Northwest because people can breathe there. Jack Webb, the true film *auteur* of Los Angeles, will regain power.

There will be no more Third World Art—whatever it was to begin with. Notice to all environmental artists: get a job.

Stay away from the work of all hip novelists. Hip novelists are people who cannot write well; so they write hip even though they're usually not hip or even hep. The typical hip novel is one that seems to have been written several years ago but wasn't. Burn your copy of *Even Cowgirls Get the Blues* while there is still time. Or hide it. Also stay away from all hip journalists, previously known as New Journalists. These are people who think *The White Negro* was an important work.

They favor such titles as "The New Numbness" and travel in packs. Their consciences give off an odor, which perceptive noses can detect.

When a trend dies, a new one takes its place. We eat goldfish today, carry Free Speech placards tomorrow, wear safety pins the day after that. When a cultural hero wakes up, looks in the mirror, and, much to his sadness, sees Sammy Davis, Jr., there is a new hero to take his place. (How else is one to explain not merely the success but the very existence of John Denver?) They come; they go. In the calm and secure center of all these metamorphoses, all this flux, are the mercenaries of hype, those whose sacred and lucrative duty it is to breed and nurture and testify for the vogues and heroes of the day.

These are the people who told us in 1968 that the Boston Sound (or, as at least one of them had it, the Boss-Town Sound) was going to be the next big thing in rock 'n' roll. These are the people who told us in 1972 that *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* would change our lives. These are the people who gave us Pat Boone and heavy metal. These are the people who gave us monotheism. They have been with us always and they always will be. They were there when man first raised a Hula Hoop to the northern light and saw that it was good. They will be there to hand out two-drink tabs when the first stage is built on the moon.

"Lou Reed, down three and a quarter. Ralph Nader, up an eighth. High-fiber diets, no change. If Steve Martin hits ten, throw a press party."

Publicity is stranger than fiction. The mercenaries of hype will look you in the eye and tell you that they would still rave about Roy Clark even if he weren't a client. Mystified, they will ask how it possibly could be that you don't want to have lunch with Marvin Hamlisch. They will cast pity upon you, wondering aloud how a writer could pass up a chance to essay the scented sea that is Nick Nolte's soul. They will obscenely expose their MasterCard and entice you to follow them into clubs where sensitive young creatures strum guitars and rhyme abstract nouns.

They begin to infest your days, your hours, your minutes on earth. They will circulate your name and number among their eerie race. One morning a new publicist, one fresh from the miasma of *Ur*-publicity, will call to tell you that Bo Diddley is into some heavy new trips. You express a morbid interest and already it is too late. The next thing you know, you are locked in a room without windows and Mr. Diddley is telling you all about it. To paraphrase Milton: one can run, but one cannot hide. You might escape Bo Diddley today, but what of tomorrow and the impending pain of drinks with some human you have been excitedly told is the Rod McKuen of Scotland?

I recall being awakened one wintry morning by the ringing of my phone. A fast, squeaky sound, like talons of ice, came to me with disarming intensity. It was a voice.

"Bloontz is dying to meet you," the voice said.

These words struck my sleepy mind as being quite supernatural. With as much fear as distaste, I whisked away the squeaky voice as one might whisk away a menacing insect. On two occasions after this, I experienced little nightmares in which pale ectomorphs closed around me in a stifling ring of publicity flesh, chanting endlessly that slobbering, blated, fecal syllable, *Bloontz*.

A year later, in a different city, in a chilly room filled with tables and large, condescending avocado plants, a publicist approached me from the larboard, took my wrist and said, "Bloontz would still like to meet you, darling." The last I heard of Bloontz was in the form of a telegram: PLEASE COME TO BLOONTZ PARTY.

When the short publicist and I next met, I spoke first. "I am ready. Take me to Bloontz," I breathed Tullamore Dew and hostility upon his head.

"Forget Bloontz," the short person said. "I'm doing Neil Sedaka now. You'll love him; he's one of those rare people."

"But I want Bloontz."

Sloughed off by the Polack joke of pop, Bloontz has not survived, but the publicist has—undying, sovereign, short.

Walk carefully in the forest of vogue, lest you be found with Bloontz on your hands, *flagrante delicto*. Within every fiery idol is a Frankie Avalon waiting to get flushed down the bowl. Make one wrong move and you'll end up in a work shirt at a Free Tom Hayden rally, or fettered to a buck-fifty seat at a Chad Mitchell hootenanny, or engaged in dialogue with a viable cross section. Where are Mort Sahl's fans, Eugene McCarthy's supporters? The implications are fearsome.

You can act cool. You can say that marijuana just puts you to sleep and that you haven't read a book in seven years. You can say that you don't listen to anything but Bach and the Doors. You can say that you judge movies by their camera angles. You can say whatever you will, but in the end you'll slip and Marshall McLuhan won't be there to catch you. Just keep telling yourself as you walk through the valley of the shadow of gauche: Marilyn Monroe died for my sins.

There is something beyond cool, however. Bad taste is timeless and the best way to avoid being caught culturally out-of-sync. Get in touch with your preternatural slob-soul. Next time a friend sniffs a wine cork at dinner, tell him that he looks stupid. Use the word *scumbag* at your next job interview. When people around you talk about movies, tell them that you heard Aldo Ray's got a new one coming out. And, of course, do the Watusi.

A bachelor who tried it and scored
explains how to read between the lines when you let your
fingers do the walking for a hot date

MAIL-ORDER CRUISING

BY ARENS RUEGG



For those in the know, a dreamgirl like this is as close as the nearest classifieds.

I stood in a short line, feeling a little nervous. In front of me was a rather comely woman of roughly my age and weight. Like me, she was placing a classified ad in the Personals section of New York's weekly, the *Village Voice*. It occurred to me to introduce myself to this apparently available lass, but before I got the chance she was out the door. I stepped up to the man behind the counter and anxiously handed him my advertisement.

Lively, bright, witty, crass career girl, 30, wants a boy for serious joy. Must be funny, smart, fearless. Send photo, bio and favorite joke.

He looked up at me suspiciously. "You're not a girl," he said perceptively.

"I know." I cleared my throat, then said, "It's a gift for a friend."

"This isn't a practical joke, is it?"

"No, no . . ." I assured him, "it's for real."

The ad cost me around twenty-six dollars and the following Wednesday it was on the streets. The Monday after that, my friend Carol (who had long been complaining about how difficult it is to meet worthwhile men) was receiving a small flood of forwarded males.

Personal ads may seem like a very impersonal way of finding a lover, but for many reasons it is the fastest growing one. Not many decades ago, singles met at churches or dances or parties or through a relative or matchmaker. But times have changed. Hoards of women have entered the workplace and no longer have time to sit around looking available. Matrimony has lost much of the status it once had, and men and women are now free to marry later (or not at all), divorce earlier and subordinate relationships to their careers. In addition to the changes in morals that came with the sexual revolution, there have been demographic changes as well. Baby boomers have grown up and become horny yuppies. There are over fifty million single men and women in this country, somewhere near twice as many as there were in 1970. People also tend to have more lovers, more open relationships and even "open marriages."

What this all adds up to is a booming industry. Hundreds of personal introduction services have popped up to appeal to this huge market—computer dating services, video dating businesses, agencies that prearrange blind dinner dates, Christian introduction services, zodiac dating companies and so on. For phone fetishists, there are singles date-lines in most cities that play prerecorded, numbered messages from people looking for love. For the more adventurous there are swingers hotlines where the prerecorded messages get lusty and heavy ("Hi, my number is 846 and I want to suck your cock . . ."). For computer fans there are national X-rated on-line hookups that allow people to talk (actually, to type) dirty to each other and to arrange meetings. A French electronics firm has even come up with something called "Le Flashing." It's a little gadget that beeps and flashes if it comes within ten feet of someone else who's got one, which introduces wonderful new come-on line possibilities: "Excuse me, I couldn't help noticing that you're beeping and flashing . . ."

But by far the most popular method of finding a new love is to advertise for Mr. or Ms. Right in the growing number of newspapers and magazines that have a Personals section. There are good reasons for this phenomenon. Personal advertising doesn't cost much and it's absolutely risk-free. You can eliminate the whole first round of surprises before even meeting your date. It's a good way of avoiding the sickly feeling you get when

you suddenly discover that your blind date is a rhinoceros. The average woman is particularly comforted by knowing she can weed out the crazies before divulging her address and phone number. My friend Carol got about thirty-five responses to the ad I placed for her. In the first round of eliminations there were three form letters (one of which began "Dear Strange Woman," a sure way to charm a girl), a leather lesbian who wanted to "teach [her] the meaning of pleasure," and a guy who scrawled an illegible note on the back of a color Xerox of his cock. The second round of eliminations included anyone who didn't send in a picture or anyone who sent in a picture of himself in leopard skin underwear. Out of the remaining fourteen letters she called

“
She eliminated
form letters (one of which
began "Dear Strange
Woman"), a leather lesbian
who wanted to "teach
[her] the meaning of pleasure,"
and a guy who
scrawled a note on a color
Xerox of his penis
”

seven guys, dated three and fucked one on his yacht in Boston Harbor. Not bad for twenty-six bucks.

Personal advertising has an illustrious history almost as long as newspaper publishing itself. It seems to have had its origin in this country back in frontier times when women of little means from the East wanted to hook up with prospectors, cattlemen or anyone else who was doing well out West. Women from overseas who wanted to avoid the immigration hassle would advertise for marriages of convenience to get U.S. citizenship. These ads are still found in many magazines, although now the women usually advertise through a service.

But never before have personal ads been as popular as they are today. The practice was pioneered by the *Village Voice* and the *New York Review of Books* back in the sixties, and by the early seventies new magazines with names like *Swingles* or *Swingers Weekly* popped up nationwide. These suburban-based publications were devoted exclusively to helping adventurous, horny people sat-

isfy their appetites. There, under a faded black-and-white newsprint photo, you could find ads like:

Attractive, athletic, adventurous married couple seeks other couples or bi girls for sensuous house parties. No druggies, sadists or bystanders.

These publications were looked down upon by mainstream culture as relevant only to the horniest fringe of society. In the early seventies the singles bar was the universally accepted meeting ground. Advertising for a date was thought to be suspicious and, at best, tacky.

But then the baby boomers came of age, the number of single people skyrocketed, and singles bars started getting bad press. The book *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* made the public suspect of singles bars in the same way *The China Syndrome* made it suspect of the nuclear industry. As church activities and other traditional means of social intercourse continued to decline, other means moved in to replace them. The first explosion of personal advertising happened in the fringe magazines. There people with "special tastes" could locate and communicate without risking embarrassing misunderstandings. Fast-lane gays, sadomasochists, transvestites and even "animal lovers" each now have their own seedy-looking newsprint tabloid available in adult bookstores. Then there are magazines like *Funseekers* and *Pleasure* that add a twist to the "swingles" tradition. In their classifieds are dozens of artless black-and-white photos of masturbating men, spread-open women and nude couples from all over the country who want to exchange X-rated letters and pictures and who knows what else. Many are mail order's answer to the call girl.

Hot, sexy blond seeks generous gents to fuck and suck. Photos and home video available for small \$. More and you get the real thing. Send hard-cock photo and filthy letter for hot phone call.

The publishers of *Screw* magazine have been thoughtful enough to include a glossary in their infamous classifieds, wherein I learned that S/F stands for Suck/Fuck or Submissive Female, not science fiction. D/T is Dirty Talk, T/V is Transvestite (and all these years I had thought it was a television), and H/T stands for Head Trip (mental scene), whatever that means. With the glossary in hand you can try your luck deciphering an ad like:

Bitch Goddess
Suck, dildo, G/S, B/F worship. Sex therapy at depression rates. No pros. Discreet, clean.

Even though personal ads soon found

their way into more and more mainstream periodicals, they kept their elaborate shorthand. People may soon have to take a course at somewhere like Berlitz to unravel these strings of acronyms. Try this:

SWJDM, 31, professional, handsome, sensitive, ISO S/D WF 25-35 for romantic eves and poss OSSLQ. Bio, photo, phone.

Stumped? It translates as follows: Single White Jewish Divorced Male, thirty-one years old, professional, handsome and sensitive, is In Search Of a Single or Divorced White Female between twenty-five and thirty-five for romantic evenings and possibly Opposite Sexes Sharing Living Quarters. Send a biography, a photo and your phone number.

There are now over a hundred "respectable" magazines that publish personal classifieds. These range from the glossy urban weeklies like *New York Magazine*, *Philadelphia Magazine*, *Boston Magazine* and the *Washingtonian* to the lower-budget, left-of-center newsprint weeklies like the *Village Voice*, the *L.A. Weekly*, the *Washington Weekly* and the *San Francisco Bay Guardian*. Even the daily *Chicago Tribune* prints personal advertising twice a week. Each magazine has its own set of regulations and limits. The *Chicago Tribune* won't print ads for extramarital affairs. Many maga-

zines in the South won't print gay or bisexual ads. At the *Village Voice* anything goes, except you can't mention body parts.

I began taking an interest in personal ads about a month after my girlfriend left town to go to graduate school. I had exhausted most of my contacts in the opposite sex department and my libido was in dire need of gratification. I began to study the ads before making any moves. It's a very good idea to know your local shorthand to avoid awkward surprises down the line. For example, seeing "attractive" in a personal ad is like seeing "runs good" in a used car ad. It's a standard that, because of overuse, means nothing. It's better to look for the clearer descriptions like "cute blond pixie," "cover girl look-alike" or "cross between Mel Gibson and Sting."

Other things to beware of are "Rubenesque" (fat), "passionate" (moody), "easygoing" (lazy), or "mature" (old). Good things to be on the lookout for are "athletic" (good ass), "spontaneous" (anything goes), "sensual" (sexy), or "enthusiastic" (horny). According to an article in *Harper's Bazaar* magazine, women prefer men who say they are "generous" (no going dutch), "gentle" (no slam dancing) and "looking for a serious relationship" (as opposed to a serious fuck).

But I wasn't looking for a serious rela-

tionship. I was looking for a good time. After careful study I learned the code words for like-minded girls. Oddly enough, they appeared most frequently in our Capital's yuppie glossy, the *Washingtonian*. This magazine carried more personal classifieds than any other magazine I looked at. Last Valentine's Day's issue featured more than three hundred and sixty ads, filling up more than eight pages of tiny print. I guess it really must be lonely at the top.

Ivy League girl needs break from looking for Mr. Right. Mr. Good Enough will do. Want eves of dancing, drinking and erotic passion. No reasonable offer refused. Send photo.

Another woman called herself a "free spirit" ready for "magical adventures with affluent men." Still another said she loves "new people and new experiences," which sounded promising. The *Washingtonian* was the only magazine I saw in which people identified themselves by party more often than by race or religion.

Solid WM, good physical specimen, seeks F (30-42) Democrat for sushi, brandy, breakfast.

California magazines had by far the most creative ads, and also the strangest. Where else would a man ask for "a com-



What man wouldn't jump at the chance to have the lead in his pencil used by this sultry correspondent?

plete dating concept"? In California people aren't looking for dates or even relationships. They're looking for "soul mates." Quite often your eligibility is defined by your astrological sign.

On the cusp Virgo, moon in Taurus WF, 29, seeks rich WM Aquarian with at least 2 planets in Scorpio. Geminis need not apply. Send photo and good vibes.

Then there are plenty of Californians who either have very bizarre senses of humor or should be institutionalized.

Zoroastrian Dervish cult leader, celibate for 300 years, seeks young virgin to help rise from grave.

Attractive SWM likes swimming, dancing, hiking, cannibalism, movies, Satan worship, seeks like-minded F for marriage, possible relationship. Nude photo of mother gets response.

Older couple, both 90, seeks young bi waif for triple bypass.

Lovely huge-breasted blond nympho seeks user-friendly M hung like Mr. Ed for disarmament talks. Rear entry vehicles need not apply.

Looking through all these ads was very interesting, but it finally became time to act. I left the California magazines behind and returned to my native New York weeklies, found a few ads I liked and sent off some letters. It's a strange feeling—much different from talking to a stranger at a club or a bar. Think of it. You've just sent your name, address, photo and biographical sketch to a total stranger in the hope that she'll select you for a date. She knows everything about you and you know nothing about her. Wouldn't it be funny if she knew you already? Oh, no! you think. She's the girl you've ridden the office elevator with for the last three years, or the anorexic redheaded neighbor whose little terrier pisses all over your hubcaps every morning, or the daughter of your mother's college friend whom you spilled bourbon on last New Year's. It's fears like these that keep many people away from personal ads.

But not me. About a week after I mailed my letters I received a phone call. "Hello?" I answered.

"Hello, is this, um, Aron Ruge?"

"Well, that's ARENS RU-EGG. Who's this?"

"This is Linda."

"Linda?" I thought to myself, do I know a Linda? I have a talent for names just as the Pentagon has a talent for thrift. My memory is a casualty from drugs taken in a misspent youth. Damn good drugs, I might add.

After my long silence she added, "You

responded to my advertisement. Remember?"

"Oh!" I suddenly understood. "You're the 'Successful Career Woman.'"

"No, I'm the 'Seductive Thirty-year-old Divorcée.'"

"Oops." What a gaffe. "Sorry. Well, um . . . hi . . . ah . . . I guess you got my letter." Obviously.

"Yeah," she said. "I thought it was funny." She had a nice voice.

"Really? Well, people tell me I'm funny when I talk about myself." What a line. With lines like that it's amazing I ever get laid.

The conversation got easier after a while and we set up a date to go out to dinner. When I met her I was shocked. What a fucking beauty! She had green

*We went into the
bedroom and started going
wild. Her panting
changed to moaning and
then to screaming.
I was building up to an
explosive orgasm
when suddenly there was a
knock at the door*

eyes and dark hair and large round breasts that her clothes did nothing to hide. She was my height, which is six-feet-two, and weighed a slender hundred and fifty pounds. This was one sexy woman. Her green eyes against her dark complexion gave her face a glow that made me think we'd already fucked for hours before we'd even been seated for dinner. We ate sushi and drank warm rice wine and soon we were laughing at just about anything. I couldn't believe my luck. We went back to her house and I got my first surprise: her five-year-old daughter named Sam. Sam looked me over as if I were a rapist in a police lineup. Thankfully, Linda put little Sam to bed and poured us some brandy. We drank, we began to kiss and soon I was fondling her heartily. She was very sensitive, despite the liquor, and responded to the lightest touch. We went into the bedroom, took off our clothes and instantly started going wild. Her panting changed to moaning and then to screaming. I was too crazed to care and building up to an explosive orgasm when suddenly there

was a knock at the door.

"Mommy?" It was little Sam. Linda was moaning, almost delirious. I had stopped as soon as I heard the knock, but Linda was very close to orgasm and oblivious to everything except the sudden lack of stimulation.

"Mommy?"

Mommy began dipping her pelvis down on my cock, moaning heavily. She thrust down suddenly and gasped, scratching pleadingly at my shoulders. This was my moment of truth. If I had had any sense of decency, I would've pulled out my cock and gotten her to attend to her kid. Unfortunately I have no sense of decency. My cock was as hard as granite, and Linda's thrusting had put me back on the sweet ascent to bursting.

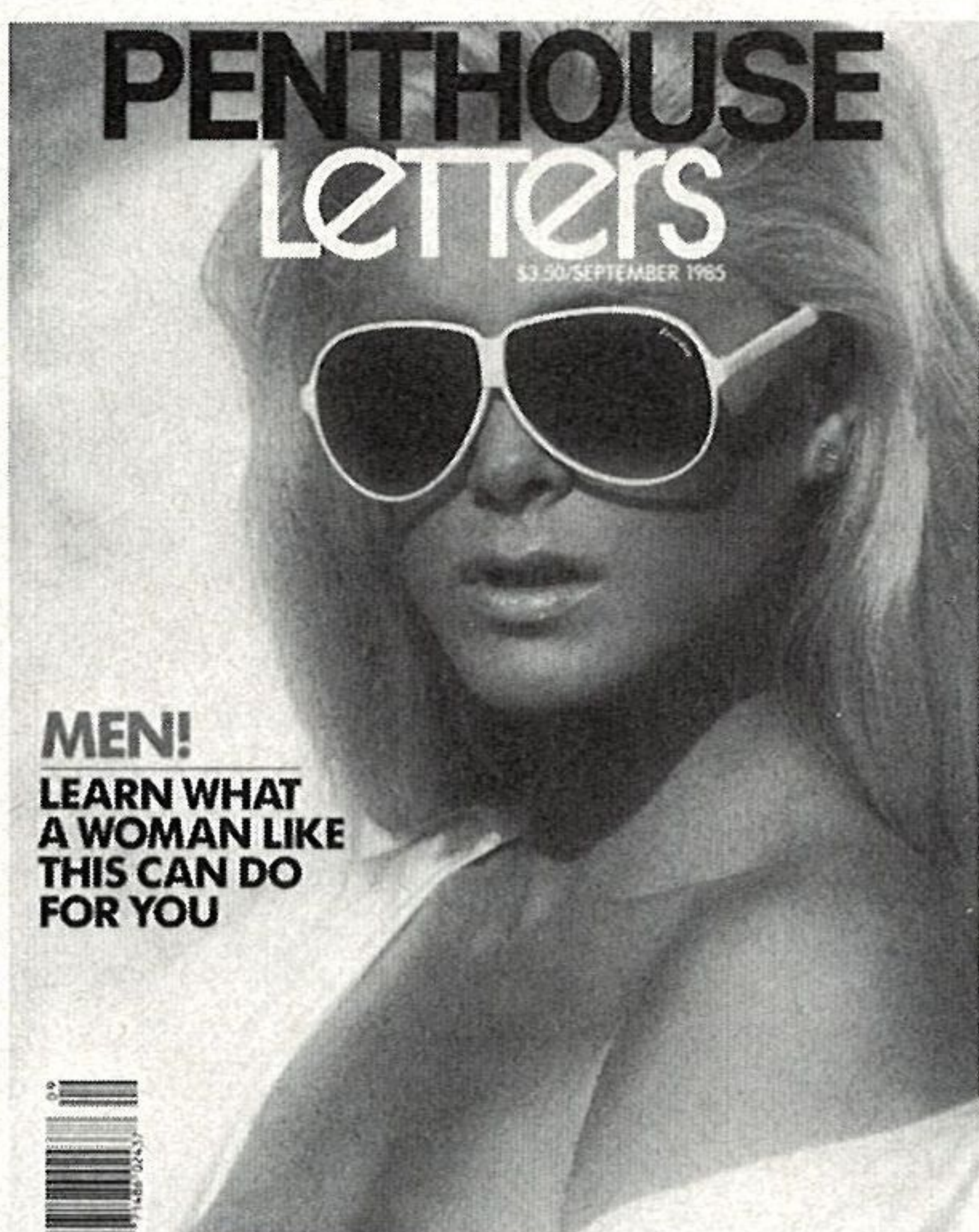
"Mommy?" Knock, knock.

Well, let's get her orgasm over with so she can deal with the kid, I said to myself, knowing I had no choice anyway. I began thrusting gently, then harder. She gasped with pleasure and let out a weird demonic laugh. She was starting to come, screaming in time with my thrusts. I tried to cover her mouth with a kiss, but she wouldn't cooperate. I heard the door open, looked over and saw Sam standing in her flannel nightgown with her hand on the doorknob, looking at me blankly. As if that wasn't weird enough, it was just then I started to come.

The ensuing affair between Linda and me lasted six months, spanned two continents and still sputters to life now and then when she visits New York from her new home in Austria. Once I tried to visit her but due to visa problems I couldn't enter the country. We fucked in the airport bathroom and I wound up losing my carry-on luggage and almost missing my plane, but that's another story. It will suffice to say that my experience with personal advertising was nothing less than a resounding success.

The growth of personal advertising shows no signs of abating, and more and more magazines are being won over to the idea of selling love, companionship or sex in their classifieds. Spin-off industries have even started. In New York City there's an agency called Personal Touch that will compose and place your ad for you. In several cities, personal ads are broadcast on the radio, and people call in to introduce themselves to each other on the air. Some people object to all this, claiming that it is a pathetic demonstration of how alienating our society can be and how isolated people can become in it. But from my experience it seems like a new means to the oldest end known to man. Aside from being effective and safe, it is also fun. Finding your lover in the classifieds will never replace the tried-and-true face-to-face chance meeting, but it is certainly a boon to those people who are so wrapped up in their daily lives that they never plan a nightlife.

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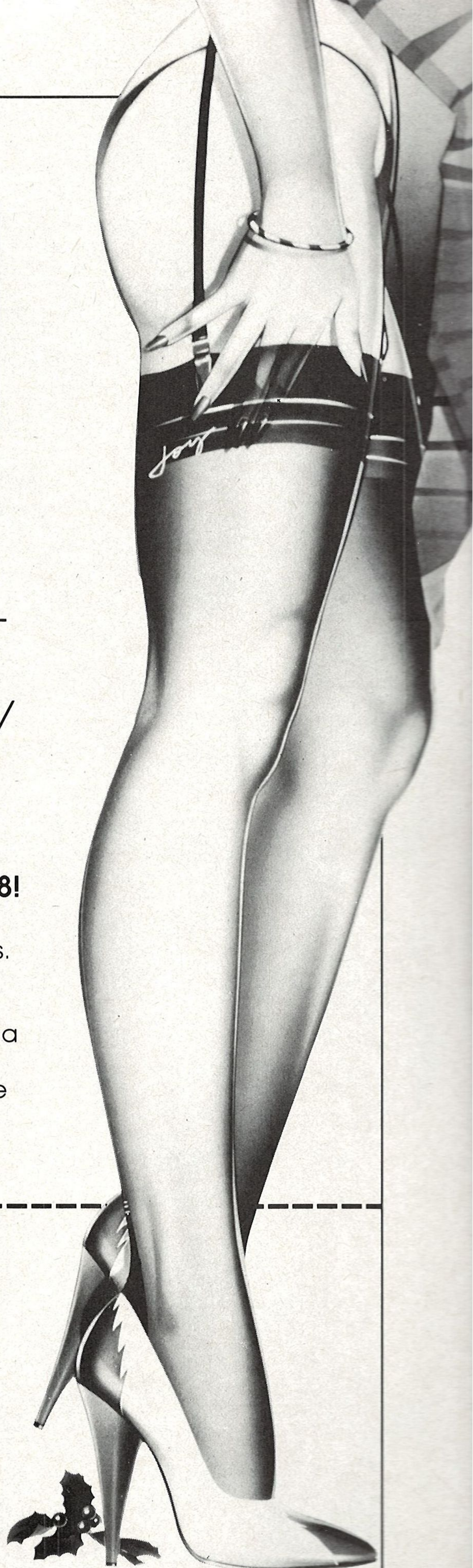
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“My twin sister suggested we could get away with pulling a switch on her boyfriend”

TWINS DOUBLE MIKE'S PLEASURE AND HE'S NONE THE WISER

Being a twin has its ups and downs. My sister, Patty, and I are both nineteen and are identical. Our parents are practically the only ones who can tell us apart.

Patty has been going out for about six months with a guy named Mike, but she is getting tired of the relationship. When another guy asked her out last Saturday, she accepted, even though she had already made a date with Mike. Since Mike

didn't know I was home from college for the weekend, she suggested we could get away with pulling a switch on him. I was reluctant at first, but the more I thought about this well-hung stud, the more interested I became. I am old enough to know that the main purpose of any girl's life is to find a humdinger dick.

After taking a long, warm bubble bath, I went to Patty's room to dress. (I obviously had to wear her clothes as part of the charade.) She handed me a pair of pale blue bikini panties to wear, saying that she always wore that color, and any-

thing else would make him suspicious. "What makes you think he'll see them?" I asked, grinning. "Because I know you," she said laughing, "and you can't resist a good-looking guy."

She was right: I *do* have a reputation for being easy. I put on her panties and her jeans. I'm about four pounds heavier than she is, so they fit like a layer of second skin. She then handed me a beige turtleneck jersey. After sliding it on, I looked in the mirror. I went braless, of course. My breasts are high and taut, and my nipples were protruding very notice-



When a stacked librarian strokes her stuff, she's sure to find an obliging bookworm who's skilled in the art of cramming.

ably. "How's this?" I asked Patty, as I gave a model's turn. "That outfit will have Mike hard as a rock in about three seconds," she answered.

Mike was at the door at eight o'clock, and we immediately left. He suggested that we go to his apartment to listen to his stereo and have a few drinks. It sounded good to me. After I entered his apartment, I slipped off my jacket. He glanced quickly at my breasts. It was a very cold night, so my nipples were stiff and erect and even more noticeable than usual.

We sat side by side on the couch, listening to Prince and drinking scotch. Mike is tall and well built. He is sexy enough to make a nun forget her vows. He also happens to be handsome as hell. I really liked him and was glad I wore Patty's panties, because I knew Mike would be seeing them for sure now. After a few more drinks, I lost my nervousness about pretending to be my twin. Soon he looked down at me with an almost shy smile and said, "Patty, I never noticed that your nipples were so large." I didn't know what to say. Patty's nipples *aren't* as long as mine when erect.

Although Mike is very observant, he didn't realize that I wasn't Patty. He put his arm around me and turned my face toward his, gently kissing me. His tongue searched my mouth, and his kiss made me tingle all over. Then his hand found its way to my breast. He fondled it gently. Then he reached behind me, unzipped my jersey and pulled it off. Sitting there naked from the waist up, with my bare breasts exposed, didn't bother me at all, thanks to the scotch. I knew I was about to get laid, and I just hoped that he was as good as the huge bulge in his pants promised he would be.

Then he took a nipple in his mouth and sucked on it, driving me crazy with passion. Sensing my need, he withdrew his mouth from my tit and carried me into the bedroom. He unsnapped Patty's jeans and peeled them off along with her pant-

ies, which were quite soaked with my love juice. (I keep my bush trimmed so that my pussy is like a baby's. That makes it more sensitive to a man's tongue.) Well, he licked, sucked and chewed me so passionately that you would almost have thought he knew I wasn't Patty.

I came with a shudder in about five minutes, so I took his sweet cock in my mouth to reciprocate. I must say it was a beauty: long and thick with a big mushroom head. I blew him, and he shot come all over my face and breasts. Then I desperately wanted his cock in my cunt and told him so, but he began teasing me. He started sucking on my nipples again while his hand softly caressed my inner thighs. I begged him to enter me—which was just what he wanted to hear—and when he stuck it in me, I came on the very first stroke.

We rested for a few minutes, and then I started sucking him until he came in my mouth a second time. Needless to say, he'd about had it. His cock had gone limp, and nothing I could do could get it up again, so I reached down and played with my rather sore clit and brought myself off. By now, we'd both had enough.

Luckily, when we dressed and drove back to my house, my parents had gone to bed. He kissed me good night at the front door and said, "You sure were a tiger tonight, honey." I smiled and went in. I literally crawled up the stairs to my room. Patty had just gotten home, and when she saw me she laughed. I must have looked wasted. My hair was all damp, and I had her jersey on inside out. "A tough night?" she asked, grinning. "Just get me to bed," I mumbled. I fell on the covers and passed out immediately.

The next morning Patty told me that the new guy wasn't worth a damn in bed—and he certainly couldn't throw a fuck like Mike's. So she wanted to remain with Mike. I was disappointed, but after all, she had found him first. I like one-nighters, and it made me feel even closer to my twin to know that we now had some-

thing besides our looks in common!—
Name and address withheld

LIBRARIAN GIVES IT TO SHAKESPEARE SCHOLAR THE WAY HE LIKES IT

The experience that I would like to relate happened while I was cramming for an exam. I am a college student at a small midwestern school, and my major is English. Anyway, it was about ten-thirty at night and I was in the top level of the library. I had been studying most of the afternoon for a Shakespeare test and was preparing to call it a night. Glancing across the room, I caught a glimpse of a leg not very far from my table. Looking closer, I noticed that it was rocking back and forth, back and forth. Not thinking anymore about it, I continued gathering my books. But then I noticed heavy breathing and sighing mixed with an occasional whimper. Curiosity got the best of me, so I went to have a look. Not wishing to disturb whoever was behind that shelf, I approached the person from the back. As I headed toward the opposite end of the aisle, I heard many sounds. Finally, I reached the aisle, and there I found one of the assistant librarians squatting. She had her skirt pulled up over her thighs, and around one of those luscious white appendages was a pair of red panties trimmed with black lace. Looking closer, I could also see a stain vertically down the center of them. It was clear and wet, and the aroma rose from her snatch like sweet perfume. By this time I was almost breathing down her neck, but she didn't even realize that I was there. She had both her hands down between her legs, and she was jamming come-soaked fingers in and out of a hairy brown cunt that was running with her juices.

I could hear the squishing noises her pussy made every time she finger-fucked to the very depth of her open love box. Every once in a while she would close her thighs and make a lunging motion;

“She noticed a slight tingle in my eyes, along with a bigger one in my shorts”

then she would slide her fingers out of her cunt and lick them. She seemed to be having some trouble keeping her skirt high enough up her thighs, so I reached down and slid the crisp material back for her. At first she seemed startled, but then she just leaned back into me so that I could take over. Well, I pulled her thighs farther apart and then stroked her slick pussy and found her clitoris. With my left hand I pulled those silky lips up toward her stomach until that love button stuck out like a three-legged racehorse, then I started stroking her slippery little bud with my right. She clamped her legs again and began throwing her head back and licking my neck and ears. This caused me to lean to my work more studiously, so I started cramming one, two and finally three fingers into her cunt, which was open and gushing like a stream. As I peeped down between her gaping legs, I saw how the chestnut pussy hair was parted, and on the ends of those cunt strands were drops of come. Her slick lips were spread apart, and where there used to be a slit, now there was a wet, musky hole. When I finally managed to get three fingers into her bush, she started squirming and twisting about. Since I had been concentrating so hard on getting my fingers up into her channel, I had neglected her protruding clitoris. With three fingers still inside her, I circled her love button with my thumb. This started her moaning and whimpering even more, so I kept it up until she came. I could feel the juice easing down my fingers into my palm, and it caused my cock to surge and throb.

Having had just about enough of this position, I fell back onto the cold tiles. By doing this, I lost contact with her streaming box. She didn't like that at all; so she turned and climbed up my chest until that soaked gash was poised at my chin. Anxiously, I gazed up at her hole, which seemed to be opening and closing, and I could see where the come had run down to her anus. Suddenly she began lunging

and rocking her pussy in the air; then she grabbed the back of my head and pulled my face into her juiciness. She was rubbing her open hole over my nose, and I was sticking my tongue far into her bush when, all of a sudden, she reached down and pulled her wet pussy lips far apart and gasped, “Suck it! Suck it!” Sliding my tongue from her hole, I wrapped my lips around the top of her cunt, where her clitoris was rising out from soft, wet skin. While I sucked, I flipped my tongue across and around that starter button of hers. She held my head in that position until I heard one low, deep moan, and then the juices really started to flow. Her come was running down my cheeks, and it was all that I could do to swallow what was in my mouth.

As I had had no relief since the whole episode started, I jerked my zipper open, pulled out my straining cock and slid her back down my torso until I could feel the heat from her muff. Slowly, she eased down on me until just my throbbing cockhead was covered. She knew that she was tantalizing me, so she kept it up awhile. My cock became so hard that it hurt, and it felt as if it were going to explode. Finally, I reached behind her and grabbed her by the ass, forcing my rod deep into her tight, succulent pleasure hole. Immediately she began bouncing and riding me. After two or three minutes of this, I felt the come starting to build in my prick. She was already having her third orgasm when my load erupted into the flow of her own pussy juices.

Because we were not in a position to lie back and enjoy ourselves, I pulled my rock-hard cock from her frothing cunt. She was still grinding and making fucking motions and begging me to keep going. I would have loved to oblige her, but the library closed at eleven o'clock, and we must have been balling for fifteen minutes already, so there was no time. But she insisted, so I started stroking my prick to let her know that I was willing to make a concession. She stood and led me into

an old exit that was connected to a fire escape. After she closed the door to the exit, it became almost totally dark. The next thing that I knew, she had me on my back and was straddling my head again. I went to my work with great fervor. With quick, fluid motions, I began to give her pussy a tongue job. I started by licking the silky cunt hair that sprouted around her beautiful cockpit; then I let my tongue run the length of her hole.

When I reached the bottom of that delicious slit, I worked my tongue back and forth. She really loved this, because then she squatted farther down on my face. All the while she was sucking my rod with her wet mouth. She was making slurping noises, and every once in a while her lips would smack. She was tonguing my dickhead as if it were a sucker. She licked and deep-throated me in such a way that it seemed that her mouth was grateful. I became so engrossed in her cocksucking expertise that I forgot that her steaming bush was suspended above my face. No sooner had this thought entered my mind than she had that sodden pussy down on my face again. Once again I stuck my nose into her gaping hole and flicked her cunt button with my tongue. Every time I inhaled in her cunt it would make a slurping noise, and she kept this up until her cunt was tight and narrow. Soon she was sucking and sliding like some kind of fucking machine. All of a sudden I felt my juices start to rise, and then I was shooting my load into her mouth, and she was drinking it all down, just as I was drinking her flow.

Slowly, we rose and began to fix our clothes. Then she noticed that she had left her come-stained panties on the floor outside, behind the bookcase. When we went to retrieve them, they were gone. She just laughed and said that whoever had them would enjoy them. I smiled and agreed, and then we left. As we were walking out of the lobby, I saw my Shakespeare professor, but he didn't notice me, so I made no effort to greet him. The next

day in class I passed the exam with flying colors. Incidentally, the test happened to cover two of Shakespeare's more famous plays, *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing*. Later, when my professor asked why I had done so well on the test, I simply told him that I had found application to be the best way to remember something. He just smiled as if he knew what I was talking about. That was when I noticed something red and black sticking out from the corner of his desk. We both laughed and walked away.—Name and address withheld

SEXY SCRUBWOMAN GETS COED HOT AND LATHERED
I am a student at a large university in New England. I would like to share with you and your readers a quite unusual experience I had. Several weeks ago I was relaxing in my dorm room, reading an issue of *Penthouse Letters*. At the time, I was wearing just my gym shorts, with my hair still a little wet from a shower. Once a week we have maids come in and clean the sinks, floors and showers. They range in age from about twenty-five to fifty.

When I stepped into the bathroom to blow-dry my hair, I found a very attractive lady scrubbing the tile floor. Within a second's glance, I saw one charming, firm, rounded ass. She seemed startled at first to see me pop in, but she resumed her work. We chatted and exchanged names—hers was Renee—while I plugged in my blow dryer. I noticed her uniform clung to her lovely buttocks quite tightly, which did a very good job of enhancing the body of a woman in her thirties. I could see her on her hands and knees, diligently scrubbing away at the tile, which caused her breasts to sway. Joking to myself, I thought I might like to get in some backdoor fun. Occasionally, I would see Renee take short, wanton glances at me that eventually became lengthy stares. I found myself getting incredibly aroused looking down at her and

thinking of my farfetched fantasy.

As she scrubbed the floor with the soapy liquid, some of it "accidentally" splattered on my calves and ankles. She immediately excused herself, but I calmly told her it was all right. Renee noticed a slight tingle in my eyes, along with a bigger, more expressive one in my gym shorts.

Without hesitation, she cupped her hands and dipped both in the slippery liquid. She slowly and skillfully massaged my calves and lower thighs as I let out a low moan. It sent a chill through my body

as she worked up and tenderly kissed and licked my waist. She rose from her knees and placed her fingers inside my shorts on my swelling cock. With slow, gentle movements, she gyrated her hand up and down my pole, which soon became lubricated with the foaming liquid. I took off her blouse, unfastened her bra and let it fall to the floor, exposing two of the most prominent dark nipples I've ever seen. Slowly I lowered my head and began to run my tongue in circles around her pendulous breasts in ever-decreasing arcs, coming closer to her dark nip-

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●“Eat me,” she whispered.
“You were always the best. It’s
wet for you already”●

ples. I soon began to unbutton her uniform bottom and caress her through her sheer panties. Both hands were busily fondling Renee’s full and rounded ass, and I could feel her erect nipples rubbing against my bare chest. I was feeling mighty randy as I fingered her from behind, sensing her foamy love broth beginning to boil. With one of my hands stabilizing myself against the sink and the other probing her honeypot, we both started to slowly rock back and forth. Now my fantasy would easily become a reality, I thought to myself.

We both fell to our knees, with hands working eagerly on each other’s juice factory, then we lay down on the sudsy tiles and slid to and fro. I felt a trembling in her inner thighs as she began to bite my shoulders passionately. Excitement raced through her body as she opened her thighs wide, then closed them, and then exposed her wet twat again. She continued to swing open her love gate and then suddenly close her pearly soft thighs, trapping my hand in her wetness. With my fingers tenderly probing at her box, I put my leg over her stomach and straddled her as I watched her erotic eyes stare back at me. It felt as if I were riding a wild bronc!

Renee took my throbbing cock in her hands and began masturbating me between her huge jugs. Pushing my manhood deep between those lush, lathered tits sent me spinning into another dimension. Her juices began to leak into my busy hand. With the hot broth clinging to my fingers, I grabbed both of her tits and excitedly pumped my iron deep within her cleavage. It felt like a volcanic eruption as my boiling semen shot on her lovely face, leaving her with my load dripping from her neck and mouth. Renee greedily licked off the warm droplets with her long pink tongue, which sent me to seventh heaven.

I slid off her, only to see Renee go down on my flaccid prick. She eagerly licked and sucked my organ with her luscious,

moist tongue, just like a child with a fresh stick of candy. Renee immediately began to groan as I fingered her honeypot, meanwhile deeply pumping her juicy mouth. We both came and felt the flow of our frothy juices.

Renee and I cleaned ourselves up soon after and agreed to meet a week later. Well, I’ve been passionately enjoying myself with the maid ever since, because she sure does one hell of a good job! And students have the nerve to say it’s no fun living in a dorm!—*Name and address withheld*

A OLD FLAME RETURNS FOR A TASTE OF HIS TORCH

It was one of those cold autumn nights when a quiet evening with a book and a beer was my idea of a good time. That was why, when the phone rang, I took my time answering it, not really feeling like talking to whoever was calling. That changed when I recognized the voice that asked, “Patrick? Do you know who this is?” She laughed, hearing the surprise and incredulity in my voice. She knew I wasn’t expecting to hear from her, the old flame who had gotten married and had a kid. Since she had moved away four years ago, we had lost all contact except occasional news through mutual friends. “You sound close by,” I said. “Where are you?” “I’m downstairs. Can I come up?” “Are you alone?” I asked. She laughed. “My husband isn’t with me, if that’s what you mean. Patrick, it’s cold out.” “Come on up,” I said.

When I buzzed her in, moments later, my heart was pounding. The passage of time can change a lot of things, but my desire for Janet didn’t seem diminished, and when I saw her it all came back to me. She looked fantastic. She didn’t look like a wife and a mother. She didn’t even look much older. Her hair was still long. Her body was still the same—thin, petite, with a tight, firm ass and small but perfectly formed breasts. When she took off her coat, gloves and hat and stood there

in tight corduroys and a cashmere sweater, a strange smile on her face as she gazed frankly at me with those clear gray-green eyes, I felt my cock harden and my blood race.

“In case you are wondering why I am here,” she said, walking slowly around the living room, investigating my apartment, “it’s simple. I want to have an affair.” I just looked at her. She came up to me and took my hand. “I heard through the grapevine that you’re between girlfriends,” she said. “Well, I am somewhere between marriage and divorce. Don’t ask me questions,” she added as I opened my mouth to speak. “I just want to make love to another man, someone I can trust, someone I love to make love to. It’s been a long time. Don’t you still want me?” In answer, I squeezed her hand and pulled her closer.

She lifted her face to mine. I kissed her. It was a gentle, tentative buss. She drew away and shook her head. “You can do better than that,” she said. “I know you too well—got another beer?” I got her a beer. She took a long swig and then walked down the little hall to my bedroom. I followed her in. She seemed to like the room and its sparse but comfortable furnishings. She sat down on the bed and pulled her sweater up over her head. Underneath she was wearing a white cotton blouse and she was braless, as always. I could see her sweet, beautiful little nipples, already erect beneath the material. “Come here,” she said. She held her hand out to me. I took it and sat down next to her. She turned toward me, and in an instant we were locked in an embrace. Her lips pressed mine with passionate intensity. I was startled by the violence in her. You would think she hadn’t made love in ages. Her breasts were pressed against my chest and I could feel her nipples, stiff and hard against me. Her hands were moving down my back to slip beneath the band of my pants. The taste of her was so oddly familiar I felt like we were back in college

together, making love in my dorm room between classes.

Her voice, a husky pant in my ear, brought me back to the present. "Let's get naked," she breathed. She pulled away from me and quickly began to unbutton her blouse. For a moment I just watched her, curious to see her body again. There were those beautiful tits of hers, round, firm, just big enough to be incredibly arousing, with their pretty pink nipples erect and quivering. As she rose to get out of her pants, I looked at the smooth, pale, soft skin, remembering the downy white hairs that ran from her navel to her bush . . . and there they were. I realized I was still clothed and tore my eyes from that delectable lady I remembered so well. I was out of my shirt and pants in a flash.

By the time I was naked, standing by the bed, Janet was lying on it, stretched out on top of the covers, nude, lovely—and horny as hell. I sat next to her and lovingly stroked her lithe, thin legs. My hand moved up her thigh to cup her pretty bush. Spreading her legs, she pushed her pelvis to meet my hand. "Eat me," she whispered. "You were always the best. Please suck my pussy, it's wet for you already." I was glad to oblige. Janet has the sweetest pussy I have ever tasted. It was beautiful to see as well. Now I lay between her legs and gently parted the wet folds of her pink cunt with eager fingers. I bent my head to that delicious opening and kissed the tender flesh. Janet moaned. I flicked out my tongue. First I ran it slowly up the throbbing cleft, then down, taking my time, my lips pressed against her wet, pungent pussy as my tongue probed deeper into her quivering hole. I ran one finger inside her as my tongue pressed upward, seeking her clit. The tender little nub of her clitoris was pulsing and erect. I flicked my tongue around it lightly, then blew some warm air across the hard button. Janet moaned louder and spread her legs wider. Now I nuzzled her clit with my lips, surrounding

it with my mouth and sucking on the tasty swollen knob.

I could feel Janet's cunt contract and quake with tremors of passion. Could she be coming already? The exclamations of pleasure she was making indicated she had reached a climax. I lapped her sweet juices fervently and sucked her bulging clit as she bucked her shapely hips and cried aloud. I slowed down and was about to move on, but Janet's hand grabbed the back of my head. "Please don't stop!" she gasped. Once more I ran my tongue up and down her now-sopping pussy lips.

Her cunt was frothy with love juice and saliva.

She kept her hands on my head and pressed my face deep into her lap. My nose was filled with the musky odor of her cunt. My tongue lapped in the tangy juice and my fingers probed ever deeper. I slipped one finger toward her clit, lubricating it with cunt juice. Then I rubbed the end of the finger over the tiny button. Janet was beginning to moan in an unbroken series. She was grinding her hips rhythmically, her entire body trembling. I ate out her pussy with increasing inten-

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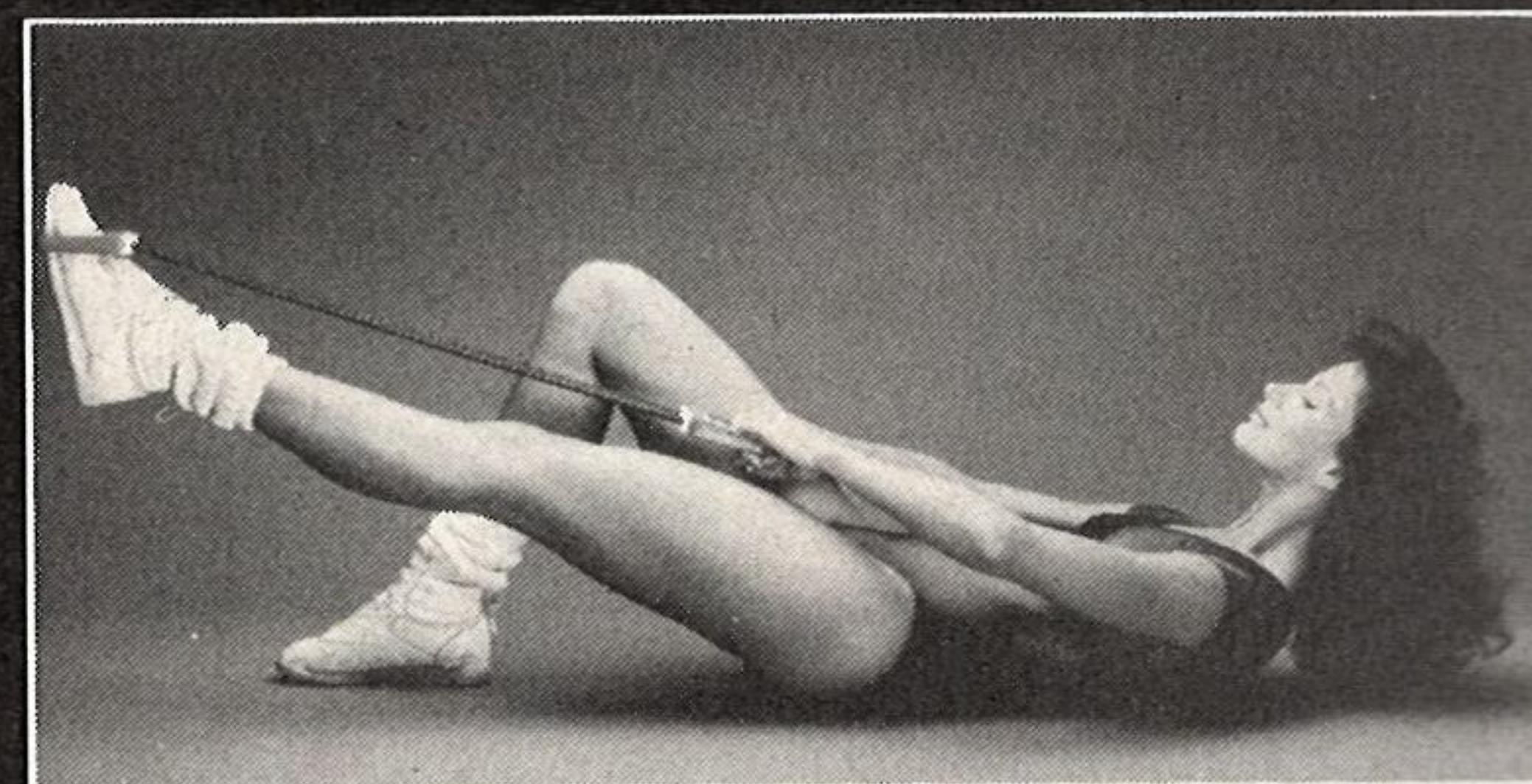
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●The thing that made
Janet a great lover was her own
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sity, my tongue and fingers darting in and out. At one point, I got her clit between my teeth and lips and kneaded it with the gentlest of bites, then sucked the button into my mouth. Janet nearly screamed with ecstasy. Once again, her cunt shivered and shook. I could tell she was coming again. I continued to tongue and finger her as her body quaked with the intensity of her orgasm.

Aroused beyond control, I finally rose and mounted her in one fluid movement. My rock-hard prick slid into her hot, soaked and shaking pussy like greased lightning. I thrust the entire length of it inside her, down to its base. Janet grabbed my ass cheeks as if trying to pull my whole body inside her. I was so turned on by her relentless passion that it wasn't long before I felt an orgasm building up in my groin. I pumped her faster and faster. A loud groan escaped my own lips as I felt a column of thick, hot come spurt up in my shaft and erupt, shooting a stream of creamy jism into her cunt hole. I thrust until all the jism was squeezed out of me, then lay atop her, breathing as hard as she was. At last our passion subsided, and the bed was still. "God that was good," Janet said.

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A little while later, as we finished our beers lying on the bed, she said, "This is exactly what I had in mind." Her head was cradled in my arms. I breathed in the familiar scent of her hair and perfume. She sighed and raised her eyes to look at me. "You still give great head," she told me. "I have to admit that was an ulterior motive for my coming here." I asked her, "Do you still see Todd, your husband?" "Yeah," she answered, swallowing the last of her beer and putting the bottle down beside the bed. "He's a decent lover, but it turns out he is incredibly straight. Limited, you know? He won't go down on me unless I beg him to, and even then he doesn't know what to do. I tried to show him, but he's just not into it."

"You mean for four years you haven't—"

"That's right. I have barely had my clit licked since Todd and I have been together. If I didn't love him so much, it would have gotten to me sooner. As it is now, with everything between us getting nuts, I am tired of being patient, understanding and faithful."

"Well, you've come to the right place," I told her, smiling. "What a waste of your sweet pussy juice. C'mere. Let's make up for lost time."

The thing that made Janet a great lover was her own prowess at giving head. As we positioned ourselves comfortably, facing each other's genitals, I luxuriated in the knowledge that my cock would momentarily get royal treatment. Her cunt, with its curly light-brown pubic hair, was a pleasure to look at. I played my fingers up and down the edge of its glistening folds, then ran my tongue around the furthest skin of her bush and gently nipped at the tender flesh of her inner thighs with my teeth. Janet was kissing and sucking my balls, cupping them in her hands. She ran her tongue around my hairy sac and then began to lick and nuzzle at the base of my cock with expert, loving lips. She slowly licked her way up my hard, pulsing shaft until, at last,

her deft tongue ran little circles around my cocktip.

Meanwhile I was softly lapping at the delicious cunt juice that was freely flowing between her legs. I teased her by not applying much pressure. Every time it seemed I was headed directly for her throbbing clit, I would veer off with my tongue and play with her labia. Janet was applying a similar technique to my quivering cock. Rather than gulp down the length of it in one swallow, she was slowly but surely taking it into her soft, hot, wet mouth one inch at a time, sucking lightly and using her tongue to caress the shaft in her mouth.

Now I began to suck her cunt in earnest. I probed deep into her dripping, pink folds with my tongue and then licked my way to her clit. I flicked my tongue tip around it, then returned to her slit and tongue-fucked it. We were both moving against each other in a slow, burning rhythm of lust, each making little noises of pleasure. Janet was sucking my cock with renewed fervor, and she at last took the entire length of it into her mouth. As she sucked me, she continued to massage my balls and stroke my ass. Plunging my tongue way up into her cunt, I got the little nub between my lips and sucked harder. Janet began to grind her pussy against my face, and her sucking increased in force and speed. The room was filled with sounds of fervent sucking, slurping and moaning. We both had our mouths full now and were working each other into a frenzy.

It was all I could do to hold back from shooting my load, but I wanted to give Janet another orgasm. Lord knows she could use as many as possible, I thought. To achieve this, I sucked her with all my force while still massaging the inside of her pussy hole with my fingers. Janet was sucking me as hard as she could. I could feel both of us were going up for another orgasm. Her cunt began to quiver and contract again. As she began to come, I let myself go. I could feel a hot

spurt of come shoot from my cock into her mouth. Janet greedily gobbled up the thick, sticky cream as I continued to suck on her pulsating clit. We both rocked spasmodically on the bed together, the force of our mutual orgasm overpowering us.

"Fuck me," she murmured, as my cock slid from her mouth, still hard. Her lips were smeared with my come. "Put your prick inside me now. I want it." We shifted positions. Janet spread wide her pretty legs. I grasped her buttocks in my hands and shoved my cock into her squishy, steamy pussy. She sighed happily and pulled me down on top of her. As I began to thrust my cock deep into her, she came again, squeezing my ass and grinding her hips against me, her eyes shut tight, her face contorted in ecstasy. By now I was aroused again, and I wanted to fuck her until I could come again. I began to pump my cock into her as hard as I could, working up to a fever pitch of intensity. Janet couldn't believe I was still at it. She began swaying from side to side as I humped her, moaning and groaning. "No—ah—no—don't—I can't—oh!" she gasped, and I began to come again as she had another orgasm in what seemed to be an unending series. My seething stream of jism shot into her sweet hole. She squeezed her thighs around me and bucked to meet my final thrusts as the last drops of semen squirted from my cock inside her.

Finally, we lay still against each other. I felt her heart begin to slow and mine as well. Tenderly, she kissed my sweating forehead and I gave her a playful nip on the neck. "Thanks," she whispered. "I needed that." We drifted off to sleep. Some hours later I awakened to find Janet fully dressed, sitting on the edge of my bed, gently stroking my legs under the covers. "What's up?" I asked her. She said, "I'm going to leave now."

"Can't you stay the night?"

"I would love to," she said. "But I do have to go home. I have a family to get

back to." I put a robe on and unlocked the door for her, yawning.

"Well, look," I said. "I hope things work out for you. I'm glad they didn't, though, if you know what I mean." She laughed softly.

"Maybe you'll get another call from me sometime."

"Fine with me."

"It was good to see you again," she said. "I love your mouth. You, I don't know about, but your tongue . . ."

I laughed. We kissed. She left.—P.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Serendipity is defined in Webster's Dictionary as "the faculty of finding valuable or agreeable things not sought for." In other words, a pleasant surprise. The letters above tell of such experiences. Maybe you, too, have unexpectedly had a sexual good time. Why don't you tell us about it? Perhaps the other participant(s) of the event will recognize it and even give you a call! Now wouldn't that be serendipitous? Give them an opportunity to see your letter by sending it to: Penthouse Letters, Dept. DM/BV, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.

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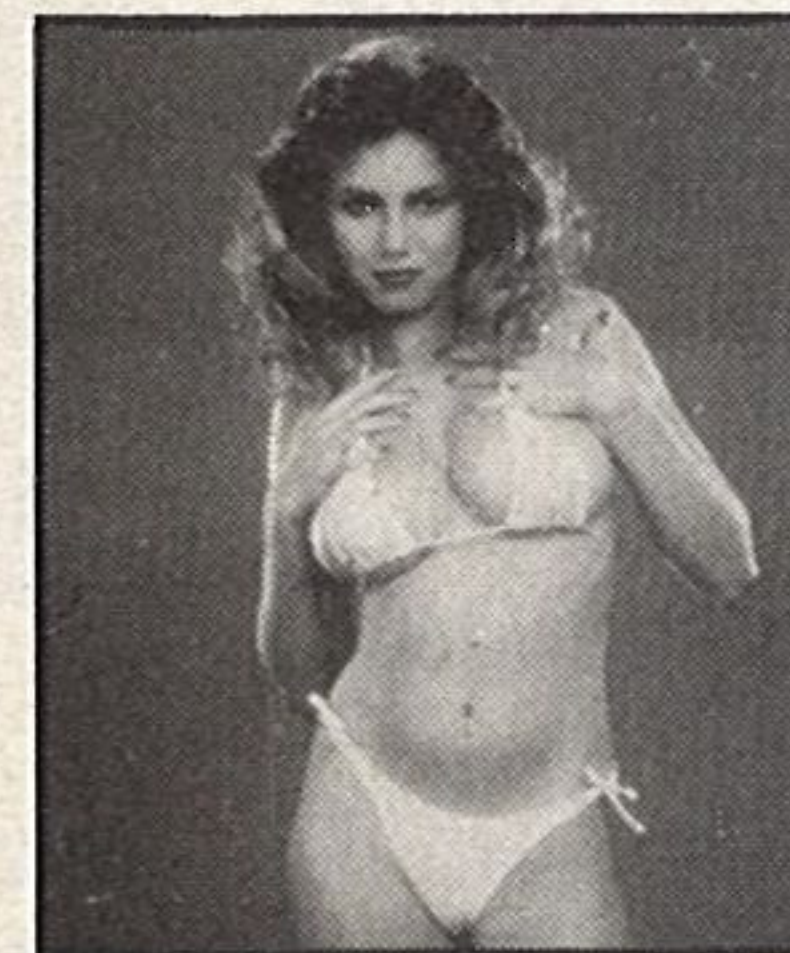
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SEX AND SILLINESS ON THE QUALITY LIT CIRCUIT

BY JACK SAWTELLE

It would be easy to assume that buyers of *Penthouse Letters* know who Norman Mailer is. After all, half of them have been to college and might recognize his name from their readings in American lit survey courses, which have long made note of his works. The other half also could be expected to know of him from other publications offered on the newsstands such as *People* and gossip newspapers that from time to time mention Mailer.

So it's easy to make the assumption that a mature, male, significantly college-educated audience interested in fornication (a favorite Mailer topic) would know of him. Yet I do no such thing.

Once burned, twice shy.

Fifteen years ago when Mailer was at one of the peaks of his popularity I bet a luncheon companion that if we went outside and stood on the corner of Walton Street and Michigan Avenue on Chicago's Near North "Miracle Mile" and asked ten people who Norman Mailer was, at least five would know. I lost. One knew of him as an author and could name a few of his books and two others remembered him as "some guy on the talk shows."

This random poll occurred at a time when Mailer had already written, among other books, *The Naked and the Dead* (1948), *The Deer Park* (1955), *Advertisements for Myself* (1959) and *The Armies of the Night* (1968, Pulitzer prize). He had also stabbed his second wife, almost killing her, and as a consequence had been incarcerated in Bellevue Hospital's psychotic ward where he was diagnosed as having an "acute paranoid breakdown with delusional thinking" and being both "homicidal and suicidal." The murderous assault took place in 1960. In 1969 he ran for mayor of the city of New York. He took himself very seriously even though he and his running mate, the newspaper columnist Jimmy ("God Bless") Breslin, finished fourth in a field of five.

He was very good copy both as a gossip item and as a literary "giant," and yet fewer than one third of a sample of mid-



The fiery couple: Norman Mailer and wife no. 2, Adele Morales. Mailer gained instant notoriety when he ended one of their battles by plunging a knife into her.

westerners polled in Chicago's "smartest" section recognized his name. Since then he has been a prolific writer. However, we mustn't fall into the trap he and his cronies have set in thinking of him as an action hero. No matter how outrageous, he's just a scribbler and is unlikely to attain the legendary status of a John F. Kennedy or a Joe DiMaggio.

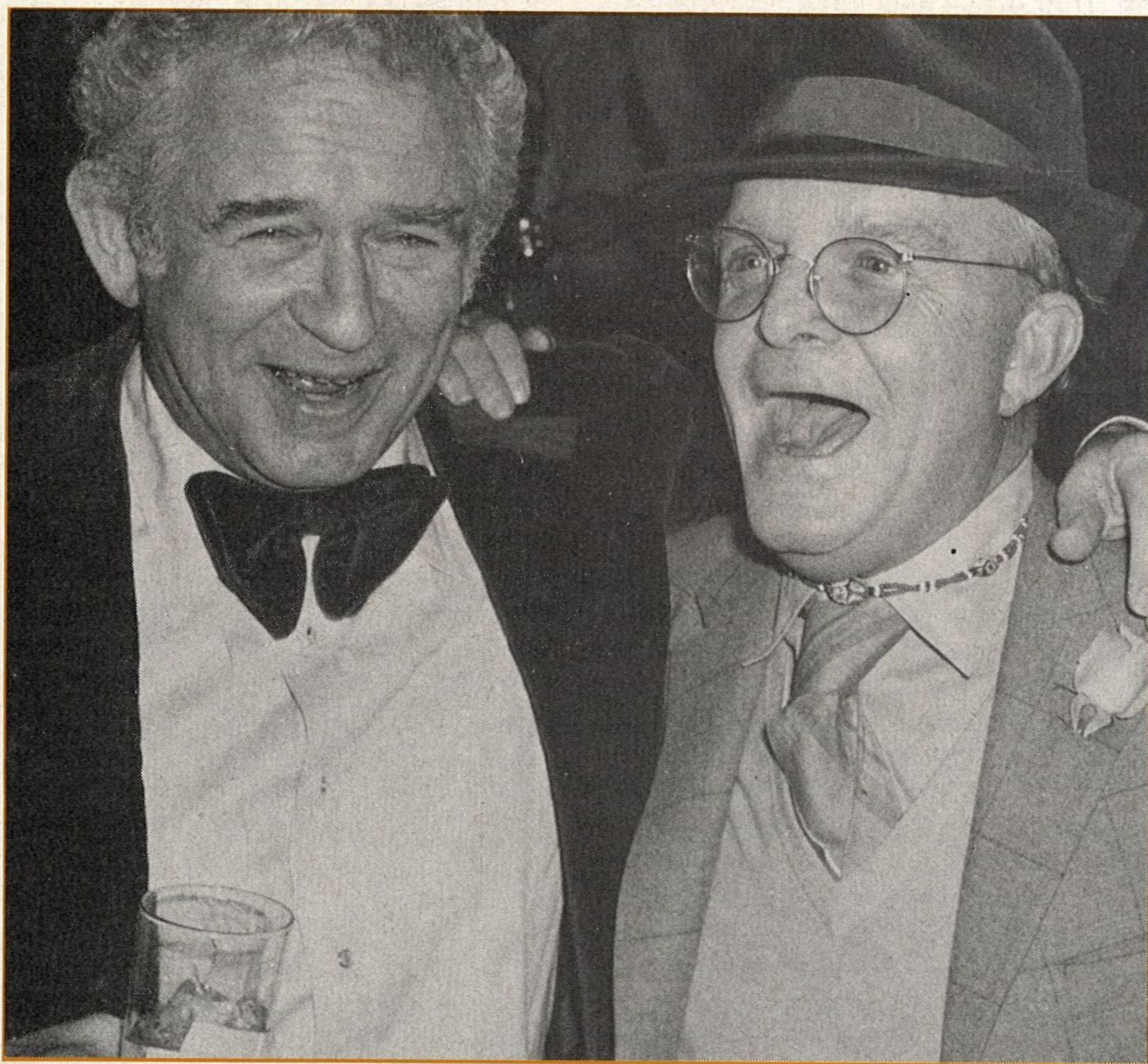
Along comes *Mailer: His Life and Times* by Peter Manso. First of all, a few routine questions can be disposed of.

Is Manso simply jerking Mailer off—is it a sycophantic exercise? No. Manso has

compiled in a clever, even creative way a massive document (seven hundred and twenty pages) that is deserving itself of a Pulitzer prize, employing as it does an oral history technique Studs Terkel would do very well to study carefully. (Then the next Terkel work might be compelling rather than dull, as is *Working*, to give just one example of how the form can often be tedious.)

Does this book about Mailer warrant the Pulitzer prize because it is great literature? No, but because it is a total immersion in the subculture of media manipulators—that highly articulate, often

An irreverent look at Norman Mailer and his friends, whose overrated work was overshadowed by their brawlin' and ballin'



Two media manipulators yakking it up. In their heyday, Mailer and the late Truman Capote covered all the talk shows, grandstanding and hawking their wares.

raucous self-important little group of sexist men (and their largely compliant if oddball women) who, like brash, smart-alecky children in a stage of arrested development drew attention to themselves and their product: innumerable novels, memoirs and various journalistic endeavors that, if not now forgotten, are in any case largely unread.

It's really quite amazing how this gossip, often bitchy and (if you know the characters) very engrossing work leads me to a sobering, significant conclusion: American quality literature—the stuff that gets reviewed in *The New York Times*

Book Review—has since World War II been largely a big shuck; not very compelling stories told either pretentiously or in an otherwise false voice. It is an iconoclastic position to take, but I don't think that outside the educational factories there will be much reading or rereading of the authors who populate the interviews gathered by Manso. That includes Mailer himself. The early novels, including even the superior *The Deer Park*, are just not the work of a storyteller in control of his craft; the middle "journalism" is chock-full of sickening egocentricity while *Marilyn* is an embarrassingly pretentious

hackwork. In my opinion anyone who got through *Ancient Evenings* has to be a masochist. Perhaps the one work written so far that will last is the simple, fun-filled, at times movingly descriptive murder mystery *Tough Guys Don't Dance*.

Then there is the matter of Jack Henry Abbott, a long-term convict killer who got in contact with Mailer. Abbott turned out to be a talented writer on whose behalf Mailer wrote to a parole board. Shortly after, Abbott was released and his book *In the Belly of the Beast*, a collection of prison letters, was published. Thereupon he stabbed to death an unarmed, peaceful Hispanic unemployed actor working as a waiter on New York's Lower East Side. It was a horrible tragedy. Mailer stood by Abbott—to Mailer's credit perhaps, but also certainly to his great distress. In any case, it is very unlikely that many people will be reading *In the Belly* . . . Probably the final judgment of the book comes from Detective William Majeski, as quoted by Manso:

"I think my police experience lends a lot of credence to my view of Jack—I've dealt with ten, fifteen murderers . . . tested two professional mob hit men. . . . I had read Abbott's book a half dozen times, and that's one of the things I confronted him with. He asked me if I'd read it, and I said, 'Yes, and although I think it's well written, I must tell you I think it's bullshit. . . . You're talking to a professional. I'm telling you that you're full of shit on most of what you wrote.' I was referring to his descriptions of his experiences—the cockroaches in his cell, the beatings he received—all of which I thought he vastly exaggerated."

This "bullshit," no matter how well written, was praised by Mailer, excerpted in Jason Epstein's *New York Review of Books* and then published by Random House, of which Epstein is editor in chief. Only later did the New York literati learn that Abbott was a bit crazy, believing as he did in demonology, and that he was anti-Semitic and anti-black.

(The judgment "well written," by the way, stems from the love of Hemingway, who bedazzled critics of the time with his sterile—affected and anal—writing style.)

In spite of their literary deficiencies, Hemingway's children—Mailer and his circle, both friends and enemies—were on a long-term roll. They were media manipulators all—Mailer being the shrewdest, with the possible exceptions of William F. Buckley, Jr., and Gore Vidal. And it was Mailer who took the biggest bite out of life, especially sexually.

America's mid-twentieth-century literary hero specializing in the free-fuck life began his illustrious heterosexual career when he got laid first at age eighteen. The woman? A whore. Mailer wrote, the Manso book notes, "a vivid, hilarious description of going to a prostitute. She was an old bag, but he figured he might as well get it over with. It was a hilarious letter, filled with genuine good humor, and he described how he had to wash off with Lysol afterwards."

At the time Mailer had already finished his first year at Harvard. It was a period when masturbation for a "nice Jewish boy" of the middle class was still described as "self-abuse" and when only bad girls fucked. This was 1939-40—eight years before Alfred Kinsey's great work, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, was published and began a very real sexual revolution.

Once laid, Mailer took to fucking like a rabbit—that is, after he met Beatrice Silverman, whom he later married in 1944. She has been described as: "luscious, zaftig, desirable, of such enormous sexual excitement. . . . Bea was arousing—not beautiful but wonderfully earthy . . . her sexiness was camp . . . she talked about masturbating . . . people didn't talk that way then. . . ." In 1952 Mailer took up with Adele Morales and a friend of the spurned Bea reported that Bea said of herself that she'd "slept with fifty men before Norman and that Norman had no previous experience and that that had always been a bit of a problem."

The same thing happened with Adele. A physician friend said that she started talking about his "masculinity, making fun of him, and that's the one thing Norman can never take, someone denigrating his sexual vigor."

One is reminded of Zelda belittling Scott Fitzgerald because of what she considered his small cock or of Mary Hemingway revealing that Ernest, by the time she married him, was beyond sex. Would-be big-lover novelists in twentieth-century America would seem to have had more than their share of ball-breaking wives.

Concerning the sexuality of Mailer's wives and other women, the Manso book contains some rather ripe passages. For example here is an incident reported by the novelist Chandler Brossard:

"Late that night there's an enormous party, the whole literary scene. Styron was over in the corner lecturing to a bunch of dummies, Norman is interested in getting drunk and having some action, and Adele meanwhile is aching for some awful scene . . . soon she comes over and says, 'I like juicy fuckable men. You're dry and unfuckable.'"

"'Adele,' I said, 'if I were juicy and fuckable, the last person I'd want to fuck is you. You bore the shit out of me.'"

Norman Podhoretz, longtime editor of *Commentary* and a former leftist who is now a loud voice on the New Right, comes off in Manso's book as a big square. Here he is sounding off on Adele: "I've always found Mailer's taste in women incomprehensible. Not just Adele, all of them. He always romanticized these women, falsified what they were to an incredible degree. That Adele was Indian or Spanish, for example. She was neither. She was just an average American girl. But she was what Brooklyn boys used to call a 'boss chick.' She was very beautiful and mean, and it's easy enough to understand why a Jewish boy from Brooklyn who probably wasn't all that sure of himself with girls would want to tame a creature like Adele. It's so obvious it's boring."

That's Podhoretz: a bitchy busybody drawing sweeping conclusions from confused observations. An average American girl a boss chick? Obvious that a Jewish boy would want to tame such a creature even after he had been fucking for eight years a wife broken in and tuned up by fifty previous men?

Adele during her Mailer years was evidently a most desirable piece of ass even though she bugged a lot of people. For example, she shaved her legs but not under her arms. When Mailer was asked why, he replied, "'Cause it gets me hot."

(It makes me hot, too, and so it's always amazed me that more American women don't leave their underarms unshaved.)

In the Manso book there are intimations that Adele had a lesbian bent.

John Aldridge, onetime critic for the *New York Herald Tribune Book Week*: ". . . Rose Styron [wife of novelist William Styron] and Adele never got along. . . . I don't know, perhaps it was something about Adele being a lesbian. I'm not sure where I got that from, perhaps remarks that Norman made in some sort of half-joking way that she liked boys and girls. . . ."

Diana Trilling—author most recently of *Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor*—would appear from her statements to have had a long-term crush on Mailer. For example: "I've often wondered what Norman is like in bed. One thing is for sure, he doesn't take any chances of rejection, he's a very wary seducer. He puts out the smallest possible feeler, and if that isn't met at once with some sort of reassurance, he re-

treats—he wants the woman to take chances."

Evidently Norman never did get around to slipping his hand between Diana's thighs or vice versa. So much for seduction on the sophisticated New York quality-lit circuit. Not that Norman Mailer didn't bang everything he could get into the panties of, but not evidently among the Academy of Arts and Sciences set.

We're not finished with Ms. Trilling however. ". . . I recall a curious homosexual scene with Adele . . . Adele had been drinking, I had been drinking, everyone was drinking. She had been making some kind of movement toward me that I was perfectly well aware of, but I was trying not to pay much attention. Finally, she got closer to what she was after." Ms. Trilling turned her down so unpleasantly that Adele burst into tears. The brusqueness stemmed, according to Ms. Trilling, perhaps "from my own unconscious, perhaps from some need for self-protection." Once again insensitivity and inhibition on the quality-lit circuit.

So maybe the lady was AC/DC. The night Norman Mailer plunged the knife into her she reportedly had been in the bathroom earlier "with this girl. They were very cozy. . . . That's possibly what might have triggered Norman."

That is what might have done it, but the consensus seems to be that Mailer for quite some time had gone round the bend. He had been, said Adele, developing "those mannerisms, the accents, which he had never used before with me. He became a different person. Something was very, very, very wrong."

Reading Adele's statements, I couldn't help but like her—wacko sometimes or not. As she'd say, being married to Mailer was like being married to a steamroller. But she had her fun: "I remember we went to a cocktail party at Dwight Macdonald's. We got out of the car and there was everyone standing around nude. All these intellectuals, the whole bunch. It was just so cute. Norman and I looked at each other and shrugged and took off our clothes. No, I think Norman left his shorts on. And I think that was why this woman came over to him, and she had the most incredible bush—tiger-striped or purple or something. Norman didn't know where to look. He was sitting down and she was standing right there in front of him."

Norman Mailer has had six wives, which makes me think of those "lovers" who are forever getting engaged just as soon as they meet a girl. You know, the sort who immediately say, "I love you, honey. Let's get married." Of course, they don't get married, but they sure get laid. Mailer did get married, though. Why?

According to writer and critic Alfred Kazin, Jules Feiffer, the cartoonist and playwright, answered the question "How come these Jews get married so often?"

Kazin told Manso that Jules replied, "Because they can afford it." According to Kazin, Feiffer was "exactly right. Saul Bellow with his greater conservativeness would never have been able to marry four times if he hadn't had the money."

Walter Minton, Mailer's publisher at Putnam's, also said that "what happened had an awful lot to do with money." As for the women, Minton thinks that Mailer "marries them because he has to. . . . My father used to define a gentleman as someone who may make a few mistakes but doesn't marry them."

In Mailer's case, knocking up women isn't any mistake; the knocking up has to do with his philosophy that fucking with contraception is the equivalent of jerking off. Midge Decter, Norman Podhoretz's wife and herself an editor, writer and New Right politician, believes that Mailer is the "enemy of sterility" and that he would knock up "every woman he gets mixed up with."

For forty years Mailer and his set—friends and foes alike—have pretty much dominated talk about modern American literature, and, in 1968, with Mailer's film *Maidstone* they stirred up a maelstrom of publicity and scandal.

The film was paid for by Mailer to the tune of some two hundred thousand dollars. One shooting took place in Southampton, Long Island, partially at the home

of Barney Rosset, publisher and founder of Grove Press.

Here, from Manso's book, are some of the comments about the making of the film, which had to do with a character named Norman T. Kingsley, a presidential candidate marked for assassination:

- *Everone was so clearly taking advantage of Norman's generosity—eating, drinking as though there was no tomorrow.*

- *There was lots of booze but the strategy wasn't to get everyone drunk and let them go apeshit. Norman's thesis was that you can build a movie like a novel—incidentally, letting characters fulfill themselves . . .*

- *There was something really sleazy, slimy about it, and a lot of it went on in Barney Rosset's boathouse. There was a very handsome actor, actually a scene of him screwing somebody. I heard that Barney Rosset's mother-in-law came out and saw Herve, the midget actor, floating on his stomach in the pool, freaked out, about to drown.*

- *People by the dozens, running around, chasing each other, fighting, fucking, acting insane.*

- *I got schizzed out, got myself in a state where I drank a bottle of vodka and screamed filthy words at the top of my lungs until I passed out and woke up in a state of existential horror.*

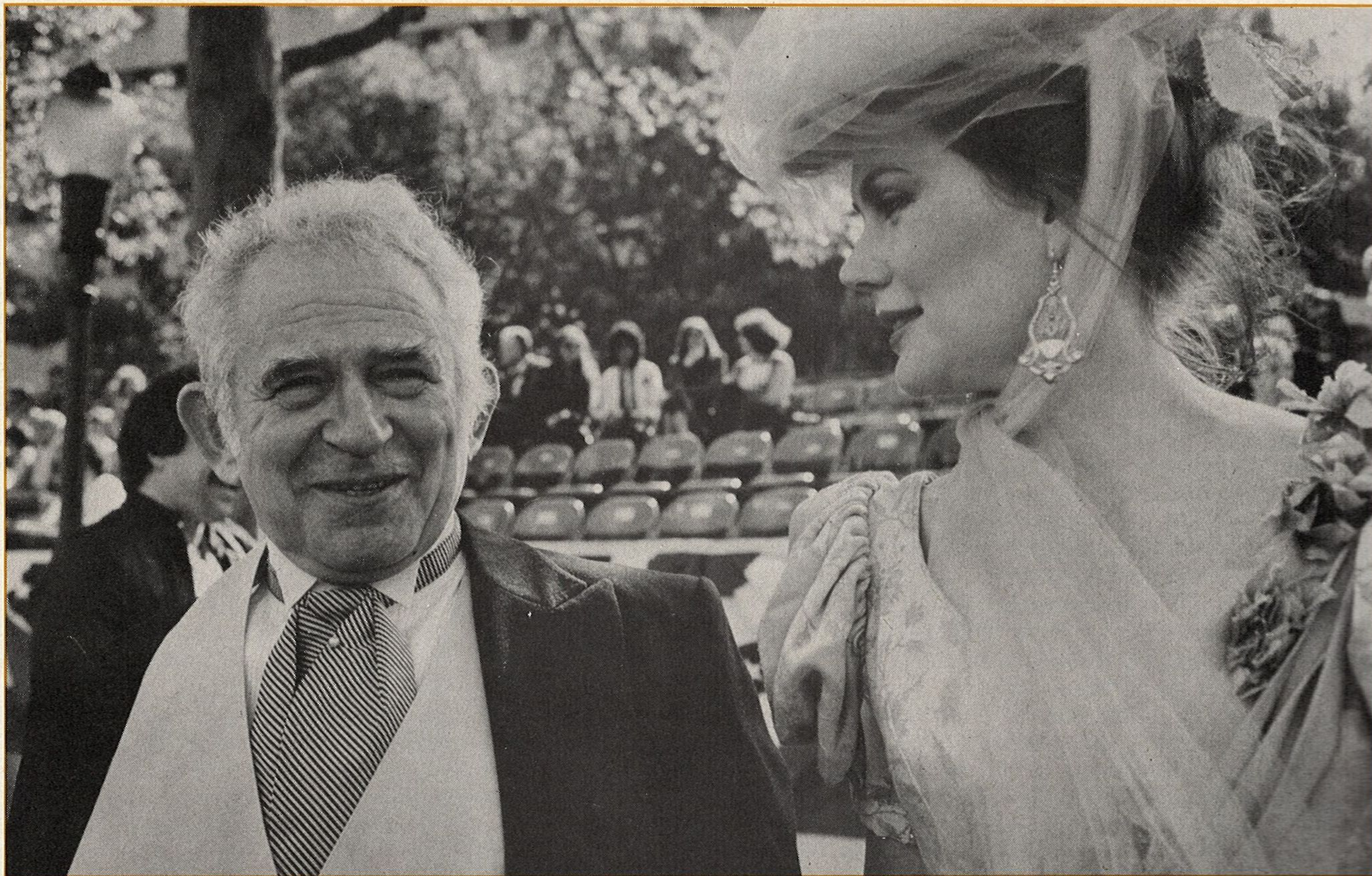
- . . . I see Rip [Torn, the actor] trying

to hit Norman on the head with a hammer. At first I didn't believe he was really hitting him. I thought he was faking it, which was probably what he meant to do. But he really did hit him. I could tell by Norman's reaction, he was going apeshit. And Torn's got this crazy, maniacal look in his eye. They're tussling, screaming . . . Torn's bleeding, because Norman's almost bitten his ear off.

Naughty but dangerous, overaged kids they were, some over the edge into madness.

To end this piece but certainly not to sum up Norman Mailer's life, which might very well be far from over, it seems appropriate to quote one of the women who might, like a gentleman's valet, know him best—one of his secretaries, Anne Barry. Attending one of the innumerable parties that seemed to consume Norman and his set, she watched a fight between Mailer and "some black guy who turned out to be something like a welterweight or Golden Gloves champion." Ms. Barry observes: "Here was this middle-aged man running to fat, drunk, up against this young guy, and it was crazy. At moments like that I found myself thinking, this man, these people, this life—it's insane and dangerous to self and others."

Jack Sawtelle regularly contributes his iconoclastic observations and his prejudices to this magazine.



Now that he's mellowed, Mailer's got himself a different sort of woman: the classically cool and elegant Norris Church.

Two women write about their erotic exploits—one with a string of macho men; the other with a mysterious gentleman

BETWEEN THE COVERS

BY JOANNA TRAIL

Sleeping with Soldiers, the title of Rosemary Daniell's book, a detailed account of her gluttonous pursuit of something she calls the Macho Man, is misleading. In the venerable tradition of the sexual memoir/confession, she fucks pretty much nonstop all sorts of men—more of them, it seems, than Casanova had women. It took him multiple volumes to confess all. All Daniell's multiple orgasms are crammed into two hundred and fifty-nine sex-drenched pages that leave one glutted on her erotic adventurism among the machos, a superior subspecies of human male, according to Daniell, who live dangerously. They're the hard hats, riggers, deep-sea divers, et cetera, who have bulging hard biceps she does her damndest to equate with bulging hard cocks.

A rebellious sex-starved Georgia belle, Rosemary Daniell decided to take up "sport-fucking" after her third divorce and several highly unsatisfactory affairs with suitable nice boys—architects, vegetarian creative-writing teachers, computer programmers—even a "satanically handsome surgeon," who, despite her black-lace garter belts and her unstinting assistance in picking up topless and bottomless dancers for ménages à trois, still couldn't get it up.

Vowing never to trust a man "with nary a girlie magazine on hand," despite having breakfasted at the Carlyle on caviar, wearing designer silks and Maud Frizon high heels, Rosemary admits to herself a long suppressed yen for the hunks at the local pool hall and lunchroom. She's long had the hots for the sort of fellow who will belly up to the bar for barbecue, black-eyed peas and Pabst, the kind of guy who "got into fist fights, shot pool and sometimes people." But where to find a really dense concentration of good 'ol boy Johnny Six-Packs? On an oil rig, of course.

Rosemary gets an A+ for guts, energy and a sometimes hilarious self-deprecating sense of humor as she gets herself hired, lickety-split, aboard the rig Ve-



She loves skinny-dipping with her Macho Man. When she gets cold, he warms her up better than anyone else can.

nus as maid to seventy-five "cloned Marlboro men." Arriving by helicopter in pink oversized sunglasses, a flimsy peach blouse and very snug jeans, she's stared at hungrily, feeling happily like Brigitte Bardot in *And God Created Woman*.

Every day during her first two-week shift, surrounded by biceps etched with vultures, sharks and hearts, Rosemary scrubs and cleans and collects crusty towels from the guys, who, she discovers, are mostly ass men and *all* aficionados of the centerfold. "She looks jes' lak a peach with the pit took out, don't she?" asked Otis the Welder. "But thet one . . . she looks jes' lak a muddy road a mule done pulled a plow through, don't she?" Nicknamed the Marquis de Quim, the six-foot-four Otis had learned one thing growing up barefoot on a Mississippi farm: "Yuh always lick it first!"

Living among these sprawling, drawling, brawling men, Rosemary felt for the first time "the power of sheer lust." Sweat, she discovered, was an aphrodisiac and

"eating black-eyed peas beside a man in filthy Levis, arms smeared with grease," turned her on as much as "a man in an Yves St. Laurent suit ever had." Soon finding herself getting laid in precariously swaying life boats, in the forward hold and in bottom bunks with someone on top, Rosemary ups and falls in love with a curly-haired blond hunk with muscles like logs. It's Bobby, Macho Man of her dreams, she thinks for a while.

"'N' ah jes love suckin' pussy, girl," he tells her, lapping for a minute like an over-enthusiastic German shepherd before five minutes of fucking that felt to Rosemary like she was "alternately being pounded by skin-covered rocks or smushed by a ten-ton tractor." Less than satisfied and tired of cleaning—"I was turning into a shrew with seventy-five husbands"—Rosemary quits, sure nonetheless that she had received "more positive enforcement" of her femininity in one day than the average woman in New York gets in a year. Hm.

Well, after the rig, finding the muscles of "civilized men friends" feeling like Silly Putty beneath their Cardin jackets, the dauntless Daniell moves on in her quest for bigger, better, harder cock to a convention of *Soldier of Fortune* magazine, in Charlotte, North Carolina. The T-shirts in the lobby of the Holiday Inn proclaimed "Happiness Is a Confirmed Killer" and "I'd Rather Be Killing Comies" as she arrived with her pink Diane Von Furstenberg luggage to garner some fascinating facts from a *Soldier of Fortune* wife. "Lebanon's the place to live now," she's told. "The rents are cheap, the seashore's nearby . . . These guys," her informant goes on about the SOFs milling about (some of the best-looking men Rosemary has ever seen—off-screen), "do have a genuinely higher sex drive . . . One thing they do . . . is men-

She'd always had the hots for tough guys, so she couldn't very well say no to this hunk with muscles like logs.



tally assign you a military rank . . . I'm a master sergeant . . . or maybe even a captain by now. . . ."

Predictably, Rosemary wants a soldier of her own and eventually gets one, not an SOF exactly, but a paratrooper fortuitously named Zane as in Zane Grey, macho American author, or author of macho American fiction. In the interim she has slept with so many men, a whole lot of them explicitly described, that on the rare occasion she lies down alone in her pink-and-white Victorian bedroom to masturbate, she can no longer focus on any particular one. "Their various faces and bodies dissolved in my brain like soap bubbles . . . the Godiva chocolates of memory, melting at the edge of sleep."

Cruising the Savannah waterfront bars, the lady writes, was like falling in love over and over. Each new contact brought an adrenaline rush, an excitement that was hard to give up, but sleeping with so many men eventually became tiresome, "like trudging through fields of chocolate-covered cherries." Grown sick of sweets, she yearned, at the supermarket, to buy a lobster for two and cook it with someone to whom, even *after* sex, she might want to talk. What she needed, Rosemary decided, was a one-to-one relationship with a man as wild as she, a man clutching a beer in a fist that led to a tattooed bicep, the kind of man, she'd learned from her extensive researches, that really turned her on. Maybe, just maybe, that man was Zane.

In her unstinting pursuit of the Macho Man and the great fuck, the author's limitations of insight and sophistication prevent her from articulating an all-purpose definition of macho, a male condition Lady Chatterley had no trouble recognizing long ago. For her ladyship, macho was a matter of class. Mellors, the gamekeeper-lover, was a man unencumbered by too much book learning and polish, and in close touch with nature, which included his own cock. Things aren't nearly so clear-cut and simple for Rosemary Daniell, who finds "macho-ness" amazingly widespread. Oil riggers, shrimpers, factory workers and cowboys have it; professional jocks, policemen, firemen and bartenders do too; and so do drug smugglers, street hustlers and hit men. Macho-ness is found on the surfing beaches of California, on the streets of the Bronx, on the ski slopes of Colorado and in army towns, truck stops, taverns and VFW halls from coast to coast. Believe it or not, a Macho Man can be a rebellious middle-class kid, a doctor, a lawyer, even a fag. For Daniell it seems to have less to do ultimately with muscle and prick size than with style and state of mind. A Macho Man, no matter what he does for a living, is his *own* man, the opposite of a pussy, a wimp, a simp or a mama's boy, and he can *always* get it up. To Rosemary, who seems to love almost

all men as sex objects if nothing else, "Clint Eastwood and the Cowboy in the White House" are *real* macho, Burt Reynolds and Willie Nelson not particularly. Daniell's very own archetypical Macho Man was a deep-sea diver and dope smuggler with a Mercedes and designer jeans, Jack the Pirate, who pulled off her red panties in a bar shortly after they met, then took her home to "pound her flesh from every angle" while muttering pirate fantasies in her ear. "I just don't want anything between us, baby," he whispered urgently, jerking her diaphragm out and flinging it across the room. "It was the most macho thing a man had ever done to me," Rosemary sighs.

After their first night together, Jack the Pirate appeared intermittently, often

“
After their first
time, Jack appeared now and
then, without warn-
ing, to unceremoniously
fling her legs over
her shoulders and plunge
in, regardless of
who else she'd be enter-
taining at the time
”

without warning, sometimes with a black eye or a broken nose, to unceremoniously fling Rosemary's legs over her shoulders and plunge in, regardless of who else she might have been entertaining at the time, and she just loved every inch of him.

Daniell makes an unconvincing attempt to justify her exuberant promiscuity by offering up a little flutter of feminist rhetoric and simplistic psychology. She's got the hots for tough guys because she identifies with them. She's really a "macha" lady forced into masquerading as a Southern belle just as her alcoholic daddy was really a macho man disguised as a middle-class failure.

Rosemary Daniell needn't have bothered with that stuff. Her book is a wild, bawdy, raunchy gush of nonstop fucking, a description of one liberated rebel lady's hedonistic immersion in sex, guaranteed to leave you laughing, if a little overfull and logy.

Not so *The Lover* by Marguerite Duras. This slim, spare novel is an erotically charged autobiographical memoir of

great power. Set in Indochina before the wars, it's the story of an affair between a young, totally inexperienced French girl and a wealthy, mysterious young Chinese. In her elegant telling of the erotic tale, Duras, in slightly more than a hundred pages, deftly draws a picture of two families—French and Chinese—and three cultures—Colonial French and Chinese and Vietnamese, which are (as we know, but her characters do not) doomed. The place names—Cholon, Saigon, the Mekong—that recur in *The Lover* are the same ones that for years could be associated only with war and destruction, and this lends an odd, startling dimension and intensity to this story of longing, pure erotic desire, fulfilled passion and irretrievable loss.

"The elegant man has got out of the limousine and is smoking an English cigarette. He looks at the girl in the man's fedora and gold shoes. He slowly comes over to her . . . He says the hat suits her, suits her extremely well . . . a man's hat, and why not? She's so pretty she can do anything she likes . . . She gets into the black car . . . Never again [she thinks] shall I travel in a native bus. From now on I'll have a limousine to take me to the high school and back . . . I shall dine in the most elegant places in town. And I'll always have regrets for everything I do." With the first stirring of sexual desire, there is a poignant, bittersweet awareness of a loss of innocence.

Almost immediately, as if it were fated, the girl finds herself in the man's apartment, feeling, passively, she's where she has to be, that she has no choice.

"She tells him she doesn't want him to talk, what she wants is for him to do as he usually does with the women he brings to his flat. She begs him to do that . . ." He then quickly undresses her and carries her naked, to the bed. He knew, the man tells the girl later, that she'd love love and she thinks, "He's used to it, this is his occupation in life, love, nothing else. His hands are expert, marvelous, perfect . . . He calls me a whore, a slut, he says I'm his only love . . ."

Every day after that first day, for the next year and a half, until she leaves Indochina for France, the black limousine will arrive at the high school to carry the girl, wearing the same man's hat and lamé shoes, to the Chinese millionaire, a mysterious, mythic perfect and romantic lover who never disappoints her.

In *The Lover*, the story of that consuming affair and its lifelong, poignant residue, Marguerite Duras has created an exquisitely emotional erotic jewel.

Books cited in this article: *Sleeping with Soldiers* by Rosemary Daniell (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1985); *The Lover* by Marguerite Duras, translated from the French by Barbara Bray (Pantheon Books, 1985).

MEN!

HI! MY NAME IS AVA MONET. WILL YOU PLEASE
TELL ME WHAT YOU LIKE TO DO WHEN YOU HAVE SEX?



WHAT WAS YOUR MOST UNFORGETTABLE EXPERIENCE?

Send me a letter (five hundred to seven hundred words) describing your most memorable time and if we publish it, we'll send you two hundred dollars. So be sure to include your name and address (we will withhold the information, by request). Send it to: Unforgettable, c/o Ava, Penthouse Letters, 1965 Broadway, New York, New York 10023-5965.

An erogenous excerpt
from a time-honored erotic
novel, in which a
Spanish lad is taken in hand by
a lusty aristocrat

VENUS IN LACE

BY MARCUS VAN HELLER

The most famous publisher of erotica in the mid-twentieth century was indisputably the Olympia Press, founded in Paris in 1953 by Maurice Girodias. Its forerunner had been the Obelisk Press, established in the thirties by Girodias's father Jack Kahane. Between them the two houses published some of the greatest and most entertaining writers of our time, including James Joyce, Henry Miller, D. H. Lawrence and Vladimir Nabokov. In doing so they took the chastity belt off the muse of modern literature. Both the First Amendment and erotica have never been the same since.

A somewhat lesser known but far more prolific writer for the Olympia Press in those years was a young British journalist who hid his identity under the pseudonym of Marcus van Heller. It is a mark of his achievement that van Heller eventually earned the distinction of being Olympia's all-time best-selling author, with twelve titles in print and nearly one million copies sold.

Van Heller went to live in Paris in 1954 to enjoy the bohemian life. In a memoir, Girodias recalls that van Heller discovered at this point that "the Orwellian technique of dishwashing for one's supper was outmoded and began to produce books for the Olympia Press."

Success soon followed and *Roman Orgy* and *Venus in Lace* were among van Heller's most popular creations. The latter opens with the seduction of a youth by an aristocratic woman on the sensuous coast of Spain—an event that sets in motion a series of stunning events unparalleled in fine erotic literature. The seduction scene appears below.

Lean cheeks hot, heart pounding, Avelino the singer heaved himself quietly up the last two centimeters of rock to look down on the naked unsuspecting woman below.

The noise of a dislodged stone as he settled himself in a niche was drowned by the washing of the surf close to the

woman's prostrate body. He gazed at her with the frightened, formless anguish of his twenty-one sexless years and it was as if cold seawater had suddenly swamped his loins.

Avelino had come upon the woman quite by accident three days ago. He had been trying to catch a lizard on the craggy, solitary isthmus when, reaching the summit, he had looked down the sharper face and seen the slim, brown body stretched out on a ledge near the water's edge. Since then he had crept every day to the same spot during the sweating heat of afternoon when others were working or taking a siesta. Each day he had watched the woman for the few hours she lay in the sun, body brown and gleaming from her sun lotion. Each day he had masturbated desperately until his passion was spent—and even then he was unable to draw his fascinated eyes away until she made movements to leave. Then he would slither away like a rock snake and dash for the grove of olive trees which cut off the jagged isthmus from the dusty coast road.

At other times during the day he had seen the woman in the little town which had not long outgrown its village state. He had seen her, too, at the open air dance in the evening at which he sang with the nine-piece band which all the tourists liked so much because, they said, it was typically Spanish.

At first he had thought she was Swedish. The Swedish women had a reputation from some of the older members of the community for bathing in the nude. But later he had found she was English. She was always alone and she was beautiful. She sat alone, danced a lot, but always refused invitations to join another table. She appeared to be a rich woman who wanted soft music and to be left alone.

She always came to this spot alone—with a book, a bottle or two of wine, wearing a scanty bathing costume under a bright, striped beach jacket. She would

swim expertly in the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean, climb gently back onto her ledge, careful to avoid the prickling sea urchins which clung to its underwater surface, and then strip off her two-piece before soaking herself in lotion to imbibe the sun.

Although she was much older than him, her body was the sort which would never grow fat, Avelino told himself. The bones were small, well formed, the skin tightly stretched on them.

She was lying on her front now, reading. Her buttocks jutted from her brown slimness below him like twin balloons, small but well inflated. They were just slightly paler than the rest of her back view.

Today while he watched she stiffened, cramped a little with her position and her bottom tensed, hollowing provocatively as if she were pressing herself against a lover. And then she rolled onto her back.

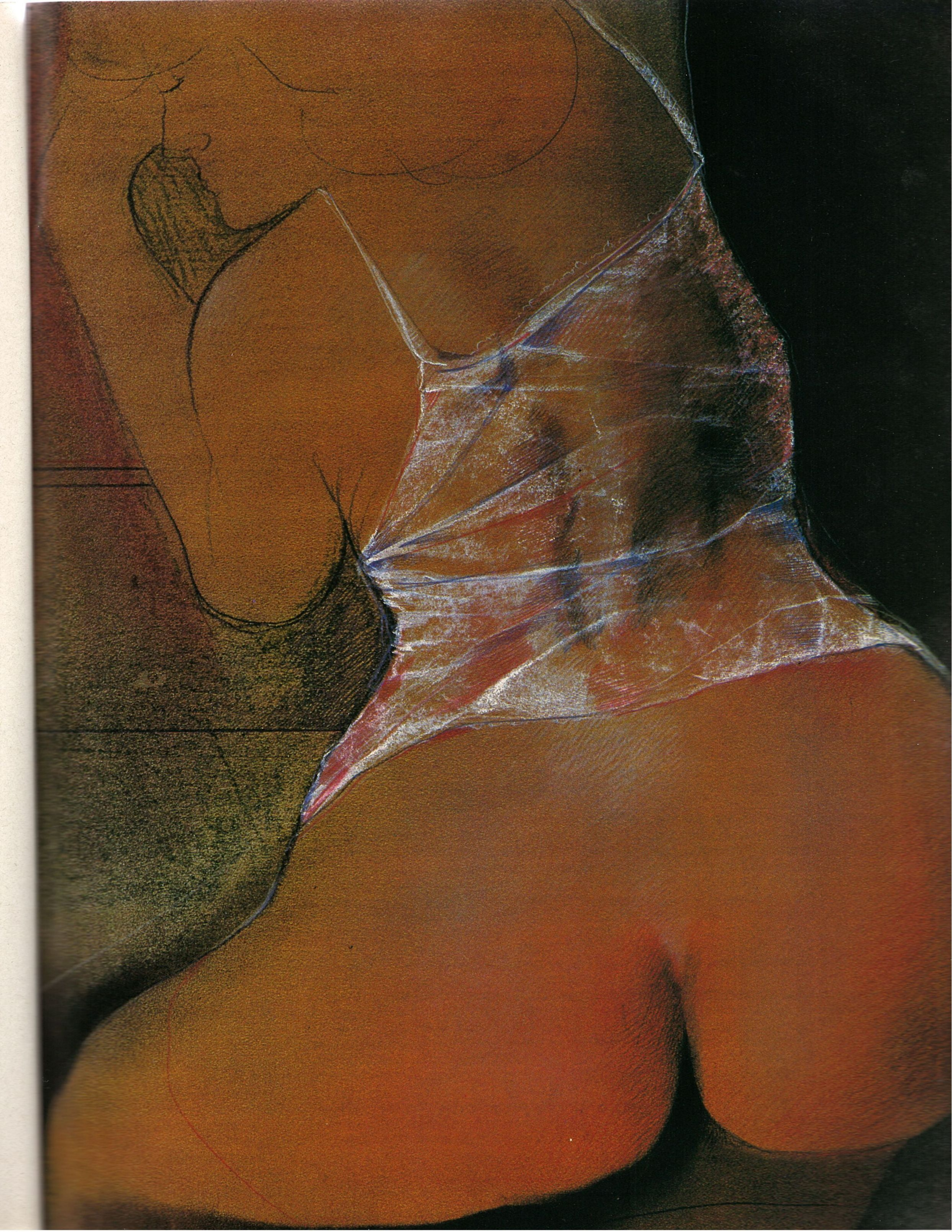
Avelino withdrew his head until he judged she had made herself comfortable in her new position and then peered over the ridge again.

Now he could see her breasts, bulbous and glistening in the fierce yellow light of afternoon. The slimness of her body below her breasts, the supple broadening into the hips with their central muff of blond hair, the long smooth thighs—all were revealed to him.

His eyes roved hotly, half-fearfully over the first unclothed woman he had ever seen, but it was already becoming not enough to watch. He did not know what more he could do. He felt icy fingers run through his belly at the thought of discovery—but it was no longer enough just to watch. He longed desperately for the unbelievable happening of contact.

Sometimes his mind floated off on a fierce fantasy in which he imagined himself in this lonely spot suddenly falling on

The slimness of her body below her breasts, the supple broadening into the hips—all were revealed to him.



the woman, pressing her nude rotundities under his weight and raping her with abandon. The horror of the thought made him sick and it was always a relief when he forced himself back to reality. At other times he thought of calling out to her—who knew, after all, what her reaction would be. Perhaps she would call him down, invite him to make love to her.

He wondered what he would do if she did. And his mind would wander off again through the detailed action. She must be thirty. She would take the lead. He had to admit himself that, although he knew how it was done, he wouldn't know how to set about it.

For a long time he lay flat on that hot brown stone, aware of the white-flecked sea beyond and the occasional white sail far out, but never consciously taking his eyes from the woman's body.

His hopeless desire was a sharp, hot pain against the rocks at his loins. His head ached from frustration. His body was sticky from the heat under his clothes and the rock had become almost too hot for his hands.

Below the woman read, eyeless with the large sunglasses she wore, short, blond hair sparkling—and gazing into the very pores of her skin, Avelino felt the thrill of an idea tremor through his veins.

It was not a very good idea on the face of it, but it would take him nearer the woman and reveal him to her.

Trembling with excitement so that he almost urinated in his thin gaberdine trousers, he slithered gently down the slope of the jut of the isthmus toward the mainland. On the flat neck of land over which the sea sometimes swept at high tide, making an island of the higher crag behind him, he walked quickly toward the western point of the isthmus.

In a boulder-shaded cove close to the shore, he hurriedly slipped out of his clothes, experiencing the sharp thrill of the forbidden as he did so. He made a neat pile of his shirt, trousers and the light espadrilles which all the local folk wore to protect their feet, and then stood for a moment in the sun, breathing heavily.

The sun and the whisper of air on his body gave him a mixed feeling of freedom and evil. Particularly to the areas not usually exposed—his buttocks and his genitals—it seemed like softly caressing fingers.

He hesitated for a moment. His body was slim and hard, but it had been well tapered by the sea. He knew he would probably have had a woman by now if it had not been for the timidity which a strict upbringing had instilled in him. Perhaps, then, he would have got rid of this in-turned, mind-wracking torture which filled his thoughts and prevented him any peace of mind.

By the time he dived cleanly into the sea, the sweat had already begun to glisten on his chest. He plunged deep and

swam a few strokes toward the seabed before raising his hands toward the lighter region above.

His head broke the surface with his eyes stinging and all desire momentarily gone.

He had not been sure what he was going to do and now, for a moment, he considered swimming in the opposite direction, away from the woman, leaving the water after a few minutes and returning to the town. But he knew that with the evening, the long night of thought and solitude, she would flood back in him so that the next day he would be back with the same hopelessness, heightened by his failure to alter it.

So he began to swim with a strong crawl, out, through the light undulation of waves, to the open sea.

For the moment he was cut off from sight of the woman by a jutting promontory of rock, but in a few minutes when, he judged, he would be some hundred meters from the isthmus, he would be able to see the ledge on which she lay. He would then swim round the isthmus until he was parallel with the ledge. He had no thought except to see what reaction his presence would produce in the woman. He was not even sure he would allow her to see him.

For some time she did not see him as he swam in leisurely fashion opposite the ledge and then, from the corner of his eye, he was aware of her glancing in his direction. He continued to swim without looking at her, making no secret of his presence, as if he did not realize she was there. He saw her reach out for her beach jacket and slip it on.

It was in the hurried carelessness of the movement that she knocked her gaily colored towel so that it fluttered down to the surf a few feet below, receded from the shore, was washed in again, receded once more and then, sodden with water, showed signs of sinking.

The woman tried vainly to reach it with her hands, lying flat along the ledge; then with the aid of the bottle of wine—to no avail. To plunge in after it meant she would have to strip off her beach jacket and don her swimming costume in his presence.

Avelino turned openly toward the isthmus now: to pretend he hadn't seen the flutter of movement would have been ridiculous. He made a quick, nervous decision and then went racing in toward the ledge.

The water here was deep and dark. She would be unable to see that he was naked unless he swam immediately under her.

The woman had seen him coming in toward her and had relaxed her vain efforts. She watched as he approached, with an expression of uncertainty. Her beach jacket reached only a few inches down her thighs.

By the time Avelino reached the spot

some yards from the ledge at which the towel had disappeared, it was drifting down through the depths—a hazy shimmer of color.

He dived without hesitation, realizing in the instant that his naked buttocks must have momentarily met the woman's gaze.

With the towel in his hands he came to the surface. He indicated he would throw it to the woman and she held out her hands with a smile. He threw and the heavy wet ball was caught deftly in her arms.

"Thank you very much," she called out in Spanish, above the wash of the surf.

"It was nothing," he called back, dark eyes lighting up in a nervous smile.

The woman spread the towel out on the rocks and he began to swim away, feeling the strangeness of the occurrence at that particular time.

Seeing that he was swimming off, out to sea, the woman cupped her hands around her mouth and shouted:

"Would you like a glass of wine?"

Avelino could hardly believe that what he had heard was true. His immediate reaction was to pretend he had not heard, but that would have been too embarrassing as she was looking straight at him.

He hesitated, mind searching frantically for a reason for refusal. And then he called out the truth.

"I have no swimming trunks."

The woman laughed merrily and even from there he could see the evenness of her teeth. She didn't seem the slightest disturbed.

"It is much better swimming without them," she called back. "But I have another towel here that you can wrap round you. I won't look while you climb out."

Avelino was astonished, in the first place by the fluency of her Spanish, in the second by the ease of her manner which made the boldness of her words—unacceptable from a Spanish girl—seem perfectly natural.

The ardor-dampening wash of the sea had dispelled much of his nervousness, even his desire and he called back:

"I don't want to disturb your reading."

"Not at all," the woman shouted. "I'm tired of reading."

"Very well. Where is the towel?"

The woman indicated the dry towel and placed it along the ledge at some distance from her.

With a spurt of energy, Avelino raced in to the ledge. Grasping it above his head, he glanced along at the woman. She was staring in the opposite direction, into the bay of the far side of which the white houses of the town shone in the sun. He hauled himself onto the ledge and wrapped the towel tightly around his waist. His nervousness suddenly returned.

"May I turn around?" the woman asked.

"Yes," he said. And his voice sounded thick.

When she turned toward him and he found himself so close to the object of his surreptitious desire, Avelino felt an acute embarrassment. He could think of nothing to say. But the woman was prepared to do all the immediate talking.

"I'm afraid I would have lost that towel if it hadn't been for you," she said as she poured the wine into a glass. "I was too slow and I hate swimming underwater."

Avelino smiled. He could think of no answer.

The woman seemed more beautiful at close quarters. She had a large, rounded forehead, a straight, thin nose and a firm, but not aggressive chin. Her possible age became more of a mystery to him. She was free from wrinkles and the whites of her eyes were almost luminously clear. Yet, somehow he had the feeling she was well over thirty.

"You swim almost as well as you sing," the woman said, smiling as she handed him the glass.

Avelino stared at her in surprise.

"You recognize me?" he said. Never during the dances had the woman appeared to even glance in his direction.

"Of course," she replied. "How could I hear such a voice and not want to look at the owner."

"Oh, no!" Avelino gave a little laugh of self-disparagement.

"Oh yes!" The woman laughed back at him. "You have a beautiful voice. In England I think you would be a hit!"

Avelino felt highly flattered although he did not believe the woman. Perhaps she did like his voice, but the rest could not be true.

However, he began to find the woman was easy to talk to and his self-confidence slowly returned. She had another bottle of wine and they both drank luxuriously while they talked—or, rather, while she questioned him and he answered.

They sat almost side by side on the ledge and with the return of self-confidence, Avelino was aware of the return of desire.

Occasionally as they talked the woman's eyes gazed out over the sea at a distant ship on its way to Barcelona and then he would drop his eyes from her face to the brown, bulging skin of her upper breasts in the deep V of the beach jacket. She seemed to be not the slightest perturbed at the flimsiness of her covering, at the fact that the length of the jacket barely covered the junction of hips and thighs.

After a while, Avelino had forgotten how much wine he'd drunk—the wine at home was neither so strong nor so plentiful—and his face was hot with a more urgent heat than that from the sun. Under the towel which draped his slim hips his penis had risen into a stiff cudgel of flesh which bulged obviously against the covering, try as he would to conceal it.

"Do you often swim here?" the woman

asked, eventually, turning to him with a lift of her thin, finely-drawn eyebrows.

"I never have before," Avelino answered, trying to cross one leg over the other to hide the enormous mound at his loins.

"I'm glad you swam here today. How did you come to?"

Avelino looked into the hazel eyes, serious and holding him. Could it be that he imagined a flicker of invitation? She too had drunk a lot. He stared down at the lipstick on the opposite side of their one glass which he now held.

"Why did you swim here today?" the woman repeated softly, as if she knew the answer, wanted it confirmed.

"Because I knew you were here and I wanted to speak to you," he blurted.

*Under the towel
which draped his slim
hips his penis
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cudgel of flesh
which bulged obviously
against the
covering, try as he would
to conceal it*

"You knew I was here—but how?" Her thoughts were intuned, racing back over the meaning of what he had said.

Made honest with the wine and almost uncaring, Avelino replied with the truth.

"I have watched you from the top of the rocks behind us for the last three days," he admitted.

There was a moment's silence and then the woman's gentle little laugh cadenced softly among the rocks. She looked at him again and her eyes took in the bulge at his hips as if he had given her a signal.

"What a pity you watched from so far for so long," she said as the laugh faded.

Avelino gulped back the dregs of wine in the glass and looked at her. It seemed there was no mistaking her tone, but he had no idea what to do. Now, in fact, he felt a little more frightened than he had before. It occurred to him suddenly that she was, perhaps, being sarcastic, but her next words dispelled the thought.

"Have you ever made love to a woman?"

"No," he admitted, taken aback at the bluntness of the question.

"A virgin," the woman whispered. "How delightful. I thought you were rather shy."

"Yes, I am shy," Avelino heard himself saying. "I wish I weren't."

Again the woman's eyes lowered to his hips. She had understood the implication of his words.

"We all must learn," she said softly.

It was as if in a dream that Avelino found himself kissing her. The motion must have come from him, but it was as if she had directed it. He had kissed girls before—at parties—but this was different. The woman was breathing hard and she pulled him back onto the ledge. He felt, with momentary surprise followed by pleasure, the silky, foreign pressure of her tongue in his mouth. He had heard of this. Her arms were around him, fingers digging sharply into the flesh of his shoulders, of his neck.

For some time they kissed, lips moving over each other's face until he, too, was breathing as heavily, it seemed, as his uncle's donkey. She pulled him against her on the rock so that his penis under the towel was crushed against her hips. Her mouth opened and she gasped with quick little intakes of breath at the feel of his against hers. Under the towel he felt his penis throbbing as if it were undergoing a self-masturbation.

Her hand slipped down between them and pressed against the mound. Softly she moved her fingers under the towel, slipping them up until with a sudden stroking caress they had contacted with the fleshy heat of his organ.

Avelino's hips recoiled automatically at the unbearable intimacy of the sensation. It took his breath away.

But the fingers followed, stroking, stroking until he could not bear to let them stay. He recoiled again as they roamed over his testicles. He began to gasp and moan, unable to control himself any longer.

The fingers, so cool against his heat, were relentless. They drew themselves up and down his throbbing penis while the woman pressed her face at his, darting her tongue moistly into his mouth.

His hips writhed, his mouth opened wide, he was suddenly overcome by an unbearable sweet pain behind his genitals. The woman, as if she divined it, suddenly grasped his penis in her whole hand and squeezed it in a rhythmic motion which brought little cries from him. The pain grew so that he could no longer bear it, his head rolled, he had to escape—and then with a cry of sweet agony he had suddenly gained release and his sperm was shooting all over the towel, the woman's hand and his thighs.

She continued to squeeze and caress him until his passion had died and his organ deflated. She opened her beach jacket and nursed his head against her breasts while his breathing still choked in his throat. Lying against her, feeling too

embarrassed to move or look at her, Avelino realized he had never had such a quick orgasm. He felt the more embarrassed, now, from a sense of failure. The woman had obviously wanted him, intended him to make love to her.

She kissed his head, pulling his face close to her so that his lips brushed the smooth, glassy skin of her breasts. He felt depressed, but, as if she understood, she said softly: "We have plenty of time."

They lay still for a long time until the sun sank behind the cliff face behind them, although it continued to light up the sea beyond in a warm sparkle of azure. Even in the narrow ribbon of shade it was warm on the ledge. With the disappearance of the sun it seemed a little more secluded.

Pressing his lips against her breasts, moving them over her abundant nipples, surprised at the situation every time he allowed himself to picture it from outside, Avelino felt a fresh stirring at his loins. A slow breeze of excitement began in his hips like the deep rumblings of a volcano long before it erupts. He was astonished at his ability to recover so easily.

Between his legs he felt his penis rising again, felt it moving, apart from him, with an electric tingling as it grew and thickened. He kissed the cushioning breasts with greater passion and the woman responded, clasping his head against her flesh as if she would hold it there forever.

He kissed the nipple, sucking it, the way he thought a child would. She drew in her breath sharply and gave a little cry. She slithered down against him so that her breasts now pressed warmly against his chest and her lips sucked at his. He in turn forced his tongue through her lips and her mouth opened wide to receive him.

"Just a moment," she whispered as he slithered his lips down her neck.

He released her and she reached around them gathering towel, a cushion and her bathing costume. She arranged the articles under and around them before clasping him around the neck once more.

As his passion rose afresh so that his whole body seemed fluid with fire, her hand wormed in through his towel again to caress his genitals. His penis rose yet more sharply at the contact of her fingers and he strained his buttocks together, crushing the weight of his hips toward her body.

His hands now moved over the glossy-textured skin of her breasts and, bolder, down over her ribs until he was gently massaging the soft flesh of her belly.

The woman's beach jacket had fallen wide open and she was naked and writhing her hips gently. With a deft movement, she untwisted the towel covering his loins so that it fell away and his pulsing, fiery-tipped penis shot into view.

Avelino was too overcome now with the chill of anticipation to feel embarrassed. He felt as if he were being led by the hand blindly down into an inferno.

With them both breathing as if they had swum for an hour, the woman caught one of his hands and moved it down over the triangle of blond hair at the junction of her thighs. She moved it a little further still and then caught it between her thighs in a fleshy imprisonment. She clasped it with her thighs for a while, pressing, relaxing, rubbing, wriggling and then she let her thighs fall apart and kissed him fiercely.

Tentatively Avelino tickled the inside of her thighs with the tips of his fingers, exploring, creeping up a little. She pushed her lips down toward his hand, trying to precipitate his progress. But at the sudden sensation of moist, soft flesh Avelino stopped, a little afraid of his ignorance. He brushed the moistness for some time while the woman panted. It became more moist to his touch.

"Go on," the woman encouraged him between gasps. "That's right."

Avelino wormed his finger up against the softness and it opened so that his finger was suddenly gulped into her body. She dug her tongue into his mouth, whimpering slightly and he moved his finger right into her.

He was trembling. His finger was right inside her. He could feel the soft contraction against his flesh. The moist channel in which he was pressing his finger and wriggling it around, opened out, seemed to grow larger and wetter as the minutes passed.

"Come on—now!" the woman whispered sharply. She practically hauled him onto her so that he could feel the soft warmth of her flesh like a sensual mattress beneath him.

His penis was somewhere down between her open thighs. It seemed to be too low to enter but he could do nothing. He felt overcome by a paralysis. His whole body was trembling and his hands, grasping her shoulders, shook.

The woman drew up her thighs around his hips so that he could feel their soft, clasp pressure.

"Move up a little," she whispered.

As he slithered achingly up her body, her hand came down under her thighs and met his penis in the shock of unexpected contact. She held it a moment, fondling it and then directed it at her open vagina.

Avelino, eyes closed, his penis seeming to sing like telegraph wires, felt himself drawn against the central chasm of her body.

"Now—push in," she commanded softly.

He pushed and felt the soft warmth of vague substance around the tip of his organ. And then there was a pressure and then a hot breaking through as he entered fully. The entry was such agony

that he felt he wanted to cry. His lips breathed the word "wonderful!" and other wordless sounds.

The woman had gasped as he took possession of her and now, moaning, she pulled him higher still on her, pushing her sensual core down onto his stiff penetration.

She kissed him now, clasping his shoulders as in a vise, thrusting her tongue deep into his mouth as if she wanted him to swallow it completely. He felt her hips swiveling and undulating under him as his penis was squeezed in contraction, released slightly in expansion of her enclosing channel.

Avelino's head rolled on hers as he dug deeper and deeper into her. His penis was like a great fire burning with a fierce heat. It was agony and bliss, unbearable yet indispensable, a dark nightmare and yet beautifully unforgettable.

The woman pulled her thighs higher, level with his chest. She moved her hands down to his tensing buttocks and pushed them, exhorting him to move farther into her.

Avelino gave himself over to the wild ecstasy. Embarrassment could play no part in such a sensual abandonment and soon he was aware only of his penis, tight and bursting, in her body, of her hands squeezing his shoulders, his back, his buttocks, and her lips with the mad abandoned tongue in his mouth.

The woman grunted and groaned as she writhed nudely under him and it seemed so natural for him to breathe furiously:

"I love you, I love you, I love you," over and again as his face crushed hers.

Avelino ground his organ into the coaxing passage with greater and greater strength until the hair at his loins had met hers and there was no more length to go. Her hand came down again under her thighs and gently held his swaying testicles with a sensual shock which brought a fresh gasp from his open mouth.

With his knees spread, now, on either side of her buttocks, he wriggled his hips like a dancer, ramming into the receptive channel from shades of angle, experimenting in a blind way for greater penetration, greater pressure.

At one moment he became briefly aware of the sun on the sea, the shade on the rocks and the incredible fact of himself athwart this attractive woman whom he hardly knew, having intercourse with her.

Below him her head was moving from side to side, eyes were half-closed, lips mouthing, shoulders swaying in her passion. Head, eyes, lips, shoulders all an incredible, beautiful dream—and he plunged his head down once more to her and lost himself in the abyss of carnality.

The woman's gasps began to grow more continuous and her hips began to jerk against him as if she had lost control

of them. Her nails dug into the flesh of his shoulders so that it hurt him with a pain which added to the sweet agony of the union.

Her gasps became a long, soft whimper through which she implored him:

"Come on, come on, come on."

Her further abandonment brought forth automatic echos from Avelino. The feeling and sight of her lust-wracked body seemed to numb the whole of his body except for his loins. And there grew a great reservoir of sensation, gathering behind the sharp pain of his probing penis.

"Quickly, quickly," the woman breathed. "Together, together."

She thrust her tongue again into his mouth and flickered it in and out, moving it along his lips.

From the sweating numbness of his body, Avelino, panting uncontrollably, felt all sensation pulled down to his penis. It was the only part of him that had feeling. His gasps developed into wounded, agonized "Oh's" as he thrust and thrust. He felt he could not get far enough into the woman with his one thick finger of flesh which could reach into her and make them one. Inside his loins he felt the growing of pain, growing, growing to bursting point. He cried out and the woman panted "Now!" And then with a great shudder in his loins, the sperm was flowing with scalding warmth through his tube and spurting in needles of pain far up into the woman's belly.

As his flood swept raggedly into her, she strained her hips up at him, crying out at her fulfillment, while her lips tried to fasten on his, failed in her excitement, and her teeth dug into his neck.

His movements dwindled and dwindled while the woman's hips relaxed. Her thighs continued to clasp him and her hands to caress his neck until his final hip-jerk had passed and his body subsided exhaustedly onto hers.

They lay together for some time with her stroking his neck gently. He noticed that the sun had withdrawn farther out to sea and he felt a slight return of his previous embarrassment. He was not sure how to move off her, although he felt he must be heavy upon her. Inside him, apart from the embarrassment was a feeling of wonder and achievement at what had happened. But he could not bring himself to look at her.

"Look at me."

It was as if she had read his thoughts.

"How does it feel to be no longer a virgin."

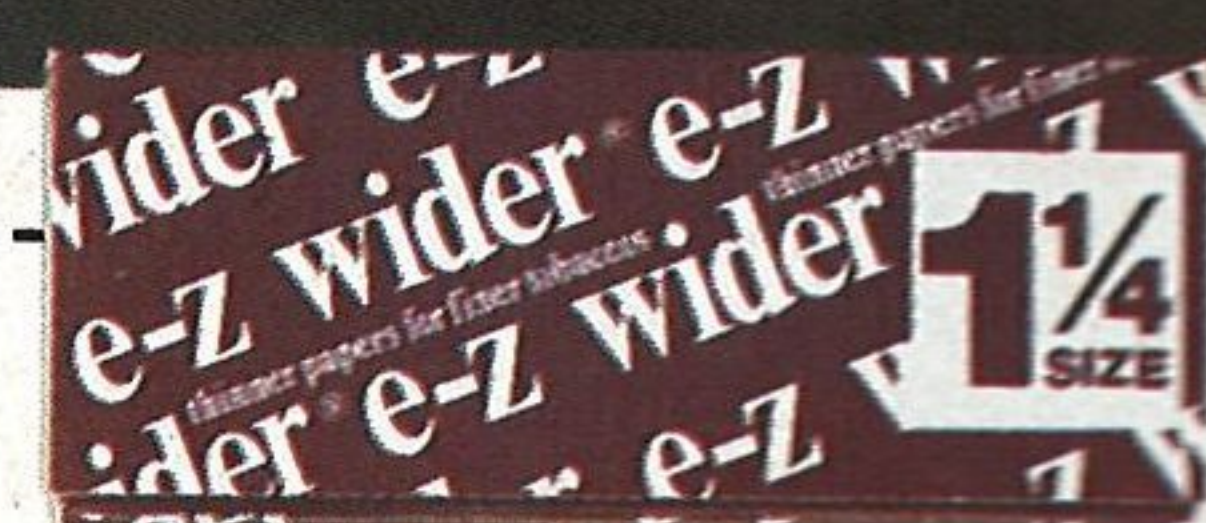
Avelino stared at her searchingly for a moment. There was a warmth in her eyes which melted his embarrassment and in answer he kissed her gently on the cheek.

She laughed quietly, clasped him fiercely against her and then whispered:

"We'd better have a quick swim before we go."



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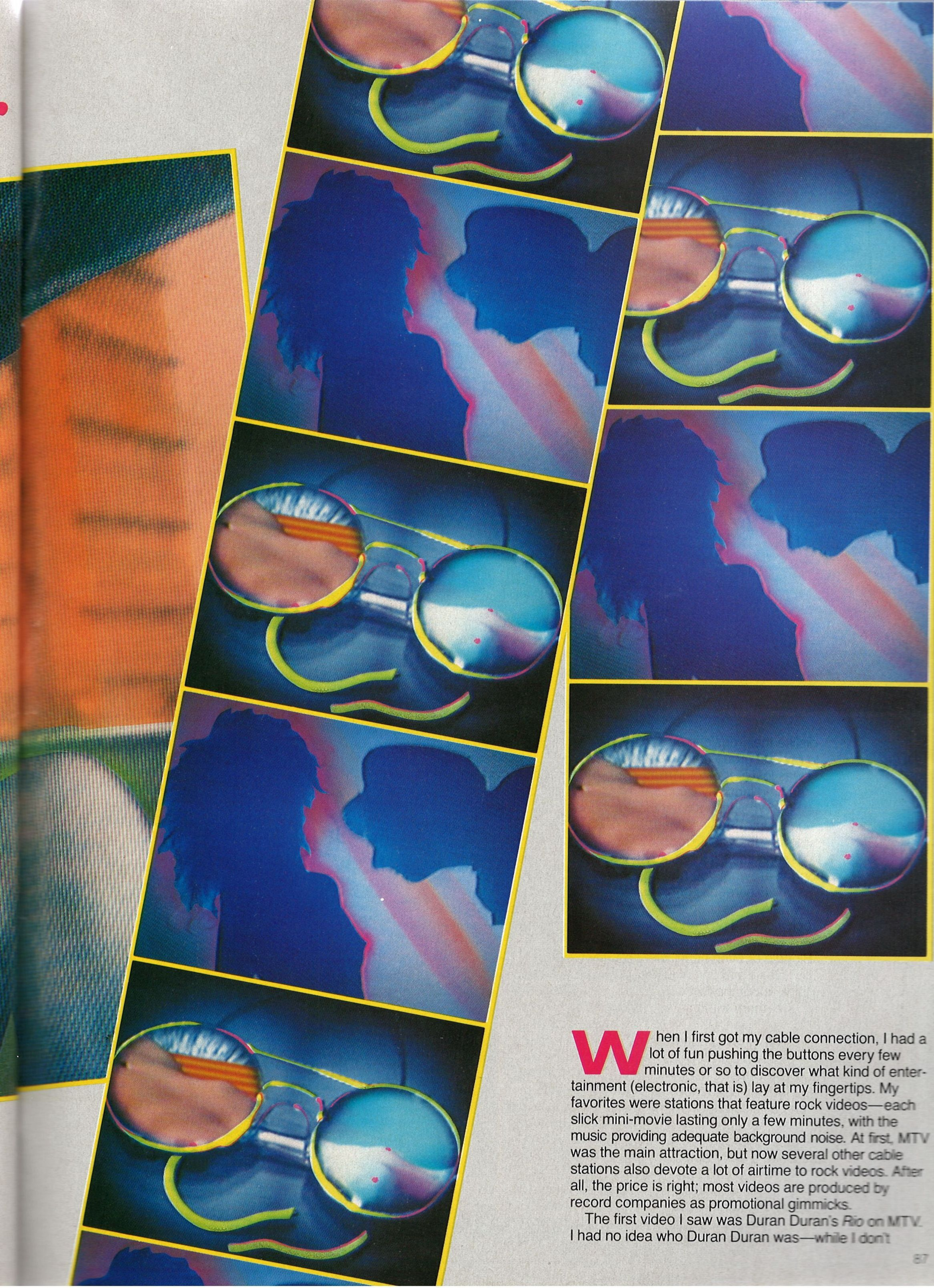
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GREAT MOMENTS IN

Rock Video



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CYNTHIA BURTON-BROWN ARTISTICALLY RENDERED BY DANIELLE GALLO
WRITTEN BY LINDA JONES



When I first got my cable connection, I had a lot of fun pushing the buttons every few minutes or so to discover what kind of entertainment (electronic, that is) lay at my fingertips. My favorites were stations that feature rock videos—each slick mini-movie lasting only a few minutes, with the music providing adequate background noise. At first, MTV was the main attraction, but now several other cable stations also devote a lot of airtime to rock videos. After all, the price is right; most videos are produced by record companies as promotional gimmicks.

The first video I saw was Duran Duran's *Rio* on MTV. I had no idea who Duran Duran was—while I don't

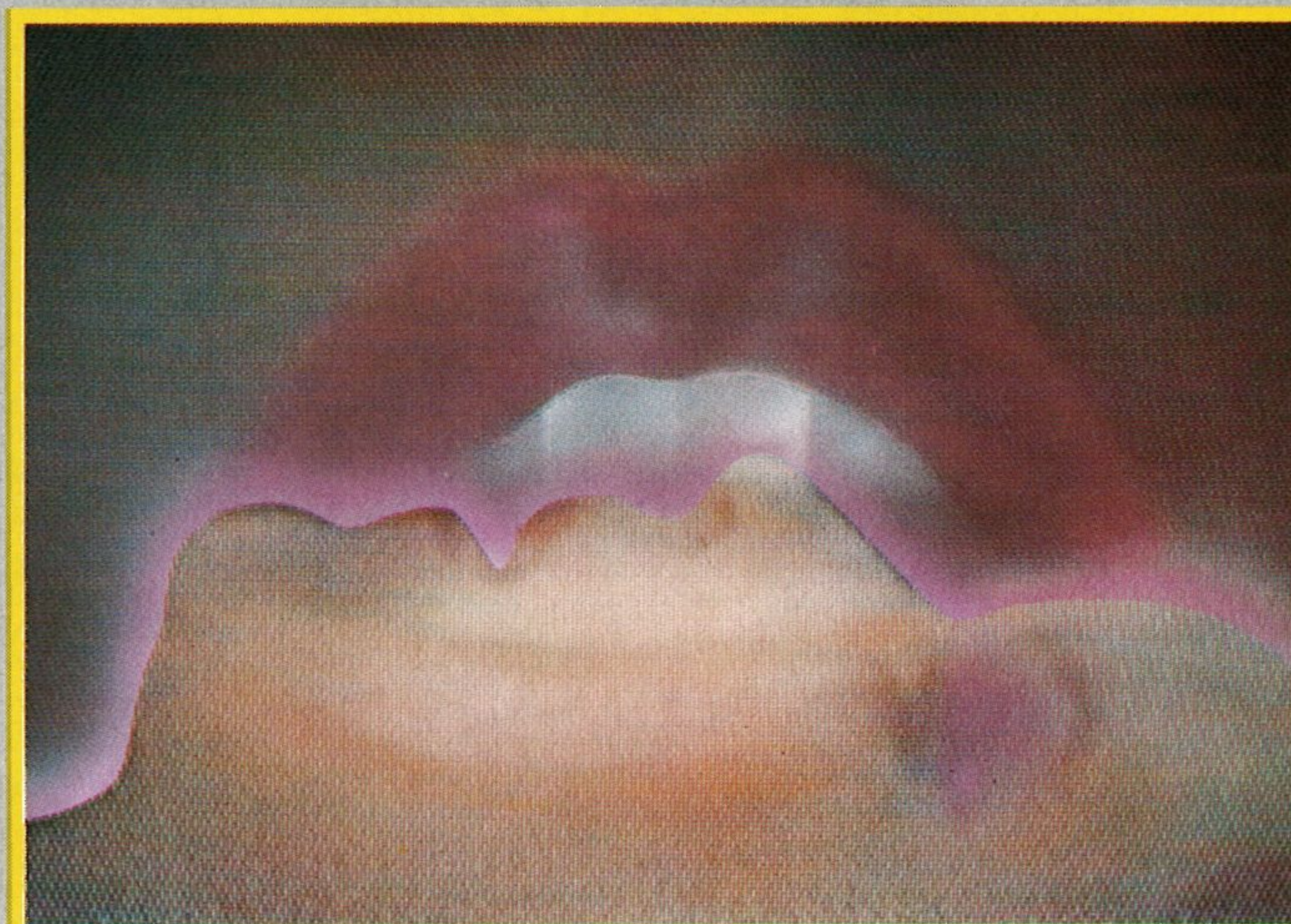


dislike their music, they don't generally appeal to my age group (late twenties). Nevertheless, I was lost in the colorful scenes of a beautiful painted lady cavorting in a tropical paradise.

Who knows what the song was about?

Unfortunately, that's the case with most videos—the visual production overshadows the song itself, if it has anything to do with the song at all; what you remember seeing on your tv screen is only vaguely connected to what you hear on the radio. If it were not for rock videos, I probably never would have paid attention to a group like Duran Duran or Blondie or even heard of a group like INXS or Dexie's Midnight Runners. In fact, when I think about their videos, it's hard to associate them with the teenyboppers who freak out over them.

We photographed some of the scenes in two Duran Duran videos, *Girls on Film* and *The Chauffeur*, both of which contain male fantasy sequences such as mud wrestling and a liaison between two dominatrixes, and are too racy for tv without editing. The other photographs are from Blondie's *Eat to the Beat*, a sexy, abstract series of shots. Even if you're not terribly interested in rock music, rock videos can help create an erotic atmosphere. And, as you can see from the photos, Madonna isn't the only one who uses a little sex to sell rock and roll.



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Illustration by Rich Mahon from *The Blue Book* by Brad Benedict.

For variety,
Japanese porn serves up spicy
erotic realism, but
for a steady diet, stick to films
made in the U.S.A.

Reel Sex

BY CLAUDIA BLAINE

Distinguishing the erotic from the execrable, our perspicacious and ebullient reviewer comments on current X-rated films and videotapes, frequently focusing on those that stir the mind as well as the privy parts. She considers everything from romantic, one-on-one fuck scenes to kinky wall-to-wall orgies, and she incorporates her observations in thematic essays—a prescription that makes her column unique.

As America's trade imbalance worsens, perhaps the government will be glad to hear that, for once, a Western business has nothing to fear from a Japanese import. I speak of course of the great American pornographer and his humble, underground cousin in the East. Having viewed four porno entertainments from Japan, I feel sure that our erotic marketplace will not be overrun or even threatened by the Japanese version of the blue movie. This is not to say that the Japanese offerings are not interesting, different and, yes, even erotic, and I'm sure that most red-blooded Americans could and would enjoy them . . . but not as a steady diet. You can glibly drive your Toyota every day but I seriously doubt that anyone but a real Nipponophile could find happiness and satisfaction with nothing but Oriental erotica to stimulate the libido.

However, American pornography is very popular in Japan and illegal (like all sexually explicit material) according to Jim Chu, president of Orchids International, Inc., the state-side distributor of Japanese underground videos. The inflated price in Japan of these black-market goods (last year Japanese and American porn tapes were selling for about a hundred bucks a pop) is enough to set many a Yankee entrepreneurial heart aflutter. But before you stock up on tapes or buy your plane ticket, be advised that most of these tapes are pirated and sold only to "safe" well-known customers in little neighborhood mom-and-

Japanese porn has a realistic, sensual, intimate quality not seen in American porn.



pop shops, and a first offender caught selling pornography gets a week in jail. Repeat offenses bring stiffer penalties. Mr. Chu also foresees no change in the illegality of pornography in Japan—"The Japanese are very obedient people, they don't have a desire to change things all the time like Americans do." Besides, he's never heard of anyone being busted for buying or watching the stuff.

So what are they watching in the back rooms of the sushi bars?

"Hey, this is like watching people offscreen have sex," said my friend Webster as he leaned forward in his chair, peering closer at the copulating Japanese couple on the tv screen.

"No foolin'," I retorted in my dry, expressionless, woman-of-the-world voice.

We watched on in silence.

The tape we were watching was *Winter's Story*. It is about fornication. A pair of lovers (both female) are the starring couple, but their mutual attraction (obviously each is the main one in the oth-

er's life) doesn't prove an obstacle to any heterosexual or group matings. The first fuck is a nonviolent rape (if there is such a thing) or a successful seduction while under the influence. The passive female member of the lesbian couple is having dinner with several men from her office. She drinks mightily, passes out, and "Manager" has his way with her. As she foggily regains consciousness, she whimpers the classic porno line—"No, Manager, no." Manager doesn't desist, no struggle ensues and soon enough her whimpers turn to moans of ecstasy.

An exceptionally erotic penetration shot is included in this scene. Her minimal pubic hair is slicked down, and her mons somehow resembles a newborn baby's head, and her vagina is very moist. Wet. Inviting. Manager inserts the tip of his cock slowly, pulling out slightly before continuing deeper. Two steps forward, one step back sort of progress. Back and forth. Back and forth. Until finally his prick completely disappears into her ultralubricated cunt. Later while she lies close and quietly on top of her "attacker" there is a beautiful shot of two mingled humans. Her body be-

While *Family Secrets* may expose the closet skeletons, it also shows us many hot, randy and very alive bodies.

gins to pump slightly and she comes noisily. He makes no sound and there is no come shot. This is the most erotic scene in the tape, in any tape for that matter.

We then see the girls going at it on their small bed in front of a mural that could have been painted by an artist from Venice, California, depicting the ocean, palms, a phone booth and a red convertible. There is minimal dialogue but you can tell that these women are the couple. They don't tell us. Nor does a voice-over narrator tell us. We can see it. At one point one of the ladies comes just hugging the other's foot and leg. When this highly sexed little beauty presents her partner with a pair of scanty lace panties with a matching pair for herself, there is no doubt. They are eventually joined by a male and do a threesome, using the typical positions, which is executed more slowly and less frantically than most Western ones. People come and go, running through

the usual gamut of configurations. At the end we are treated to coming attractions and then the words "Thank you for watching" appear on the screen before it goes blank.

I soon came to realize that Webster wasn't being sarcastic. I knew he had experience watching porn, and he was no neophyte awed by the mere sight of fucking. Much as I hated to, I had to admit it. Webster was right. This was like watching people have sex.

Of course American porno movies depict the act also, but these Japanese films are more casual, gentler, in a sense. More reality, less fantasy. That's it. Reality. The cold hard line that separates reality from porn in American offerings of this genre is softened and blurred in its Eastern counterparts. For instance: one of the ladies in *Winter's Story* has a fresh-looking appendectomy scar; the music usually stops, not just fades out but stops, when the sex act starts, even though that means we hear traffic noises, the squeaking of the bed and the camera moving; there are very few come shots, relatively speaking, and when there are, the gentleman in question gently, almost gingerly strokes his average-sized member, as compared with the frantic tugging and rubbing that American movie studs in-

flict on their well-hung selves to bring out the juice for the camera; rape is seemingly more common in the Japanese films (two out of the four flicks I saw contained a rape); the female star of *A Soldier's Desire* is in the first ballooning bloom of pregnancy; and the brutal murder of a geisha in *The General's Mistress* haunted me for a week; it was so real-looking.

There is a real lack of slick production values (they're all shot on video for one thing) but this proves to be refreshing and adds to the voyeuristic quality giving us that sneaking suspicion that perhaps we have stumbled upon a homemade tape of personal, rather than professional intimacy. The music is odd and doesn't fit the circumstances. It ranges from Russian-sounding marches to little known American pop sung in English to jazz to an easy-listenin' rendition of "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads." Obviously they use what they don't have to pay for.

Men in general seem to be of little importance to the video makers—their faces aren't often shown and their bodies, frequently too hefty or too thin, are

definitely not the focus of the cameras. Which, by the way, tend to go in and out. When they go for a close-up, there is usually a delay of a few seconds while the cameraman fiddles, before we can actually see what we're looking at. What we're usually looking at is a wide-open beaver. In each of these videos at one point, the vaginal lips are unceremoniously parted, opened and held that way (the actor doing the holding tactfully keeps all but his fingertips out of the frame) and then the camera moves in, refocuses and we have a long gyno shot. There is no pretense as to why. For God's sake, we're all looking at it.

The Japanese tradition of lascivious entertainment is a long one. In fact, the myth surrounding the birth of the theater is a bawdy tale involving the ancient gods and goddesses. The sun-goddess, Amaterasu, offended about something or other, went off and hid in a cave, leaving the world cold and dark. The other gods did all they could think of to lure the sulking Amaterasu from her hideaway, but she stubbornly refused to budge. Finally the Dread Female of Heaven, one Ama no Uzume,

*With that skirt thrown up and that tongue thrust out, how can a man go wrong with **Family Secrets**?*



began a bump and grind, peeling her goddess robes from her goddess body. The gods who were gathered at the mouth of the cave began to laugh, whether from embarrassment or at the Dread's body is a fact lost to antiquity. Anyway, Amaterasu just had to see what was so funny and she poked her head out of the cave. Light and warmth returned to the world and Japanese theater was born.

All myth aside, the famous Kabuki theater had its start in the late sixteenth century when all-female troops put on randy reviews. Alas, the actresses lived such debauched and morally vacuous lives that the authorities soon forbade such shows. However, the all-male Kabuki of today retains its sensual nature, thanks to its founding mothers.

The General's Mistress is the only one

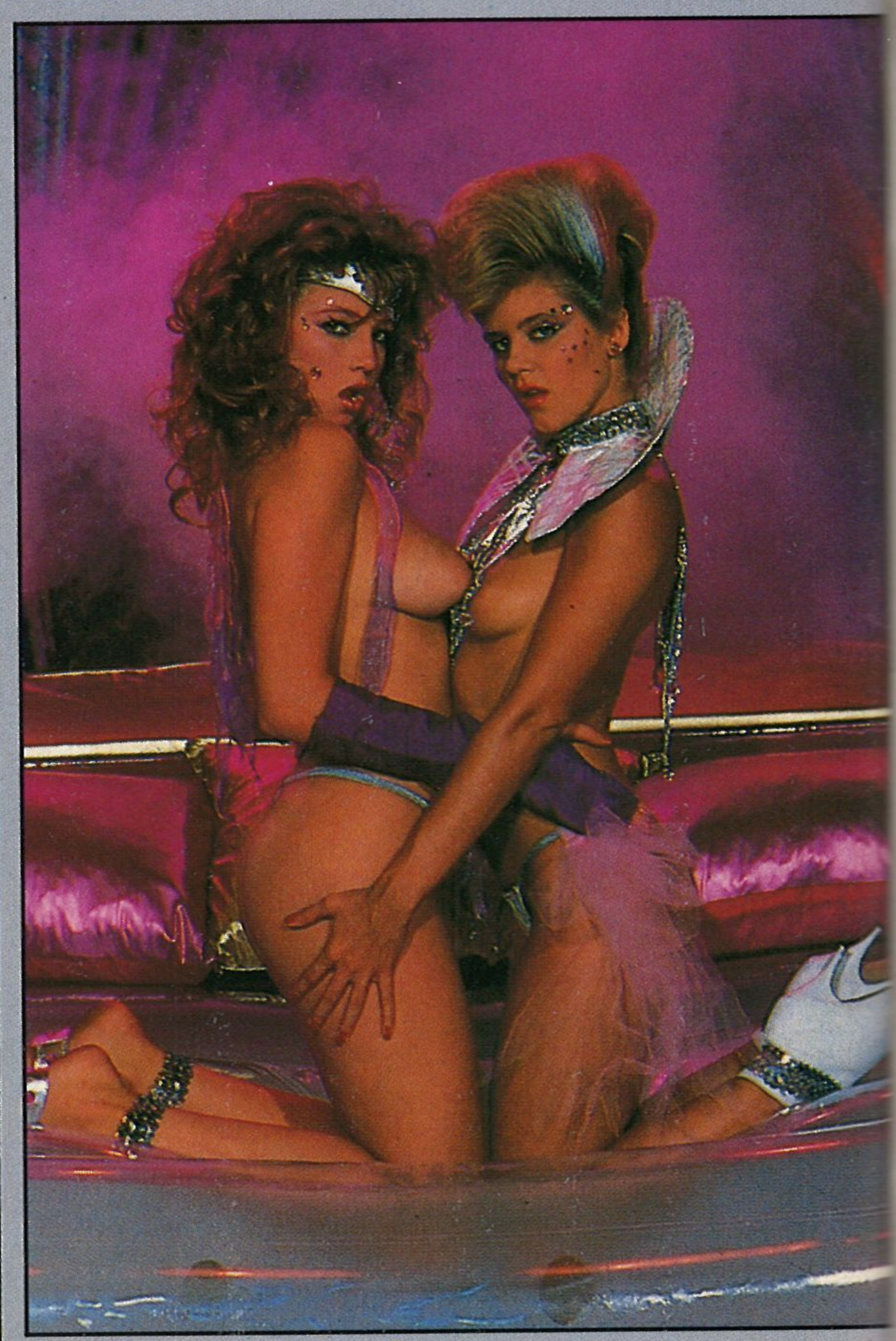
of the four that is set in ancient Japan. The costumes, hairdos, sets, rituals and music are all traditional Japanese—thus indicating a budget of sorts. The shogun has in his flock a new virgin upon whom he spends all his sexual energies in appealing erotic, exotic scenes, often shot through a bamboo curtain purposefully to excite that voyeuristic spark in the viewers. The other ladies feel neglected and ignored and set out to get rid of the newcomer, which they do in a particularly brutal manner.

Up until that point I enjoyed *The General's Mistress* immensely, but now I hesitate to recommend it. This murder, as with all else in these tapes, has a definite sense of reality about it, and while I can't help but admire the talent of the actresses and the special effects people in creating it, I found it very dis-

turbing. There is a vast difference between a sexual encounter that reaches such a fever pitch of emotional and physical excitement that it becomes rough, animal and violent, and believing that violence is sexy. I do not think violence is sexy, nor do I think most of my readers do. I'll suppose that cultural and historical differences that I have no way of understanding prompted the ugly scene in this tape. Be glad I didn't see it in an American movie—my sermon would have been much longer.

A Soldier's Desire, on the other hand, indulges in some mild, unforced B&D, and I remained undisturbed, even entertained. As the tape begins, a lady peasant dressed in utile padded pants and a kimono-type top is working in the fields. A World War Two soldier (seemingly direct from Hollywood's central casting) is spying on her. She rises, undoes her pants, unceremoniously squats and pees. She rises again and fastens her pants. The soldier begins to

The classy set, glossy costumes, a little humor, good production values, pretty bodies and a lot of sex add up to a winner for Miss Passion.





run after her, catches her and there are the beginnings of another rape scene, this time with struggling. But the soldier takes her to his house and is gentle and ultimately kind. Eventually the peasant woman responds to his kisses and caresses. She willingly lets him tie her to a trellis-like device and the gentle swell of her pregnant belly is particularly erotic as the soldier tenderly kisses it. Later he drips wax from a burning red candle all over her long body as she lies, unfettered and willing. She writhes under the hot dots of wax and says, "Let's stop, it hurts." He does, and together they peel the wax from her body. A strange and rather beautiful relationship develops between the two, and when the tape ends you have the feeling that they remain together, in their own little world, doing weird things.

My last sampling from this sushi bar of sex, *Manhunt*, proves that the shortcomings of Japanese porn—low-budget production, lack of plot, amateurish performers and opaque direction, not to mention peculiar music—do begin to get tedious, at least to this occidental viewer. The "story," actually a series of four vignettes, follows a horny woman (Dare we say nympho?) in search of sexual gratification from several men.

In the first scene, she gets it on in a

rather straightforward fashion with a young man in a yellow towel. She is obviously not pleased when he comes "too soon," as the subtitles tell us.

The quality, if not the quantity, of the sex goes downhill from here. The number she meets in the next sequence—a pickup on the street—is memorable only for his well-endowed waistline. The climax of this encounter too finds the female saying, "Not yet. I'm not ready." I was, and it wasn't a moment too soon.

Her two encounters with preemies (premature ejaculators) drive our star in the next scene to group sex with three men. A more uninterested group of guys would be hard to find. Fish inspectors on the docks put more emotion into their work. She enjoys it though. She comes six times in various poses—on futons, on built-in benches, in front of a lake-scene mural. They fondle, frig, fuck, suck and treat the viewer to more shots of feet (at the expense of losing faces and heads) than you'd find in a cattle stampede.

We wind up in the fourth part with the two people of the first part, I think. At least the same yellow towel is featured. But it's hard to tell—all those out-of-focus people look the same. Again he comes too soon . . . low budget is one

Miss Passion's comely cast vies for the intergalactic title of the title.

thing, boredom is another.

I include two American pieces by way of comparison.

Suze Randall's *Miss Passion*, an all-American glitz-kreig, works. She starts with an A-number-one premise—an intergalactic fuck-off, the finals for the coveted title of the title. One classy set—a clear air bed, lit from below, a smoke machine, a few shiny throw pillows—and one classic setup for all the sex scenes. Add some pretty bodies (my favorite belonging to Crystal Breeze, playing Jezzy Jism), glossy costumes, glittery, colorful makeup, good lighting, good sound, three video cameras (one poised for aerial shots), a little humor, a lot of sex, and you've got a winner. While the Japanese pieces make us feel like voyeurs, *Miss Passion's* cast of exhibitionists makes us feel that it would be rude not to watch.

I won't spoil the suspense for you by revealing the identity of the victor, but I will say that I agree with the choice.

Family Secrets, an Ambassador pro-



duction, would have been better left untold. While much closer to the Japanese in budget, technical expertise and professionalism, it remains stubbornly fantasy-bent American. *Family Secrets* pretends that its main characters are rich beyond lottery dreams by slipping a chick in dire need of a hairdresser into a maid's uniform and plopping a cap on Randy West's head, thus turning him into a chauffeur. The dialogue is wooden and used as filler between wooden sex scenes. (The inane mumbling continues throughout most of them.) The only flesh and blood in this cheap "exposé" of closet skeletons is Coleen Brennan. This voluptuous red-headed, not to mention red-pubic-haired, beauty manages to bring joyful excitement to the sex, even in this dreadful situation. What a woman!

Summer Rose plays the part of the daughter, Chrissy with a deadness not often found in the living. She has the kind of face that looks ridiculous while giving blowjobs, yet that's mostly what she does—after being given a lesson,

of course. When the camera loses focus during one of these interminable sucks, it's a relief.

The lack of freedom, the illegality of their product, ironically endows these Japanese producers with freedom. Now I'm not just babbling Orwellian Newspeak. The underground nature of their business provides the freedom for their products to be honest, simple and cheap. The big boys don't play their game.

Consider this—with pornography in the United States legal and readily available, the plethora of producers are hard-pressed to get their share of the market. They are pandering to a sophisticated audience who has come to expect them to present unique, unusual, extravagant entertainments, complete with plot, a gorgeous cast that can fuck as well as act, special effects and state-of-the-art technical quality. This is fine for the handful of well-backed, high-budget filmmakers, and they turn out some great products, but

Rachel Ashley (left) and Traci Lords (right) are but two of the passionate contestants for the Miss Passion title.

what about everyone else who attempts to compete in this league? *Family Secrets* is not an exception in American porn but quite a common, however sorry sight. These low-budget producers might profit by combining the Japanese sensibility (read "honesty") with American courage and a Yankee interpretation with a good dose of ingenuity. Work realistically within the budget, dare to show middle-class people who enjoy fantastic sex as much as the filthy rich do, try a little tenderness and maybe, just maybe, let a bit of reality into the American blue movie. As the Japanese have proven, it can be very exciting.

Note: For obvious reasons, the producers of these Japanese tapes wish to remain anonymous.



VENUS IN LACE SEE PAGE 80

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